THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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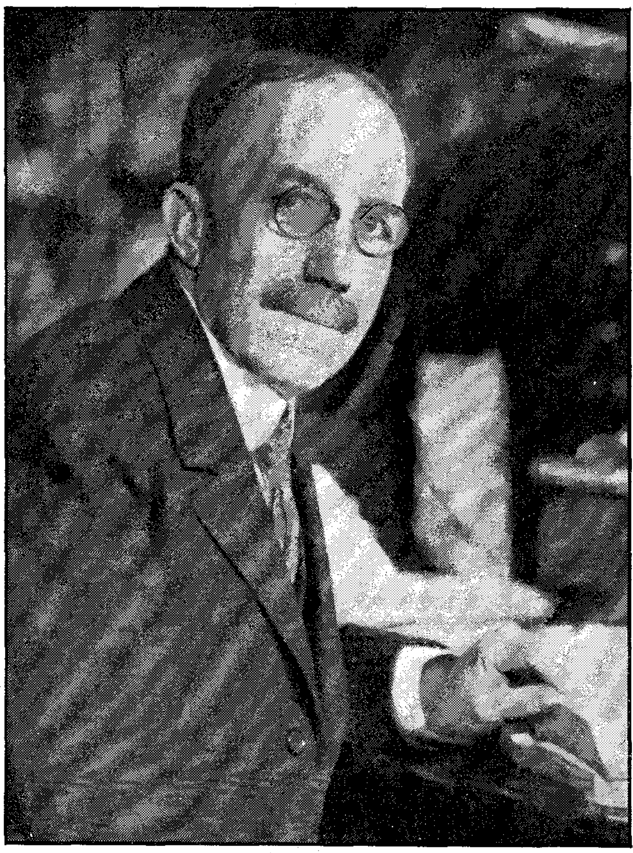
PROHIBITION AFTER WHEELER



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A SUCCESSFUL FIGHTER

Wayne B. Wheeler, whose sudden death at the age of fifty-eight removes the most active leader of the Anti-Saloon League and the Prohibition movement, and raises many questions about the future of the contest between the wets and drys.

"YOUNG MAN, YOUR KIND OF PEOPLE are all right at a prayer-meeting, but they're no good at a caucus," said the redoubtable Mark Hanna at the height of his power in the nineties to an earnest young worker in the Prohibition cause in Ohio. Wayne B. Wheeler's only answer was: "Well, we'll see," and a writer in the New York *World* is but one of many newspaper men to recall that Wheeler did see, and that he put the prohibitionists into caucuses and conventions and primary campaigns and State and national politics so effectively that they forced the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, making Prohibition a part of the fundamental law of the Republic. Now that Wayne B. Wheeler is taken from the Prohibition fight by the hand of death, his leadership in the cause is everywhere acknowledged. He is spoken of as the great champion, the militant chieftain, who was more than the legislative superintendent and general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, but in the words of an International News dispatch, "the bone and sinew of the League itself. He dominated it. He was its brains, its heart, its far-reaching voice." To the League, remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Wayne B. Wheeler was "what Judge Gary was to United States Steel, what Zagloul Pasha was to the Egyptian Nationalists, and what Napoleon was to the Grand Armies of the First Empire." In his later days, adds the Philadelphia paper, "the hard, lean figure of Dr. Wheeler became the symbol, not only of the Anti-Saloon League, but of the whole dry movement in America." It is not surprizing, therefore, to find wet advocates saying that "Wheeler's passing will cause chaos in dryland." Prohibition leaders, on the other hand, say that their cause is too big to be injured by the passing of any one man. But irrespective of their attitude toward Prohibition, we find papers all over the country paying hearty tribute to Wayne B. Wheeler's ability, integrity, sincerity, industry, and zeal. They agree also in attaching as much importance to his demise as they would to the passing of some great political party chieftain. "Whatever may become of national Prohibition," concludes the Baltimore *Sun*, "history will always record the name of Wayne B. Wheeler in the account of this reform movement and the events that led up to it." And the Washington *Post* even goes so far as to say that "no other private citizen of the United States has left such an impress upon national history."

"Who can take Wayne B. Wheeler's place?" This doubtless was the first thought that his death brought to the minds of most Americans, wets and drys alike, observes the Montgomery *Advertiser*, who speaks of him as "a genius at organization" and "a master strategist." Wheeler's leadership in the shift of Prohibition strategy from activity through an independent Prohibition party to the working of the non-partizan Anti-Saloon League organization within the ranks of the old parties, to defeat wet candidates and elect dry ones, is generally acknowledged. He has described his own career briefly in "Who's Who" as follows:

"Began temperance work while at college; field secretary, district superintendent, attorney, and State superintendent, Ohio Anti-Saloon League, and now general counsel and legislative superintendent of Anti-Saloon League of America. Closely identified with temperance legislation in all of the States and in Congress; has successfully prosecuted over 2,000 saloon cases, some of them in Supreme Court of United States."

As legislative superintendent in charge of the progress of dry legislation in Washington, Dr. Wheeler, as we read in a news story in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "developed a technique that was new":

"Politics had retained considerable of the personal touch, but Wheeler went in for a system of efficiency that made the Anti-Saloon League, with headquarters out in tiny Westerville, Ohio, a silent but feared power. Every item of information went into long filing cabinets, waiting to be brought out and wielded at the proper moment. Statements went out by the mile. One set of figures chased on the heels of another. Telegrams, letters, poured forth by the thousands, until there was scarcely a man in public power who was not reached by the Anti-Saloon League. The system was such a marvel for results that many another organization in Washington has copied it."

It was the combination of courage and wisdom in Wayne B. Wheeler that impresses W. W. Jermane, of the Seattle *Times*, who remarks that he "towered high above his associates in all that stood for accuracy of foresight, broadness of horizon, and ability to forge a going program out of the raw material which chance laid before him." "He brought to his work some of the methods of the discredited ward politicians of such places as Chicago and Philadelphia," we are told, altho "there was an immense gulf between him and the ward politicians." Wheeler, continues the Washington correspondent of the Seattle paper, "knew what he wanted, and most of the time he got it":

"President Harding permitted the Anti-Saloon League, through Wheeler, to have virtual control of the enforcement work of the Treasury Department. Nobody was hired or fired without his knowledge and consent; no new enforcement methods were considered or adopted; no recommendations were made to Congress for new legislation. He wrote the bills which were enacted into law, and he had much to say about the organization of the Prohibition unit for the carrying out of the law.

"He lost in his campaign to secure the appointment of Roy A. Haynes as chief of Federal enforcement activities, after the retirement of General Andrews. Wheeler knew the strong and weak points of Haynes, and would have had even greater authority over enforcement than before had he been reappointed. What Haynes lacked in capacity, Wheeler believed he would be able to supply. An ardent dry, but unsuited for the place, Haynes would have been as putty in the hands of Wheeler."

Politicians feared Wheeler "a good deal more than they should have done," says the Indianapolis *News*. For one thing, points out the New York *Sun*, "he learned how simple it was to cow a timid Congressman by concentrating the fire of the League on the man's district." It seems to the Springfield *Republican* that Mr. Wheeler's "most valuable contribution to the Prohibition movement was his skill in meeting party politicians in their own game." The Mobile *Register* declares that:

"Wheeler was one of the first to see that Prohibition could never be achieved through the success of the Prohibition party. Being an astute student of politics, he knew that nowadays all great issues owe their success to their advocacy by one of the great parties. In the case of such a debatable and difficult issue as Prohibition, the champion of the drys worked subtly to cause its acceptance by both great parties, thus making assurance doubly sure. The result was approval of Prohibition during a Democratic régime, with the hearty support of a Republican Congress.

"After Prohibition became the law, Wayne Wheeler was the gadfly that pestered all those who sought to undermine its effect or to evade their duty of law enforcement. On his tombstone may it well be written, 'He Won His Fight.'"

It was "belief" that drove Wheeler on, in the opinion of the Cleveland *Press:*

"For a salary he would not have used his control over timid Congressmen to tie the hands of Woodrow Wilson when the nation was at war. For a salary he would not have said to the President, 'You can have your needed war legislation when you give us what we demand.' And for a salary he would not have had the presumption to tell President Harding it was time for the latter to stop drinking. Only because he believed that the thing he was doing was a holy thing, could he do what he did—and frankly tell about it afterward, as he told of his coercion of these two American Presidents."

Another paper opposed to Prohibition, the Baltimore *Sun*, pays high tribute to Wheeler's courage, which it believes to have been founded in two facts:

"First, there was nothing in his private life which had to be kept hidden. Second, he had no lust for the trinkets and gewgaws of public life, and willingly forwent them as long as he was able to enjoy the substance—namely, power."

An outspoken opponent of the cause to which Wayne B. Wheeler devoted his life, the New York *World*, acknowledges his personal honesty and sincerity. Yet it adds that this untiring soldier carried into battle a curious morality, "a morality idealistic in some respects and callous in others":

"Mr. Wheeler could give himself generously, even in ill health, to a cause which he believed to be profoundly moral. But he could also strike up alliances with some of the most notably immoral political machines in our own times, provided they would back a dry campaign. He could persuade himself that he was in this fight to drive rum and corruption out of politics; but his own politics, as his memoirs testify, was a business of playing every trick in the time-honored bag. He could burn with moral indignation, but it was his own cause that fired him. He had all of the zeal that goes with devotion to a special cult, and the inevitable intolerance and myopia.

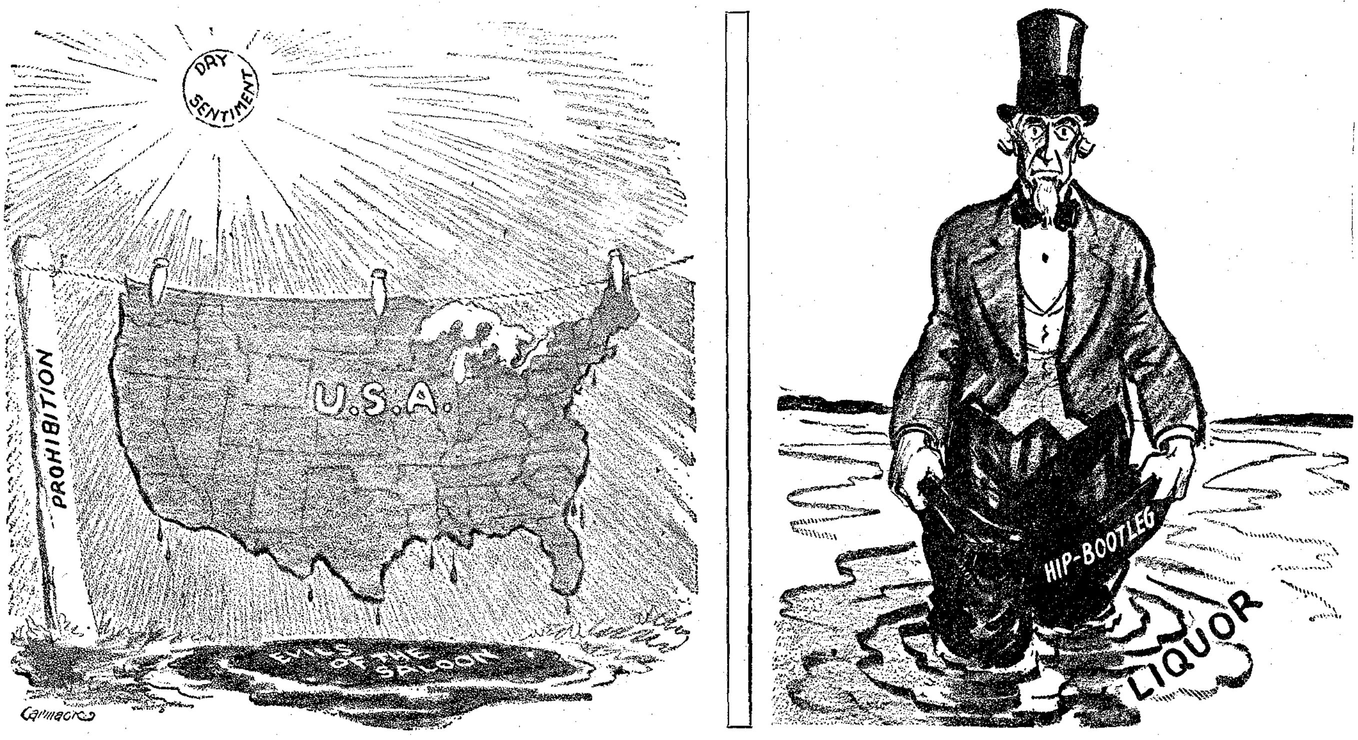
"What he has left behind him as evidence of his real ability is the greatest contribution made by any man to the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment and the creation of the first modern lobby ever brought to Washington. Whatever he may have failed to do for the morals of this country, he has left his mark indelibly upon its politics. He was a pioneer in the development of the really modern propaganda engine, and the theory that it makes no difference whether a man in public life votes from conviction, provided he votes 'right.'"

What, wonders the Boston *News Bureau*, will be the effect of Dr. Wheeler's passing upon the clash of wets and drys? It suggests that it "will doubtless spur the wets to new energies, just as also it may inspire the defenders of Amendment and Act to renewed determination to hold what they long since declared theirs forever." The Baltimore *Sun*, opposed to Prohibition, hopes that the League will find no less able a leader in the near future, because it believes that the American people will not give up Prohibition until they are convinced that it has been administered as well as possible. That would mean highly competent enforcement and Anti-Saloon League officials—"when the most competent have failed to enforce the law, it may be easy to convince the voters of its unenforceability."

But Prohibition, insists the Los Angeles *Express*, more favorable to that cause, is so deeply entrenched in the hearts of the people that with the passing of Wheeler "there will be a quickening of the moral forces all over the nation to repair the loss and to forward with redoubled energy the national demand for honest and thorough enforcement of the Volstead Law." The Des Moines *Register* dismisses with scorn the idea that Wheeler set up a "supergovernment"—"he never did more than use the force of publicity to uncover policies of officials who wanted to let law go unenforced." Similarly, the Portland *Oregonian* remarks that "there are those who like to deceive themselves with the notion that he personally hypnotized Congress and the departments with the mysterious power of a basilisk eye; what was more probably true was that his presence was a reminder to all and sundry of the deep sincerity of an impressive constituency."

"Wayne B. Wheeler is dead," notes the Raleigh *News and Observer*, but "others will carry on." In spite of the shock of Wheeler's death, the Emporia *Gazette* thinks that "it will be healthy and wholesome to let those who believe in Prohibition rally, organize and fight its cause, now that the leader is gone." The Kansas City *Star* is likewise optimistic. "The Prohibition movement is so buttressed in the industrial efficiency of the country that it will not be allowed to fail."

But that there may be changes in Prohibition strategy or tactics is admitted by a number of editors. It seems to the Atlanta *Constitution* that, with Mr. Wheeler dead, the nation and the cause of Prohibition will be well served if the Anti-Saloon League "gets out of politics and returns to its old original purpose of promoting temperance." "Some abatement of



GRADUALLY DRYING OUT
—Carmack in *The Christian Science Monitor.*

"U. S. HAS SOLVED LIQUOR PROBLEM"—JOHNSON
—James in the St. Louis *Star.*

CONTRASTING IMPRESSIONS OF THE PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION

bulldozing political tactics in the nation and the States" would now be welcome, suggests the Seattle *Times*, which thinks that it would be possible in some respects "to modify the methods of which Mr. Wheeler was an outstanding exemplar without the least sacrifice of force and efficiency." It may be, we read in the Chattanooga *Times*, that Wheeler's going "will mark the passing of much of the bitterness and intolerance which has characterized Prohibition discussion, and permit the entrance of something like a rule of reason where the liquor question is concerned." The Houston *Post-Dispatch* thinks it likely that a more conservative policy will be inaugurated by the Anti-Saloon League—"the change does not imply, of course, a surrender of principle or a lessening of vigilance against wet propaganda, but merely a shift to less spectacular methods." Oliver W. Stewart, editor of an independent Prohibition organ, *The National Enquirer* (Indianapolis), argues that Prohibitionists now should abandon the old Anti-Saloon League strategy and try to capture one or both of the great parties:

> "Ours is government by political parties. An Administration must be placed in power pledged to the principle and its maintenance. The non-partizan method will not save us."

Wayne B. Wheeler, it will be remembered, held two positions in the Anti-Saloon League. He was general counsel, in charge of legal affairs; and he was also legislative superintendent, or "contact man" with Congress, which also involved a great deal of general publicity work. These were separate posts before Mr. Wheeler consolidated them a few years ago. It is now expected that the offices again will be separated. It is thought that Mr. Wheeler's successor as general counsel will be his assistant, Mr. B. B. Dunford. This, we read in the Washington dispatches, will leave the big issue before the League the selection of a legislative agent who "will be expected to act as spokesman for dry America." Among the names mentioned most prominently in this connection are those of A. J. Davis, Superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League; W. M. Forgrave, Massachusetts Superintendent; James A. White, a former Ohio Superintendent; Rev. A. J. Barton of Nashville, Tennessee, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the League; F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the League; Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie; Dr. E. H. Cherrington, Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism; and Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia.

Of this proposal to divide the two chief duties discharged by Mr. Wheeler, the New York *Times* remarks somewhat unsympathetically:

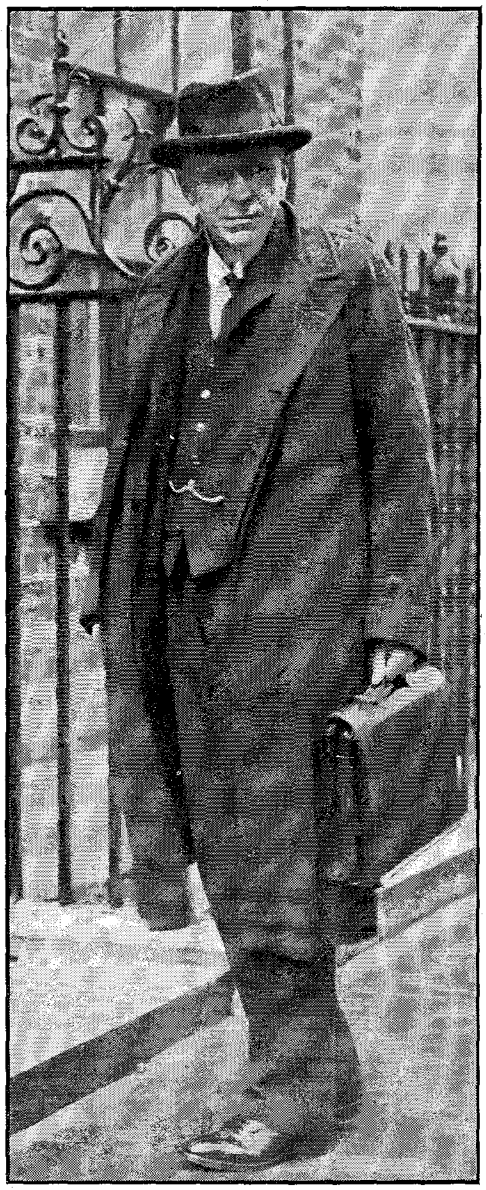
> "Nothing is said about a third agency in which Mr. Wheeler was not always fortunate. When the League selects the two officers in question, will it not also make provision for a Superintendent of Prohibition Enforcement Appointments? In one sense Mr. Wheeler can have no successor. Few of us could avoid a certain liking for the indomitable little man, so masterful, so good-natured in spite of his ardencies of statement, so steadily seeking, sometimes by doubtful means, the realization of the impossible. Doubtless he was incapable of discouragement or despair, but the later days have not been cheering for Prohibition.
>
> "Fed by war psychology, by mistaken patriotism, by inexhaustible propaganda, by Utopian hope and political cowardice, the torrent of Prohibition swept over the country. The waters have been receding. A reaction has been gathering strength. A large part of the population is sick of Prohibition that can't prohibit, of a Prohibition law grounded on absurdity, of an old evil continued in new forms and creating grave social and moral deteriorations. It is unlikely that the inheritors of Mr. Wheeler's shoes will find Congressmen so docile as they were when they lived in terror of the League."

In his last letter in the cause of Prohibition, which was dictated on his death-bed in a Battle Creek sanitarium to a veteran Prohibition worker, Mr. Wheeler said:

> "We have won each step of this long battle by none but honorable methods, even tho we have fought the most unscrupulous foe known to history. We have conserved the results of our victories in spite of the massed assaults of the allied forces of commercialized vice and appetite.
>
> "We have fought unselfishly. As you in your own experience know only too well, the champions of a sober America have given themselves sacrificially. Our foes fight for selfish advantage, whether that be the gratification of an appetite or the desire for the profits of the liquor trade. We have fought for the good of generations yet unborn."

WHAT CECIL'S EXIT MEANS FOR WORLD PEACE

THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION of disarmament, conciliation, and world peace—Viscount Cecil of Chelwood—administered a black eye to British Toryism, a majority of American newspaper editors agree, when he resigned recently as a protest against the handling of the disarmament question, particularly at the Geneva naval conference. Certainly, observes the Nashville *Tennessean*, his resignation from Premier Baldwin's official family is an event of more than national significance, "for Lord Robert, as we know him in this country, was, in the fullest sense of the word, a world statesman." The resignation of a lesser figure might be explained by disagreement over the Government's domestic policies, but Viscount Cecil since the Paris Peace Conference has been almost constantly a figure in the foreign affairs of Great Britain. While the British statesman gives several reasons for his resignation, all of them being because he is not in sympathy with the Baldwin Government's policy upon certain international questions, the chief ones are the breakdown of the preparatory conference upon disarmament and of the naval limitation conference, both at Geneva.



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HE LEAVES THE BRITISH CABINET

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, better known to Americans as Lord Robert Cecil, who resigns from the Baldwin Cabinet because he disagrees with its stand on disarmament.

In the opinion of Viscount Cecil, an agreement could have been reached at the naval parley without any sacrifice of British interests. "The implication of this statement," the Jersey City *Journal* is convinced, "is that a 'big navy' element in England had greater influence with the Cabinet than did those genuinely in favor of a reduction of armaments." Furthermore, altho Viscount Cecil does not say in his resignation that the British demands at the disarmament conference were excessive and responsible for its collapse, "the inference is plain" to the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* and other American dailies. Continues this paper:

> "Even more unfortunate than the withdrawal of Viscount Cecil from international affairs is the condition which prompted his retirement. American sentiment, seeking to be scrupulously fair, has not been able to avoid the conclusion that Britain did not want the conference to succeed, and Viscount Cecil's action confirms this impression. England still believes that national security depends on the size of her armada, and will not accept disarmament proposals which threaten her supremacy on the seas. The 5-5-3 ratio is not really satisfactory to the Admiralty, or to Downing Street. Mr. Bridgeman's extraordinary speech after the collapse of the conference, in which he blamed America for insisting upon a reduction in the total tonnage of ships rather than on a limitation of the size of cruisers, did little to reassure American opinion. The fact remained that England would not agree to any considerable change in her plan to build far the greatest fleet of light cruisers ever launched."

"This significant revolt of an eminent diplomat and statesman against the Rule Britannia policy of the Birkenheads and Churchills of the Baldwin régime is more than a vindication of the American attitude at Geneva in the face of that policy," maintains the Chicago *Daily News*. "It affords proof of the growing revolt of British liberal opinion against the Government's arrogant course." Moreover, points out the Newark *News*, "it has started public discussion of the reason why the conference failed." It will dispel the prevalent notion in England that the failure of the naval parley was largely due to American stubbornness," believes the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. In the opinion of the Springfield *Union:*

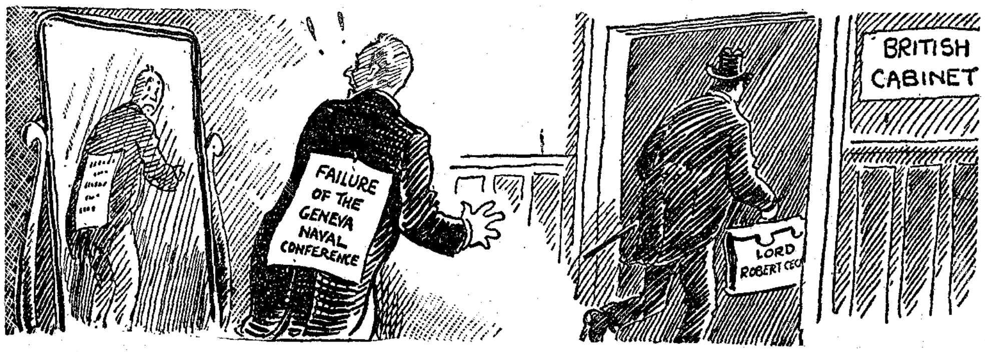
> "Viscount Cecil's resignation may make difficult the British delegation's task of proving to the taxpayers of England that they were wholly blameless in the failure of the three Powers to agree upon a disarmament program. Inasmuch as the taxpayers in the United States and Japan are no less interested than those in Great Britain, it may have a wide interest and a wide significance."

Premier Baldwin's effort to minimize the reasons given by the well-known disarmament advocate for his resignation emphasizes, to the Springfield paper, "rather than conceals the embarrassment with which Viscount Cecil's statement has been received by the Government." Such a procedure is rarely attempted or permitted in England, we are reminded by the Birmingham *Age-Herald*. "Yet Viscount Cecil speaks out. And what he says is more damning than any criticism made by American commentators on the naval parley at Geneva. His resignation is a severe moral blow to the Baldwin ministry, with damaging political possibilities."

What is unusual about the announcement of the Cecil resignation is that it was accompanied by a statement of the Viscount's reasons for his action. Said the letter, in part:

> "On the broad policy of disarmament, the majority of the Cabinet and I are not really agreed. I believe that general reduction and limitation of armament is essential to the peace of the world and that on that peace depends not only the existence of the British Empire, but even of European civilization itself.
>
> "I regard limitation of armaments by far the most important public question of the day. Further, I am convinced that no considerable limitation of armaments can be obtained except by international agreement. I do not say it should be bought at any price. But I do say that it is of greater value than any other political object.
>
> "Much that happened during the session last spring of the Preparatory Commission for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments was, to me, of a disquieting nature. Over and over again I was compelled by my instructions to maintain propositions in the commission which were difficult to reconcile with any serious desire for the success of its labors. For the most part, these instructions turned on smaller points, but the cumulative effect on the minds of the commission was very unfortunate and largely the cause of its comparatively ill success.

> "Nevertheless, when you were good enough to ask me to be one of the British representatives to the recent conference, I gladly accepted. I thought there was little doubt of an agreement being reached.
>
> "It is enough now to say that I found myself out of sympathy with the instructions I received, and I believe an agreement might have been reached on terms which would have sacrificed no essential British interest. Unfortunately, failure followed, and the causes of that failure may have to be probed when Parliament meets."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FAILURE OF THE GENEVA NAVAL CONFERENCE
BRITISH CABINET
LORD ROBERT CECIL

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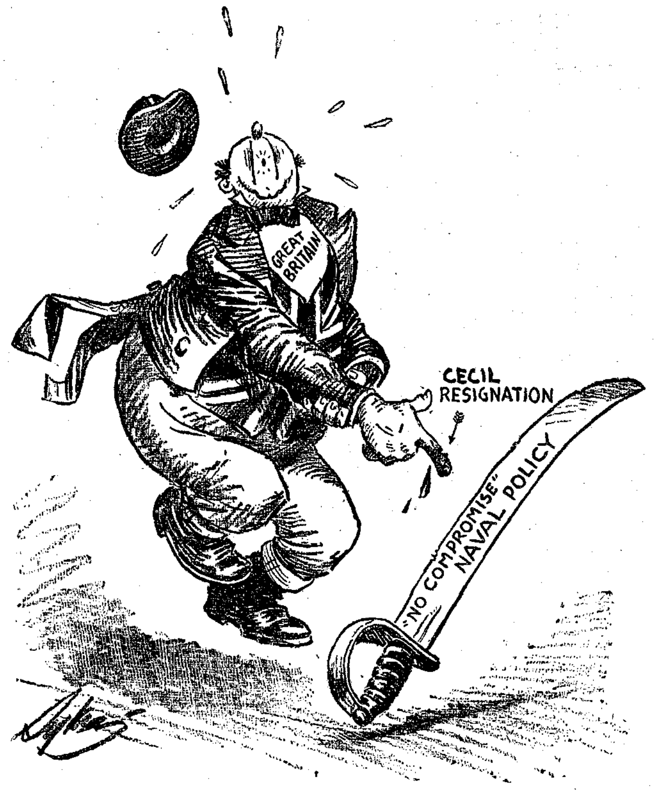
AS HE RESIGNS, LORD ROBERT CECIL PINS SOMETHING ON THE BRITISH CABINET

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"This is a devastating indictment of the Baldwin Government," in the opinion of the Baltimore *Sun*. Viscount Cecil "will be greatly missed from the sessions of the League of Nations, at Geneva," notes the Brooklyn *Eagle*. For, this paper explains, "he can not continue to represent a government whose motives he distrusts and whose conduct he condemns." "But his withdrawal from the Cabinet in no wise lessens his influence in public affairs," the Providence *Journal* is convinced. "And when the Baldwin ministry rides to its inevitable fall," remarks the Providence *News*, "we shall see Viscount Cecil in a new rôle in a far different kind of ministry." As the Cleveland *Press*, one of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, points out:

> "The resignation of Viscount Cecil over the Geneva arms conference fiasco leaves Premier Stanley Baldwin and the Conservative party with their backs to the wall.
>
> "There is a popular impression that the Conservative Government of Britain is more firmly in the saddle than any British Government has been for at least a generation. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The fact is Conservative strength is largely an illusion, and even that which it has is fast waning because of poor leadership.
>
> "The Conservatives came into power in 1924, following the downfall of the Labor Government of Premier Ramsay MacDonald. Of 615 seats in the House of Commons, the Conservatives won 412, or more than double the number of Labor, Liberal, and all other seats combined.
>
> "This looks overwhelming. Analysis, however, shows that Laborites and Liberals together polled more popular votes by 550,000 than the Conservatives. Thus while the Conservatives had an overwhelming majority in Parliament, in the country at large they were actually in a minority.
>
> "Such was the situation three years ago at the very height of Conservative strength. Since that time Premier Baldwin has been pushed into blunder after blunder, each of which has told against him and his party severely.
>
> "It may be that the general elections in Britain can not be staved off much longer. When they come, the arm conference fiasco and the Cecil incident which resulted therefrom will likely prove very damaging to the party in power. Liberals and Laborites might easily overthrow the Conservatives and give Britain a new coalition government."



EDGED TOOLS

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post*.

Viscount Cecil's letter of resignation "furnishes complete proof that the British Government did not go to the Geneva conference in good faith," is the startling deduction of the St. Paul *Dispatch*, and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* agrees that—

> "The Geneva conference on naval disarmament went on the rocks because the British delegation, at the behest of Mr. Chamberlain, tried to 'put something over' on the United States.
>
> "What the British delegation tried to do was to get the United States to agree to cruiser restrictions which would render the American cruiser fleet practically useless. The Geneva conference was fundamentally an American affair, called by President Coolidge, and the Americans ought to have been permitted to map out the field of discussion. The Americans did emphasize that the business of the conference was to fix a limit for the total light cruiser tonnage of the three Powers. The British, after much haggling over the figure, made a show of acceptance of the American contention, and then proceeded to dictate just how the total tonnage should be filled out. It insisted on the building of cruisers of small tonnage which would be serviceable to the British, with their many naval bases and coaling stations, but of almost no service to the United States. So the conference went to smash.
>
> "The action of Viscount Cecil will, of course, win nothing but praise in the United States. It should, too, indicate to Americans who have marveled at the pettiness and meanness of the British determination to rule or ruin at Geneva that this policy is not necessarily a British policy, but merely the policy of a majority faction of the Tory government which now rules England."

There are, however, in the United States a few editors who hint that Viscount Cecil was primarily responsible for the failure of the disarmament conference, and that he was "kicked out" of the Baldwin Cabinet, as one of them expresses it. "The British have a way of getting rid of a man who boggles an important mission," darkly hints the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and a London cable to the New York *Herald Tribune* quotes the Conservative press as intimating that Viscount Cecil "resigned upon finding that his impractical ideas on disarmament would not work." In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "it would be an exaggeration to assume that his resignation is a heavy blow to the Baldwin ministry." This paper also calls attention to the fact that "the stubborn refusal of the British delegation at Geneva to yield on the cruiser question has been approved by a large portion of the British public." Moreover, recalls the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "Viscount Cecil has found himself in disagreement with his superior on other occasions. So long as he was not in sympathy with his Cabinet 'instructions,' it is perhaps well that he has resigned.
>
> "There can be no criticism of Viscount Cecil for his stalwart support at Geneva of 'instructions' with which he was not in sympathy. The traditions of British statesmanship and of effective diplomacy demand such loyalty. The only regret must be that he accepted a commission which could scarcely fail to do violence to his convictions and his record."

Premier Baldwin, in his reply to Viscount Cecil, declares that the latter has exaggerated the differences between himself and his colleagues in the British Cabinet. According to the Premier:

> "It is not, I think, on the broad policy of peace and disarmament that our differences, as far as there are differences, arise so much as on the means whereby that policy can be most effectively forwarded. Even here there was at least a large measure of agreement.
>
> "As regards the work of the Preparatory Committee of the League, you presided over the subcommittee which prepared the British case and practically drafted your own instructions, and in your absence your place was taken by a colleague whom you certainly will not accuse of lukewarmness in the cause.
>
> "As regards the recent conference of the three Powers, I shall enter into no details at this stage since you refrain from doing so, tho here again I think you exaggerate whatever difference existed between the Government and yourself.
>
> "But this much I must say: I can take no blame for its failure, either to myself or to my colleagues who, after my departure and up to the very moment when a telegram from the delegation in Geneva informed them that the conference was at an end, were still working for such a compromise as might yet attain the twin objects of limitation of armament and national security.
>
> "As to the future, I refuse to share your pessimism. I am not without hope that the three-Power conference, notwithstanding its apparent failure, may yet result not only in a possible early reduction of naval armament but, in the long run, a better understanding of each other's problems and difficulties by the nations concerned."

THE PONY EXPRESS TAKES TO THE AIR

COMMERCIAL AVIATION IN AMERICA advanced two great strides on September 1, notes the Brooklyn *Eagle,* when the last link in the transcontinental Air-Mail route passed from government to private operation and a country-wide system of air express was inaugurated. The former marks the complete retirement of the Post-office Department from air-mail carrying, except by contract. "Never, since the Union-Central Pacific spanned the continent in 1869, has there been a more significant event in the history of American transportation than this," declares Commander Weyerbacher in a *Saturday Evening Post* article. "It is as important as the building of another transcontinental railroad would be," agrees the New York *Evening Post.* Over the valleys, plains, mountains, and deserts, once crossed by daring riders of the Pony Express, privately owned air-transport companies now carry mail, passengers, and express. Over the longest regularly operated airway in the world—the transcontinental route and its subsidiaries—some fifty airplanes owned by fifteen air-transport companies fly a total of 16,000 miles daily. The present time of express delivery between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts is four days; it will be cut to thirty-two and one-half hours by the new air-express service. The companies that will carry air-mail, express, and passengers are the Boeing Air Transport, between San Francisco and Chicago; and the Western Air Express, between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, connecting with the transcontinental line. The Colonial Air Transport will carry air-mail and express between Boston and New York, and the National Air Transport between New York and Chicago. Later these two companies plan to carry passengers. As the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* explains:

> "In transferring the air-mail to private carrying companies, the Post-office Department is pursuing the same policy that has obtained with respect to land and water carriers from the beginning. When the Air Mail Service was first established about a decade ago, the Post-office Department had no alternative but to engage in the business of air transportation on its own account. Private enterprise had not entered the field on a basis sufficient to provide the service which expeditious handling of the mails demanded.
>
> "Now that the period of experimentation has been passed and the possibilities of commercial aviation are beginning to be

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How many millions of people have already felt the benefit of the Rockefeller Foundation's conquest of the hookworm? (p. 12).
2. Where is the longest regularly operated airway in the world? (p. 10).
3. What does the phrase "the Solid South" mean? (p. 14).
4. How does a plant react to alcohol? (p. 21).
5. How many springs of "the first magnitude"—that is, discharging at least 65,000,000 gallons of water a day—are there in the United States? (p. 23).
6. Where is there a spring that could supply the needs of New York City? (p. 23).
7. What two great strides did commercial aviation in America make on September 1? (p. 10).
8. Has any relation between sounds and colors been scientifically established? (p. 24).
9. What percentage of the men drafted from the Southern States for the World War were infected with hookworm disease? (p. 12).
10. How much foreign capital is invested in American securities? (p. 71).
11. How much American capital is invested in foreign securities? (p. 71).
12. What is the price of a "ringside" seat for the Tunney-Dempsey fight? (p. 36).
13. Whose resignation from the British Cabinet is interpreted in this country as a blow to disarmament and world peace? (p. 8).
14. How has America influenced the game of polo? (p. 56).
15. Why is polo a favorite game in the American Army? (p. 60).
16. What sixteen-year-old girl tennis-player made Helen Wills "run for it"? (p. 48).
17. Why does Lou Gehrig say: "I'm not trying to hit homers"? (p. 54).
18. What is the difference between a "fly-ball hitter" and a "straightaway hitter"? (p. 54).
19. When was Santa Barbara's famous old Spanish Mission founded? (p. 26).
20. What class supplies most of the world's great men of today? (p. 29).
21. What country in the World War invented the tank? (p. 20).
22. Where in Europe was the first "mechanized Army" formed? (p. 20).
23. What is the name of the latest American to reorganize the finances of Persia? (p. 19).
24. Who is described as the virtual dictator of Russia? (p. 16).
25. In what political party does dissension threaten the existence of the Russian Soviet régime? (p. 16).

appreciated, regular services are being established by the commercial air carriers. It is thus becoming possible for the Government to withdraw from the Air Mail Service, and in turning it over to private carrying companies to contribute something toward their support.

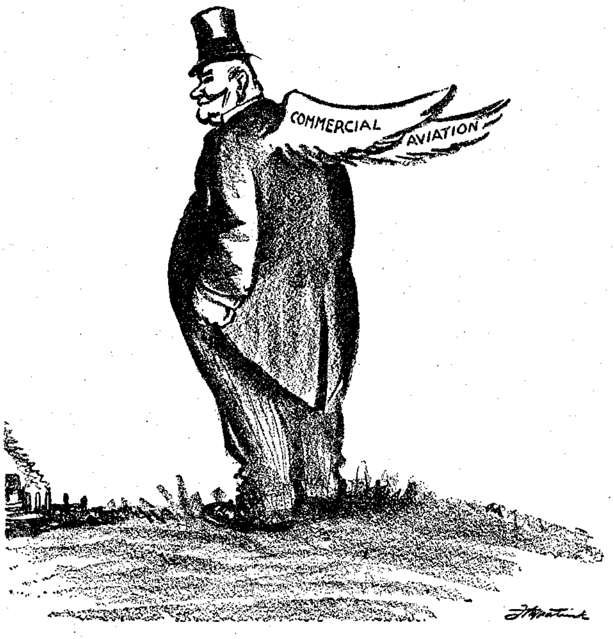
"This has been a summer of progress in air transportation. And tho much less spectacular than the long transoceanic flights, the beginning of real commercial aviation is from the practical point of view the most noteworthy development of all."

"With the recent change, the National Air Transport becomes the largest operator of commercial aircraft in the United States, and the second largest in the world," observes the Montgomery *Advertiser*. Only the German Lufthansa, a consolidation of air-transport companies, is larger than the N. A. T. The total mileage flown each day by the Chicago concern, seven days a week, will be 5,000 miles, it is said.

This company has the contract for day and night air-mail and express from New York to Chicago, and from there over the route which they already operate to Dallas, Texas. It will operate eighteen planes. Rates on the new express line, according to the New York *Times*, range from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a quarter-pound, while the air-mail rate—ten cents a half-ounce, anywhere in the United States—remains the same. To the Springfield *Union:*

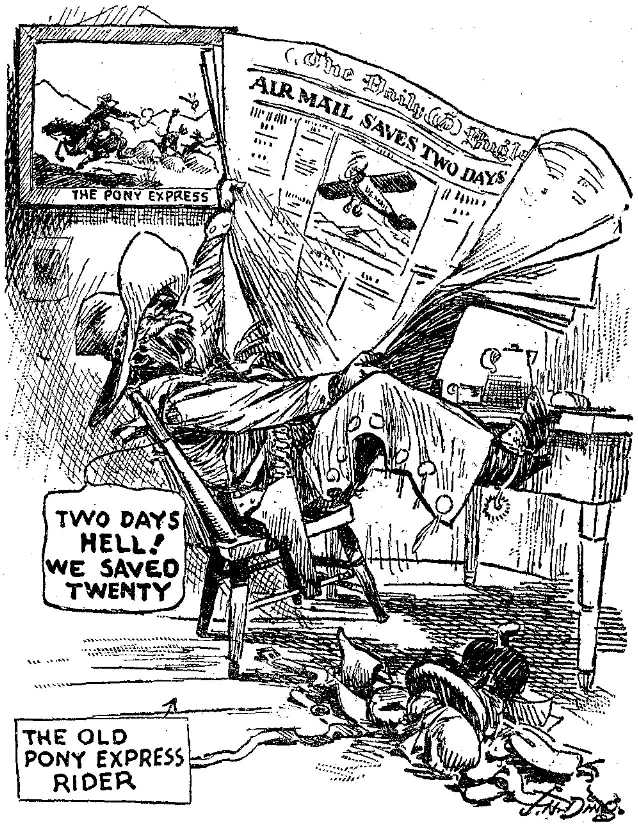
"A significant and gratifying feature of the dual service which went into effect September 1 is that it is a purely business enterprise, financed by private capital, and standing squarely upon its own feet, like any other commercial venture. It is not subsidized by the Government, as are many of the commercial air-lines in Europe. Express company officials and the transport companies holding the mail contracts express confidence that it will be a paying venture and a great boon to the business of the country wherever time is an important factor in the delivery of mail and commodities."

In the opinion of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the inauguration of a transcontinental air-express service "is the most significant move in commercial aviation since the Post-office Department established the Air Mail Service." As the St. Joseph *News-Press* points out:



BIG BUSINESS SPROUTS WINGS

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*


The Daily Bugle
AIR MAIL SAVES TWO DAYS
THE PONY EXPRESS
TWO DAYS HELL! WE SAVED TWENTY
THE OLD PONY EXPRESS RIDER

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EVERY AGE HAS ITS GLORY

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

"The Post-office Department was not disposed nor equipped to handle passengers and express on its mail planes. By charting and establishing air-mail routes, it demonstrated the practicability of commercial operation. The next step was the award of air-mail contracts. These provide a basic insurance of income from the regular operation of the planes. The second step is evidenced by the contract privately made for the carriage of express matter. The third step is the carriage of passengers.

"Here is new evidence of the rapid advance of aviation in the United States, and its value to the country's commerce and industry. Apparently, the moment is at hand when large corporations throughout the country—stimulated by the immense recent achievements of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, and others—are ready to take an active interest in the future of aviation."

According to an Associated Press dispatch from Washington:

"Experts who have watched the progress of American aircraft building and flying accord the service headed by Postmaster-General New much of the credit for bringing commercial aviation to its present position. Nine years of quiet pioneering and trail blazing by the Air Mail Service has shown the way.

"The Post-office Department was the first to operate an air-mail service in the United States over specified States and routes on regular schedule, and the first service in the world to operate over lighted airways at night, either on regular schedule or otherwise. It also was first to undertake and successfully accomplish regular schedule flying by day and by night in all kinds of weather, winter or summer. The Government, through the Post-office Department, has spent in round figures $17,000,000. The lives of thirty-three pilots have been sacrificed, the service has not paid for itself, but it never was expected to do so.

"The first experimental line was opened on May 15, 1918, between New York and Washington, using army airplanes and pilots. Its operation was taken over by the Post-office Department on August 12, 1918. A transcontinental service was planned and put into operation, step by step, during 1919 and 1920. The movement of mail by air was not continued at that time, as there was no night flying. It soon became apparent that if the transcontinental air-mail were to yield the greatest benefit, it had to be operated by night as well as by day. To do this it was necessary to devise a system of lighting airways to guide pilots, something never before undertaken; illuminating landing-fields and to introduce many other special features, including lighting equipment on planes. This done, the first day-and-night service from coast to coast was started on July 1, 1924, the route covering 2,665 miles.

"Demands of business for overnight air-mail service between New York and Chicago resulted in such a service on July 1, 1925. This section has been the most successful of all lines in point of revenue, it having reached the point of paying its own way."

VICTORY OVER THE HOOKWORM

ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE is recorded by the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation in its report announcing that hookworm disease has been almost entirely eliminated from the United States and is being rapidly brought under control in other parts of the world. Between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 people in certain sections of the South, we are told, have thus been changed from listless invalids to efficient workers in the last fifteen years.

A wise use of the Rockefeller wealth and the devoted labors of Charles Wardell Stiles, scientific secretary of the Rockefeller Commission for the Eradication of Hookworm Disease, are the mainsprings of this achievement, according to an article by Gerald W. Johnson in the Baltimore *Evening Sun.* Mr. Johnson happened to live in the little Southern town where Dr. Stiles made one of his first demonstrations. Something had infected a cottage full of small boys in a local orphanage, and the house physician had the wisdom to diagnose the case as hookworm, and to send for Dr. Stiles. We read further:

HOOKWORM'S CONQUEROR

Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, scientific secretary of the Rockefeller Commission for the Eradication of Hookworm Disease, who discovered the cause and cure of hookworm.

> "There were twenty or thirty patients, all so thin they resembled the photographs that come out of Indian famine regions, all pale green in color and many of them dirt-eaters. When they were watched too closely to get it otherwise, they would gouge out the mortar between the bricks of their dormitory walls and swallow it. Yet the wise and prudent snickered at the physician's idea that what afflicted the boys was the disease about which Stiles had been writing in Porto Rico. However, at length the Public Health Service man was permitted to come and to dose the boys with thymol and Epsom salts. Within a month the results had convinced the most skeptical. The children blossomed luxuriantly. From horrible and heart-rending caricatures of children they were changed—it seemed almost overnight—into chubby, rosy, exuberantly healthy boys."

Dr. Stiles belongs, in a way, to the martyrs of science, Mr. Johnson thinks, since the man who had discovered "the germ of laziness" was regarded by the press as fair game for every jokesmith in the North, while in the South—

> "To many who regarded themselves as public leaders he appeared in the light, not of a deliverer, but of another Damyankee bent upon holding the South up to ridicule. And they abused him with the fervid fluency of which only a self-righteous Southern rhetorician seems to be master. But he went right on curing people, and his cures eventually beat down the ridicule and the preposterous abuse of the ignorant. In the end Stiles won the admiration and gratitude of the intelligent part of the South. In 1912 the University of North Carolina made him an LL.D., and a year later Richmond College gave him an honorary M. D."

Newspapers in all parts of the country now show full appreciation of what has been accomplished. Hookworm disease is known to retard mental development and decrease physical efficiency as much as 50 per cent., and its cure, says the St. Paul *Dispatch,* removes "a tremendous obstacle to physical, mental and economic progress in many parts of the world." In the opinion of the Detroit *News,* this victory of science "means a vast access of vitality and gumption for the human race." The Nashville *Tennessean* rejoices that the preventive measures now applied "will save millions that are yet unborn from suffering from the ravages of the disease." A few simple drugs and the wearing of shoes are the chief weapons that foiled the pest, remarks the New York *Evening World,* adding the following explanation as to the nature of hookworm disease:

> "This insidious and crippling ailment is of a parasitic character. It chiefly affects people living in warm climates. Minute worms hatched in contaminated soil make their way into the body, usually through the skin of the foot or leg, and gain lodgment in the small intestine, where they impoverish the blood of the victim and, with the wastes of his body, send out eggs which hatch new armies of invaders if they are allowed to reach a moist warm soil. It has been found that two or three doses of a drug will drive out the parasites, and sanitary measures are relied upon to stop recurrent pollution of the soil."

"The wonderful work the Rockefeller Foundation is doing for the health and happiness of all peoples" moves *The Evening World* also to remark: "We used to call that money 'tainted,' but never was great wealth put to wiser employment for the blessing of mankind." Of Mr. Rockefeller, the St. Louis *Star* says:

> "It is to the credit of this man that the major part of his fortune, founded by virtual control over a great natural resource, is being returned to the public in such ways as the eradication of disease. Hookworm, malaria, yellow fever, cancer, infantile paralysis and numberless other afflictions of mankind are being studied scientifically, and eradication measures carried through in a businesslike way. No money is wasted. In the history of the world there never has been a parallel of great wealth given for altruistic purposes in such a systematic way."

Some conception of the value of the Rockefeller Foundation's victory over the hookworm may be had, says the Kansas City *Star,* from the fact that in 1917, when the United States entered the World War, there were approximately two million victims of hookworm in this country:

> "Infection among drafted men from Southern States ranged from 12 to as high as 33 per cent. The disease in only a limited number of cases was fatal; but both the physical and mental well-being of its victims often were seriously impaired.
>
> "As the sufferers lived very largely in rural districts, the creation of the sanitary conditions necessary to prevention, as well as treatment, offered unusual obstacles. But in spite of handicaps, the twofold task was accomplished. The cooperation of local health agencies was admirable, and it is by these that the future work of prevention will be carried on.
>
> "The international board, with the aid of funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation, will continue its activities against this disease in other countries, and will continue at the same time its aid of medical education, research and disease control in various parts of the world. It is a tremendous task, not simply for this one agency but for health authorities and the general public. For disease control and prevention is in the broadest sense, a cooperative enterprise."

Another light on the virtual eradication of the hookworm is given us by the Columbus *Dispatch,* which discusses the economic significance of the consequent increase of energy and efficiency:

> "Just what this means to the South in an economic way can not be closely calculated. The disease produces a lethargy which mental resolution can not shake off, and such a weakening of the physical power of the body as makes efficient labor impossible. When a considerable proportion of the adult inhabitants of any region are thus affected, it is easy to see that productive industry can not fail to be seriously curtailed. Our inability accurately to measure the loss does not indicate that it is not heavy.
>
> "It is known to all that the South of late has shown remarkable progress, in agriculture, in manufactures, in education, and in virtually all major lines of effort. There are doubtless various causes at work in producing this revival, but there is no good reason to doubt that the removal of the hookworm burden has had no small part in it."

"IMPERIALISM" AT WILLIAMSTOWN

"THE SORDID AND BLOODY TRAIL of Yankee imperialism in Central America and the Caribbean," to quote the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, was one of the matters which came up for discussion at the recent Williamstown conference. The Institute of Politics, established there seven years ago by Dr. Harry A. Garfield, to "let light into dark places," brought before its distinguished and scholarly audience for discussion a dozen other world problems, but none, it seems from newspaper dispatches, contains the dramatic qualities of the charge made by a former diplomat, Horace Greely Knowles, former Minister to the Dominican Republic, that Uncle Sam is a bully where small Central American and Caribbean republics are concerned. Said Mr. Knowles before these students of world affairs:

"We have imposed our force upon weak, hopeless, and defenseless countries, and slaughtered thousands of their citizens. We have attacked them when they expected we would defend them. We have used the Monroe Doctrine to prevent sympathetic European nations going to their rescue when we abused them.

"In each case of intervention we have been guilty of violating the sovereign rights of neighbors and of proceeding contrary to the universally recognized principles of international law. Instead of sending them teachers, instructors, and helpers, we have sent them concession-hunters, conscienceless and usurious bankers, avaricious financiers, bribers, commercial tricksters, murderers, soldiers, degenerates, and carriers of infectious diseases. Instead of trying to elevate and make their people better and more patriotic, we have made crooks and traitors of many of them, in order that our unscrupulous bankers, capitalists, and Washington can control the government and affairs of their countries."

"This is a terrific indictment against our policy of benevolent imperialism," observes the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Furthermore, declares this Democratic daily, "the Knowles attack upon the Latin-American policy of President Coolidge and Secretary of State Kellogg can not be lightly waved aside." For—

"It can not be said of Mr. Knowles, as defenders of that policy have said of Senator Borah, Senator Norris, and other critics, that he has never been in Nicaragua, and therefore knows nothing about the situation. Mr. Knowles has not only been in Nicaragua, but he has been the American Minister to that country, and to the Dominican Republic as well.

"The charges of Mr. Knowles reenforce what has been said by *The Post-Dispatch*, and by a long list of representative public men who are convinced that we need a drastic revision of our present Caribbean policy. They have maintained, with *The Post-Dispatch*, that this policy is ruining our trade with Latin America, and that unless prompt steps are taken to repair the damage, there will soon be nothing left to salvage.

"It will be up to Congress upon reconvening to provide a full hearing for both sides, without delay."

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"WE HAVE BEEN GUILTY"

"Of violating the sovereign rights of neighbors," and of "imposing our force upon weak and defenseless countries" to the southward, maintains Horace G. Knowles, former American Minister to Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, and Bolivia.

The Williamstown conference, being a round-table affair, however, afforded an opportunity to reply to the Knowles charges. This was promptly seized by Commander John F. Shafroth, U. S. N., who maintained that our intervention in Haiti, San Domingo, and Nicaragua in former years was entirely justified by moral and international laws. To quote Arthur Ruhl's dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Speaking of San Domingo, Mr. Knowles said that the Dominicans reluctantly agreed to the landing of a Legation guard in 1916, assuming that that meant possibly a score of men. Instead of which, he said, the American forces, after taking away the Dominicans' arms, landed a regiment, while a fleet lay in the roadstead.

"'We had a Legation guard consisting of a regiment in China for years,' thundered Commander Shafroth. 'When our marines go ashore, naturally they go armed. They don't go in their pajamas.' We are simply the agents of the State Department, and there is no case of marines being landed except for the protection of American lives and property. It is our duty under international law to protect that life and property."

To the New York *Evening Post*, the Knowles-Shafroth debate "demonstrated anew that it is easier to make sensational statements than to prove them." Ordinarily, *The Post* remarks, "charges of this kind from a man who had held important posts under the Government would have been broadcast without the other side's being heard. Under the rules of the Institute of Politics, however, such statements are subject to challenge."

"The Knowles statement is untruthful and unfair," maintains the Grand Rapids *Herald*. According to this Michigan daily:

"The United States has done infinitely much for all Pan-America. It rarely has touched this Caribbean sector, except to emphatic Pan-American advantage. Take America out of the Caribbean during the last quarter-century, and Pan-America would still be a jungle. It would be back in the 'dark ages'—socially, hygienically, economically, governmentally. Our record there, with rare exceptions, is one of honor and utility."

The Wall Street Journal characterizes the Knowles anti-imperialist broadside as a "squirt-gun picture." To this financial daily:

"Usurious, unscrupulous bankers, with Washington plotting the control of the little countries of Central America, stand out in bold relief. Nicaragua is a glaring instance. That country once enjoyed the scourge of almost perpetual revolutions that made a mockery of self-government. At last, when on the brink of anarchy, the then existing government appealed to Washington to save it.

"The treasury was empty, the public debt amounted to $32,000,000, the currency system was worse than chaotic, the principal railroad was utterly dilapidated, agriculture and trade were at a standstill. The government requested some American bankers to undertake the country's financial rehabilitation.

"These unscrupulous bankers advanced $15,000,000 to the bankrupt country. They reorganized the government's financial system and set it on its feet. Eventually the loan was repaid, and the bankers withdrew from the country. They left behind them a prosperous self-governing country. The bank and the railroad together were earning enough to equal the service on the public debt.

"To make the picture complete, the bankers should be represented as holding on to all these. But they did not. They turned complete control and ownership back to Nicaragua."

A NEW DEAL TO END THE "SOLID SOUTH"

WHILE WORLD AFFAIRS were being discust at Williamstown, the first session of the Institute of Public Affairs of the University of Virginia was putting on what the Baltimore *Sun* characterizes as "a much better and more lively show." The Williamstown conference, we are told, "was hampered somewhat by the international character of the subjects discust, while the Charlottesville gathering devoted itself almost entirely to domestic questions." One of the most profitable discussions, in the opinion of a near-by observer, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, was the argument for the ending of the "Solid South" by "taking the negro out of politics." This was advanced by Henry Watkins Anderson, a prominent Republican lawyer of Richmond and a former candidate for Governor of Virginia.

Mr. Anderson, we gather from newspaper dispatches, holds that the election laws of the Southern States, based on the apprehension of an Afro-American menace, hamper white voters also and make the normal existence of two political parties in the South practically impossible. According to this Southern lawyer, "the eleven States constituting the solid South are the only communities . . . either in Europe or America in which there has been no change in party control for more than forty years."

Is such a political condition good for the South? Is it necessary because of racial complications? Is it good for the country as a whole? These questions are answered in the negative by Mr. Anderson, who is quoted in Charlottesville dispatches to the Baltimore *Sun* as saying:

> "The politically Solid South is to-day the outstanding anomaly of American politics.
>
> "There are no real political parties in the South to-day. The dominant party consists of office-holding oligarchies in the several States which dictate its policies and select its candidates, while the development of a minority party is prevented by repressive and discriminatory laws."

"Mr. Anderson pointed out, as *The Sun's* correspondent further quotes him, that by the disfranchisement of the negro and the practical disqualification of a large part of the white population opposed to the dominant party organization, the vote qualified or cast in the Southern States has been so reduced that it includes only a small minority of the population; that Governors and other State officers are sometimes elected by less than 10 per cent. of the population of voting age. Mr. Anderson quoted election figures to show that in the Presidential election of 1920 in eleven Northern States, with a population aggregating the population of the eleven Southern States, the percentage of vote to population was thirty-three and to population of voting age sixty-one, as compared with the Southern States, where the vote was only 10 per cent., and to population of voting age 21 per cent," we read in *The Sun,* which quotes Mr. Anderson as saying:

> "This condition of political stagnation is an obvious menace to the progress and security of the entire Union. The States of the Solid South cast approximately one-fourth the votes of the electoral college. Under prevailing conditions they may be counted in advance for the candidate of one party, however unfitted he may be for office, or however unsound may be the policies he advocates. The entire press is alined with the dominant political party. There is no longer any discussion of political principles. The people are not informed as to public questions, and take little interest in public affairs.
>
> "These and other conditions which might be described can not fail to have a far-reaching and disastrous effect on the social and economic, as well as the political life of these communities. Yet they are the inevitable consequences of the suppression of political independence, which results from the one-party system of government now prevailing in the South.
>
> "Liberal and just election laws, fairly administered, lead to a revival of interest in public affairs, and will soon result in the development of two effective political parties."

"The political supremacy of the white people of the South must be sustained," explains the Columbia, (S. C.) *Record,* "but there is a question whether, in order to sustain it, we must perpetuate the present solidarity." Looking at the matter from the political standpoint, the Hartford *Courant,* a Northern paper, is convinced that:

> "The South has made itself such a sure thing for the Democrats that neither party worries about it. The Republicans do not waste time in a hopeless fight for what they can not get, and the Democrats do not have to fight for what they have. When there are doubtful States in the South, then will they be regarded as worth catering to."

As the New York *Times* points out:

> "Mr. Anderson, in his frank and sensible speech, did not go so far as to advocate the 'open and aboveboard disfranchisement' of the negroes; but he rather implied the hope that they would in time divide their votes on issues, principles and parties.
>
> "This evolution, plus an acceptance of the fact that Southern white people will not agree to office-holding by negroes, would go further to break the Solid South than any other factor. And thoughtful Southerners for a long time have realized that no better thing could happen to the South and the Democratic party. So long as the South always goes Democratic, States in other parts of the United States will always go Republican, regardless of men or issues; and it is this fact which has helped to keep the Democratic party sectional, has made the negro a political football, has had much to do with the adherence of the South to Prohibition, and has given the Klan a hold it would otherwise not have.
>
> "These things are more implied than stated by Mr. Anderson, but when a Southern Republican is willing to forego the negro vote, he is making the strongest possible bid for recognition politically which one of his party faith can make in the South. Altho he is a Republican, the burden of his speech offers a better constructive program to the South than any Democrat has offered since Henry Watterson."

In the opinion of the Atlanta *Constitution,* however, "the people of the South are no more guilty of political intolerance than the people of other States of the East and West that always vote the Republican ticket." As the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* puts the case for the critics of the Anderson program:

> "The 'office-holding oligarchy' which excites Mr. Anderson in his political moments is at least 50 per cent. delusion. The office-holders and their hangers-on exert a powerful influence in the Southern States, but so do the office-holders in States predominantly Republican, and even in States where the parties are evenly divided. What really irritates Mr. Anderson, one suspects, is not so much the oligarchy of the Democratic office-holders, as the much larger oligarchy of the several Democracies themselves—the absolutism with which the Democratic party, regardless of its interior factional mutations, rules the States of the Solid South to the exclusion of the Republicans.
>
> "It is only slightly true that 'the development of a minority party is prevented by repressive and discriminatory laws.' Where the soil was favorable to the growth of a healthy Republican organism, as in the Ninth District of Virginia, control of the election machinery under laws passed by Democratic legislatures, has not prevented it from flourishing.
>
> "Mr. Anderson has successfully diagnosed the Solid South's political ailment, but his prescription is considerably too facile and too much in the tradition of partizan polemic to command complete confidence. It is, for example, quite ludicrous for a Republican 'best mind' to charge the Southern Democracies with practising oligarchial methods, when his own party's nominations and principles are dictated by an oligarchy.
>
> "There is no simple prescription for the safe and sensible liquidation of the South's political solidarity. All that can be asked of the Democratic South is to put an end to all discriminations, under the election laws, between white Democrats and white Republicans. After that is done, the growth of a minority party in the South will depend more on principles and practises of Republicanism than on anything else. If these principles and practises are such as to command the confidence of the white South, a full-size minority party will evolve here. If they are such as to create fear and misgivings, the South's Democratic solidarity will continue."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Those who complain about the weather should cheer up, for winter will soon be here.—*Punch.*

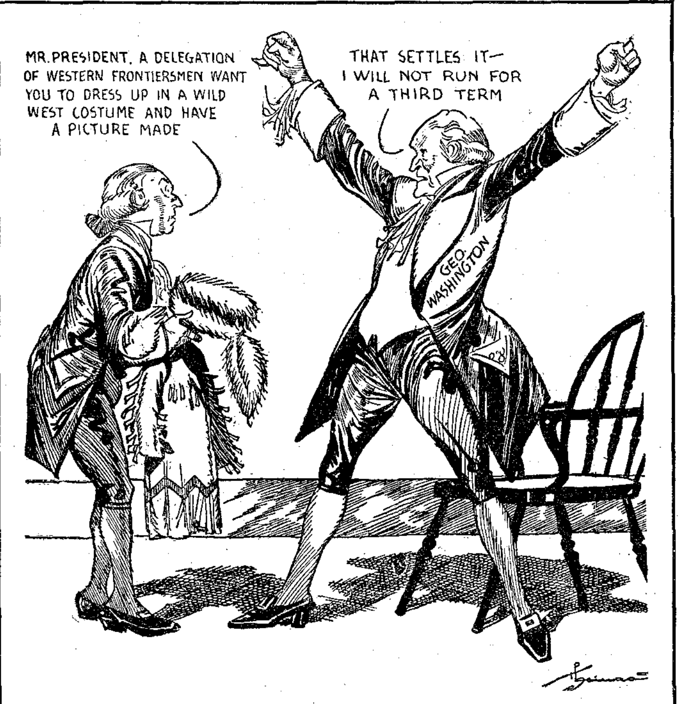
A woman may be taken for granted, but she never goes without saying.—*Wall Street Journal.*

It might be an excellent idea to lay in a stock of all-wool clothing before cotton gets any higher.—*Nashville Banner.*

You can't expect a professional politician to make up his bed and then lie in it. He's more likely to make up his bunk and then lie out of it.—*Alva (Okla.) Record.*

United States marine commander in Nicaragua reports that conditions are rapidly approaching normal again. And everybody supposed that the country was pacified.—*Arizona Record.*

A clothing trade journal declares that women were never so well drest as they are to-day, which may be the truth, but it is stretched pretty thin.—*Columbus Dispatch.*


MR. PRESIDENT, A DELEGATION OF WESTERN FRONTIERSMEN WANT YOU TO DRESS UP IN A WILD WEST COSTUME AND HAVE A PICTURE MADE
THAT SETTLES IT— I WILL NOT RUN FOR A THIRD TERM
GEO. WASHINGTON

PROBABLY HOW THE PRECEDENT WAS CREATED

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

In the burning of a trainload of automobiles at Detroit, quite a few pedestrians may have been saved.—*Seattle Times.*

It is probably not true that Mr. Coolidge is relinquishing the Presidency to devote all his time to being an Indian chief. —*Detroit News.*

A Glen Cove man wants to find some place where women don't smoke cigarets. Well, there's the north pole.—*New York Evening Post.*

We suppose one's opinion as to which is the wettest city depends a good deal on which city one knows most about. —*Ohio State Journal.*

Pussyfoot Johnson told delegates to an anti-alcoholism league in session in Indiana that America has settled its Prohibition problem. Which way?—*New York Sun.*

The German officials who went to Chicago to study subways and found there no subways may have been misled by having read of that city's underworld.—*New York Evening Post.*

According to the daily papers summer is to last this year till the end of October, but no information is given as to when it is to start.—*Punch.*

Vice-President Dawes announces, "I am not a candidate for the nomination for President." Now for a good loud controversy over the possible meanings of the verb "am."—*Detroit News.*

International athletic contests are advocated as an aid to world peace. This would be reasonable if somebody would invent a contest which both sides could win.—*San Diego Union.*

Secretary Jardine's statement that farming is a business gives us a new angle on that industry. There have been reasons of late for suspecting it was a department of politics.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Dr. Edward A. Ross says that the earth's population is increasing at the rate of 50,000 a day, and he fears congestion. But it must be remembered that automobiles are increasing almost that rapidly.—*Asheville Times.*

An American syndicate is bidding for a concession to extract the salts from the Dead Sea. Which suggests the difficulty of landing marines near this inland sea for the purpose of protecting American lives and property.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The seagulls report that the traffic situation is becoming terrible.—*American Lumberman.*

Bankers to Drink in Canada Scenery.—*Boston Herald headline.* Well, that's legal isn't it?—*New York World.*

A doctor tells us that the less a woman wears the more she eats. That helps to explain Eve and the apple.—*Punch.*

We are still a few leaps ahead of the game. Statistics prove that people are being born faster than the automobiles can kill them.—*Florida Times-Union.*

The only reason a great many American families don't own an elephant is that they have never been offered an elephant for a dollar down and easy weekly payments.—*Nashville Banner.*

Pussyfoot Johnson says he expects the whole world to go dry. Perhaps Pussyfoot is one of these Republican isolationists who don't include the United States in the world.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Perhaps the Government decided to make dollar bills smaller because almost everybody needs a little money.—*Seattle Times.*

"I claim to possess no more sanity than most people," says Sir Ernest Benn. Signor Mussolini would have done better than that.—*Punch.*

The son of the German Crown Prince says prewar days will never return. Not for four or five million Teutons, anyhow.—*Dallas News.*

Perhaps the political parties can have a plank in their platforms that is dry on one side and wet on the other.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Just to make a sap of the scientist who claims that the clinging-vine type is passing, we understand that many women are taking up wrestling. —*New York Evening Post.*

An inventor has perfected a radio crystal set that can be installed in an extra large size pipe. What welcome news this will be for Vice-President Charles G. Dawes.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

An American visitor says that November is the best month to visit London. There is always a chance that a thick curtain of fog will mercifully descend and hide our public statues.—*London Humorist.*

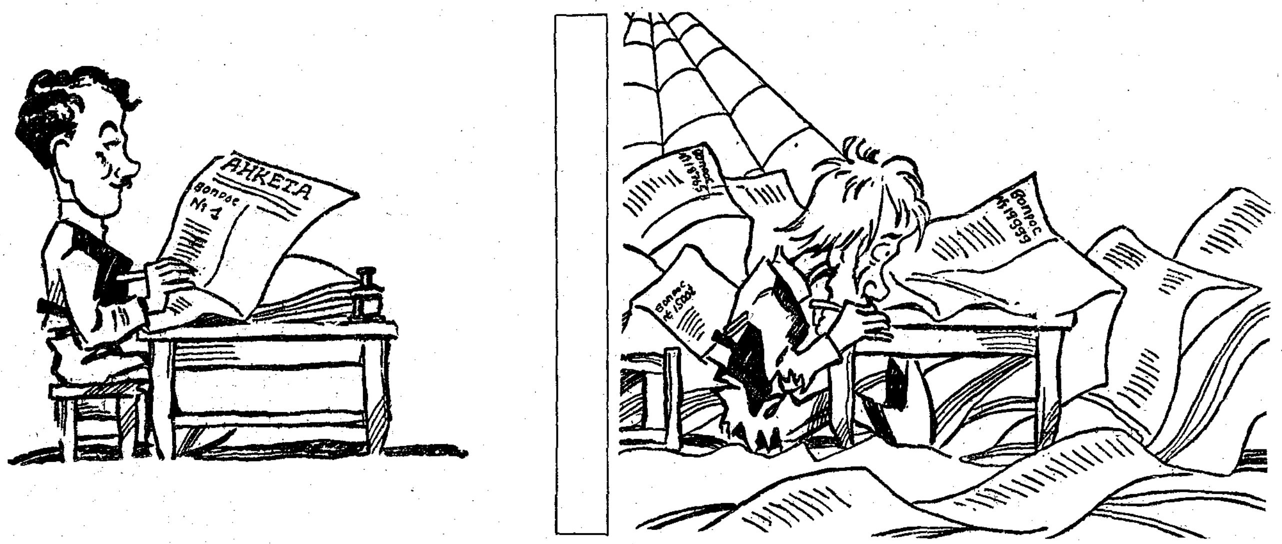
A Nebraska preacher who was convicted of having 2½ pints of liquor in his grip, says it was planted here. What a lot of fellows will want to know is, where can you get the seed?—*American Lumberman.*

In general it may be suggested that all popular demonstrations in France against American visitors will be dealt with promptly and effectively by a vigilance committee of French hotel-keepers.—*New York Times.*

Hiding in a cupboard in a tea shop, two men were discovered by the police, because one of them coughed. Up till now no enterprising advertiser has asked him to name the remedy that would have stopped the irritation if he had used it.—*Punch.*

The Federal Trade Commission has just decided that a wood which has been going under the name of mahogany will hereafter have to be called dipterocarpacæ. This is considered the best break the pine and maple trade has had in years.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



THE NEW BURDEN OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANT

An official Russian newspaper shows a Russian peasant passing from manhood to old age, while he fills out a bureaucratic inquiry.

—*Isviestia* (Moscow).

THE HOME FIGHT GOES FASTER IN SOVIET RUSSIA

HATED FROM WITHOUT in various countries all over the world, the Communist party in Soviet Russia is said to be suffering also from all the bad effects of too much home-brewed hate between rival sections. One faction, called the Stalinists, because it is headed by Stalin, the official leader of the party—who is described as being the virtual ruler of Russia—is at grips with the Opposition faction headed by Trotzky and Zinoviev. While this internal conflict so far has been without bloodshed, and in it no arms other than words and intrigue have been employed, yet there are those who believe the situation to be so acute that the mutual antagonism between former friends in the same party has reached such a degree that the day may come when there will be real fighting. The controversy between Stalin's majority and the Opposition, it seems, has been going on for three or four years, altho most of the time in secret.

The charges of the Opposition against Stalin, we learn from the press, are that his ways are those of a dictator, his system of government extreme bureaucracy, and he is said to be guilty of a great number of political errors. The Oppositionists also accuse him of having surrounded himself with a group of selfish autocrats to which no outsider has access. On the other hand Stalin and his adherents, we are told, allege that the Opposition is trying to break up the Communist party into two hostile parties which would jeopardize the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and the Soviet régime. In the Soviet press the Oppositionists are called "criminals," "conspirators," "enemies of the working class," and "anti-Bolsheviks." Lately, it appears, the Central Committee of the Communist party gathered at Moscow in order to try Trotzky, Zinoviev, and some of their followers for their "crimes." The Soviet press asserted that a heavy punishment would be dealt out to them. They would be expelled from this Committee, it was said, from the party, or even perhaps banished from Russia. The Central Committee discust the matter for ten days in complete secrecy and, to the astonishment of all observers, inflicted no punishment upon the rebels, but merely rebuked them in a mild and verbose resolution. This was largely interpreted in Moscow as "a great victory" for Trotzky and Zinoviev, and the Oppositionists decided that "they are too strong to be expelled, and they have too many supporters all over Russia who may make them the future rulers of Russia." Meanwhile, it is related in the press, the rebels continue to organize street demonstrations and meetings in which fiery speeches are made against "the criminal and anti-revolutionary dictatorship of Stalin and his clique." Everybody in Moscow, it is asserted, understands the seriousness of the situation. The Communist party of Russia with its executive organs, the Central Committee and the Political Bureau, is the virtual ruler of Russia, for the Soviet Government is run and ruled by it, and some pessimists predict that should it split and become the victim of internal war, the whole Soviet régime will go to pieces. *Isviestia*, the official organ of the Soviet Government, which remains irreconcilably hostile to the Opposition, quotes a statement in which the Opposition has summed up its grievances against Stalin's position. These "senseless" grievances, *Isviestia* tells us, are as follows:

> "The Secret Police is busying itself less and less with the defense of the proletarian revolution. Instead of combating the political and the economic counter-revolution, it combats the legitimate dissatisfaction of the proletariat masses with the bureaucratic degeneration of the governmental machinery.
>
> "Especially dangerous is the situation existing in the Red Army. In spite of the requirements of the Communist program, Red Army officers are for the most part either the officers of the old régime, or men belonging to bourgeois elements. The part taken in the Army by the proletarian elements has become much smaller. Under such conditions the Army can easily become a weapon of some Napoleonic adventurer.
>
> "In the governmental organization bureaucratism has reached such a degree that the whole system shows unmistakable symptoms of bourgeois decay.
>
> "Since October, 1925, workmen's wages, instead of growing, have been decreasing. The pressure of the governmental machinery on the working class has increased. All this contributes to the growing dissatisfaction of the working masses with the existing administration."

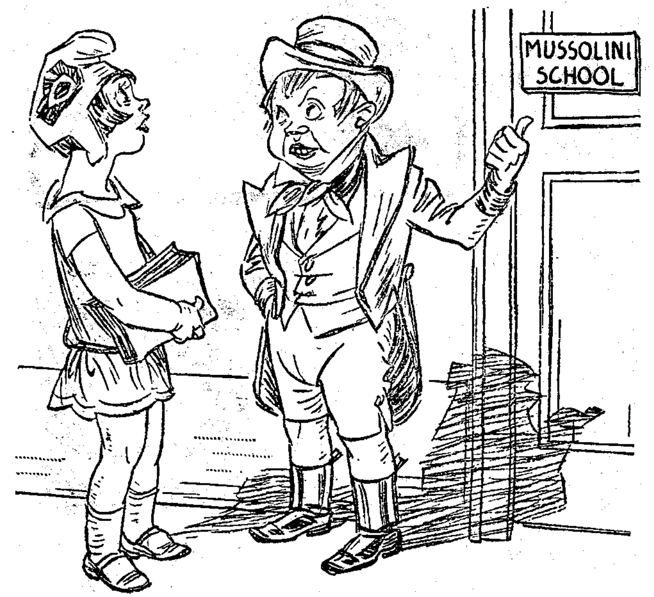
The *Isviestia* then tells us that the Oppositionists accuse Stalin's followers of having jeopardized the Bolshevik cause in

China, and say the Soviets should have supported the Chinese Communists in a much more effective manner. *Pravda*, the official organ of the Communist party, prints a long statement by the Central Committee enumerating the crimes of the Opposition. It reads, in part, as follows:

> "Since 1923, the Opposition, headed at first by Trotzky, and then by Trotzky and Zinoviev, has taken advantage of every difficulty that has been encountered by our party in order to split the party and in order to overthrow its leaders. In the summer of 1926 the Opposition went so far in its attacks against the party as to form a secret faction which held meetings in a forest. Moreover, it began to call public meetings in various factories and other places. The Central Committee draws the attention of the party to the fact that the Opposition, thanks to its present activities against this party, has become a political center which rallies around itself anti-Soviet and anti-Communist forces. Counter revolutionists, in Russia as well as abroad, attach great hopes to its demoralizing efforts."

Referring further to the controversy between the Stalinists and the Oppositionists, *Pravda* says:

> "Did our Central Committee act wisely when it decided not to exclude Trotzky and Zinoviev from the list of its members? We believe it did. Our main purpose is to preserve peace within our party and to maintain its unity. Even in the most dramatic moments of the struggle one should always preserve one's self-control and try to find ways for securing peace. . . . It can not be denied that the party has displayed an exceptional leniency toward Trotzky and Zinoviev in spite of their criminal, seditious behavior. What will happen next? That depends entirely upon them. Either one thing or the other: either a peace will be reestablished in the party, or the Opposition will take advantage of the possibilities left to it, and that will be war. . . . If of these two possibilities the Opposition chooses the second it will have to blame itself for the consequences."



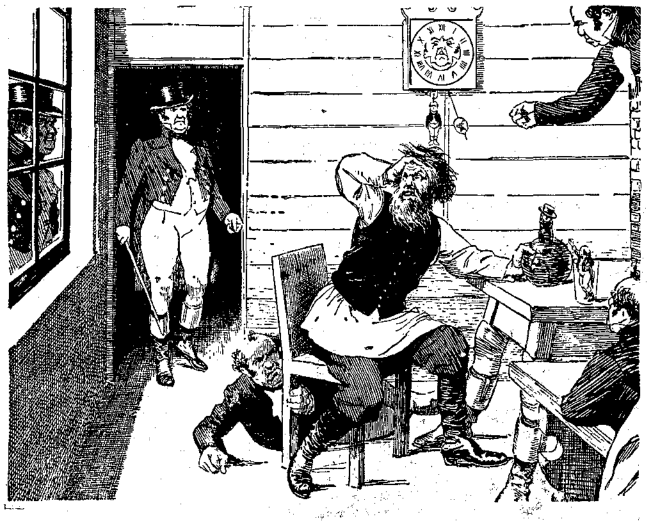
AN ITALIAN HINT

JOHN BULL (to Marianne): "There is only one school in which to learn how to deal with Bolshevism—and that's the Mussolini school."

—*Guerin Meschino* (Milan).

Rul, the Liberal anti-Bolshevik Russian organ in Berlin, draws, on the basis of reliable information from Soviet Russia, the following picture of the strife between the two Communistic camps:

> "The pugnacious attitude of the Opposition, which has been encouraged by the mild resolution of the Central Committee, has found expression at a number of public meetings in Moscow and Petrograd. Comrade Rykov, the President of the Council of People's Commissars, who appeared at a gathering, was met very coldly and even hostilely by a section of the Communists present. Embarrassed, he spoke in a very conciliatory manner and uttered the usual commonplaces about peace and unity among comrades. After him the Oppositionist Smirnov delivered a fiery speech. Welcomed by applause and friendly exclamations, he pitilessly pilloried the hypocrisy of the Central Committee, and his speech burned with an uncamouflaged hatred of Stalin. A great majority of the audience greeted his words with passionate cheers and an ovation. This event embarrassed seriously the ruling elements, especially because it fully confirmed the information of the Secret Police about the atmosphere prevailing among the Oppositionists. According to the statements made by this organization, the Oppositionists are even more numerous in provincial centers, and they will probably succeed in polling the majority of votes at local party conferences."



A DUTCH JIBE

Suffering from persecution mania, Soviet Russia sees a menacing John Bull, no matter in what direction it looks.

—*De Groene Amsterdammer*.

Noting these facts, the *Rul* proceeds:

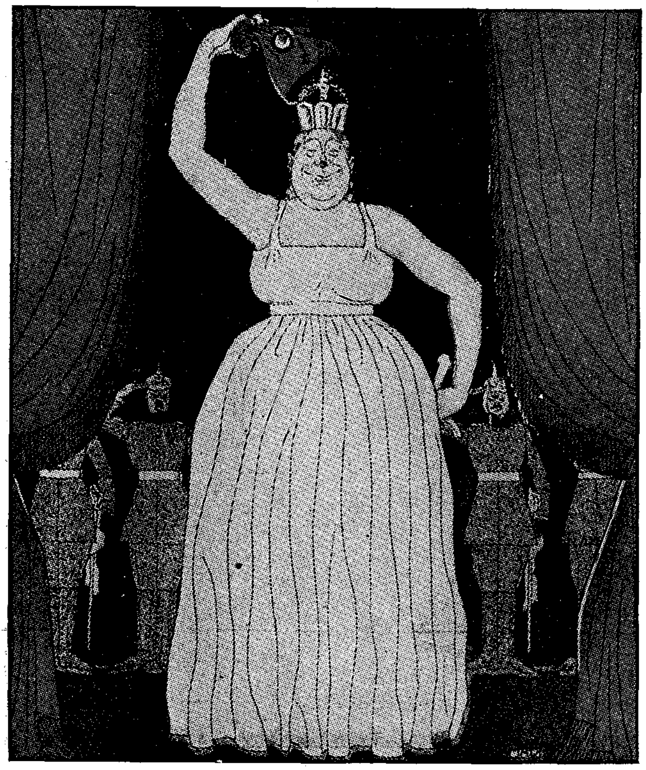
> "Foreign observers often believe that Stalin is the moderate man of the Communist party and that, were it not for Trotzky's attacks, he would gradually reintroduce into Russia normal capitalistic methods. They also seem to believe that the victory of the Opposition, and the passing of the governmental machinery into the hands of the Oppositionists, would entail a new era of militant and destructive Communistic experiments. The work of foreign concession-holders in Russia would, under such circumstances, become still more difficult than it is now. For these reasons the attitude of a great many foreigners may be briefly boiled down to the formula 'Long life, Stalin!'
>
> "It is, however, a great question what Trotzky would do should he attain to power. Would he really try to reintroduce doctrines of irreconcilable Communism found unfit by experience? He is much more intelligent and practical than Stalin. Would he not, obeying the pressure of necessity, take advantage of his victory in order to push Russia toward moderation and normalcy? Perhaps, in so doing, he would prove to be the most logical disciple of Lenin."

From Riga the correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

> "In all these questions a great part is played by the personal struggle for power between Stalin on the one hand and Trotzky and Zinoviev on the other, but with the Sapronoff-Smirnoff group the personal element seems to play a smaller part. Trotzky and his adherents are more 'diplomatic' than the other group.
>
> "There is another form of opposition which is causing much nervousness at Moscow. This comes from the 'Uklonisti' or Separatist Communists of the Ukraine, White Russia, the Caucasus, and even the 'Tartar Republic.' These are all Nationalists who hide under the Communist banner. Of this form of opposition the most serious is in the Ukraine, where the movement is headed by Shumsky, a prominent man in the party ever since the Revolution who last year occupied the position of Ukrainian Commissar for Education. The Ukrainian Separatist Communists accuse the Central Committee of centralization and Great-Russian tendencies. Some of the most extreme 'Uklonisti' declare that only the complete severance of all ties with Moscow can make the Ukraine a really independent State."

THE PESTERING PROBLEM OF THE RHINELAND

THE PROBLEM OF THE RHINELAND and its occupation by Allied troops continues to puzzle those who look upon the diplomatic discussions between France and England as having an "unreality" about them. Again, some editors say it would be better to take all the Allied troops out of German territory, as the number there is too small to be effective and constitutes an irritant to German feelings. Then there are those who aver that if the issue of an anticipated evacuation of the Rhineland comes up next year, not only will the Dawes plan come up too, but also that of an Eastern pact similar to the Locarno pact. Without such an Eastern pact, says the Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, "the execution of the Treaty will be held to be purely negative and unsatisfactory." This informant continues as follows:



A FRENCH THRUST

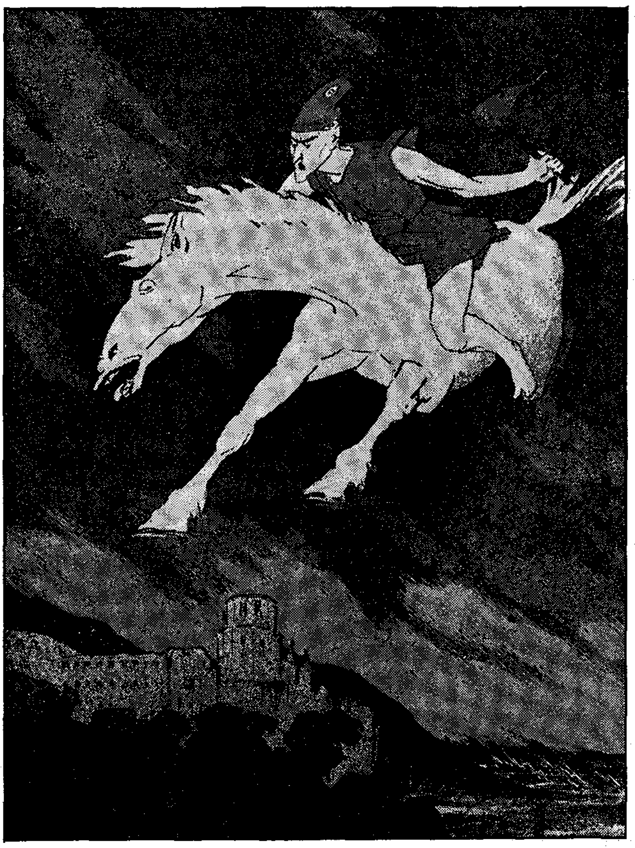
"The hypocritical republican Germany of Stresemann."

—*Aux Ecoutes* (Paris).

> "Without such a pact those 'guaranties' of security of which by the Treaty the Allies are to be the sole judges, which apply equally to Poland as to France, and which it is held are a necessary condition of the evacuation now or at any time, will be regarded as lacking. A 'gap' was left at Locarno as regards Poland, and in the French view the last paragraph of article 429 of the Versailles Treaty forbids any evacuation of German territory until it has been stopt by a new security pact in the east.
>
> "Strange as it may seem, there exists an expectation that in the long run Great Britain will associate herself with such a guaranty of the Polish frontiers. Otherwise—that is, if England continued to refuse to guarantee the Polish frontiers—the London attitude would not differ essentially from Berlin's, for she, too, would be guilty of making a 'moral' distinction of the same kind. This expectation of British adherence is, of course, illusory, but the illusion is fostered by the British rupture with Russia, the propaganda of certain English writers, and of late by cables from Warsaw speaking of an Anglo-Polish entente.
>
> "Finally, it is important to note that the French Government does not in any way claim that the Rhineland occupation is any longer necessary for French security. That would amount to a denial of the value of the British and Italian guaranties. But Poland's security will serve the purpose well enough."

It is surprizing to Sisley Huddleston, a well-known observer of the European situation, that there should still be wrangling about the number of Allied troops in the Rhineland instead of a frank facing of the question whether there should be any Allied troops at all in the Rhineland. In his Paris letter to the London *New Statesman*, Mr. Huddleston says:

> "I do not profess to be a military expert, and will not express any personal opinion as to the number of men who, from the technical point of view, are necessary in the Rhineland, if once the need for occupation is conceded. But I have read military reports, chiefly French, which seem to me strongly to support the French thesis. If the political problem is set aside, there remains nothing but the military problem. There are recognized military assumptions, which are probably no better and no worse than other technical assumptions; and if this matter is to be treated in its military aspect, military considerations must prevail.
>
> "The Germans themselves kept 50,000 men in these regions before the war. The Germans put the figure somewhat lower, but for practical purposes we may take the figure of 50,000. Even to the layman, therefore, it would appear that the Allied figure of 60,000 to 70,000 men is not particularly excessive—except in the sense that 6,000 to 7,000 is excessive. The German troops were in their own country, that is to say, in a friendly country, with the whole force of the German Army behind them. The Allied troops are in a foreign country, that is to say, if they have any *raison d'être* at all, in an unfriendly country, scattered in little packets, far from their bases, with inadequate means of communication, which are liable to be broken at the smallest alert. Either they serve no purpose whatever—as I believe—or they are desperately camping in enemy country, and 200,000 of them would not be too many."



A GERMAN BLOW AT FRANCE

"Behold the disturber of Europe's peace during a thousand years!"

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

One can understand the arguments against reduction if one understands the arguments against evacuation, Mr. Huddleston goes on to say, and it is his belief that the total withdrawal of troops is desirable, not because their presence has been effective, but because it has been ineffective. The increased German military budget is one of several factors, he tells us, which serve to show not that it is wise to continue the occupation either as at present or in a diminished form, but that it is wise to abandon altogether an inefficacious attempt at coercion. We read on:

"After Locarno and Thoiry, it seemed as tho France had become conscious of realities. It seemed as tho England were allowing her right instincts to assert themselves. Evacuation was talked of as practical politics—as an imminent eventuality. Both France and England have since shrunk from the logic of Locarno. It is true that France and England appear to be in opposition, but they are in opposition on the same side of the barrier, and are merely quibbling on figures. In respect of the French, it is absurd to put the blame on one man. Foch and Poincaré and Briand and the rest may not be entirely in agreement, but the differences between Marin and Painlevé and Paul-Boncour are simply nuances. Instead of the idea of evacuation making progress it has been cautiously and systematically undermined, and I now fail to find in any influential quarter in France a clear-cut demand for the cessation of the military control and the military occupation of Germany. Altho the reparation and the disarmament obligations of Germany, whether fulfilled or not, do not arouse acute interest any longer, France has reverted to the old notion that the fifteen years of occupation stipulated by the treaty should be accomplished. England may not entertain this view, but officially England is reluctant to depart openly from the Versailles policy of policing Germany, and advises that it should be slowly whittled away."

THE AMERICAN RESCUE OF PERSIA'S TOTTERING FINANCES

EVERY RECOGNIZED PRINCIPLE of democratic government was infringed in the reorganization of Persia's finances, it appears, but nevertheless the American Financial Mission, headed by Dr. Arthur Chester Millspaugh, is credited with "admirable success" in working out a bold experiment to meet a critical situation. The reconstruction of Persia's financial system, we are told, makes it no longer necessary that the country be financially ruled by a financial autocracy, and this fact, the London *Statist* avers, is "the greatest compliment that could be paid to the work of Dr. Millspaugh." This financial weekly is led to consider the record of Dr. Millspaugh's administration because the "benevolent financial despotism" of the American Financial Mission, which has had Persia in "its very beneficial grips" for a period of about five years, is likely to undergo some important changes in the immediate future. It is then related that:

"The head of this Mission, Dr. Millspaugh, has relinquished his duties as Administrator-General of Persia's Finances. His original contract, which expires in October, gave him what amounted almost to dictatorial power over the country's finances. He was given explicit power over the preparation of the Government Budget and over the creation of financial obligations. No checks drawn by the Government on the Imperial Bank of Persia could be honored unless they bore his counter-signature. The amendments to his contract which Dr. Millspaugh was required to accept would have relegated him to an advisory position altogether subsidiary to that of the Finance Minister. Dr. Millspaugh has refused to acquiesce in these proposals, and has left Teheran.

"The present moment is therefore opportune for reviewing the work of the American Mission over the past five years. In his admirable little book, 'The American Task in Persia,' Dr. Millspaugh has given us a vivid picture of the chaotic state of Persian finances in 1922, when the American Mission was called in. Nepotism and corruption pervaded the whole administration. Offices were overstaffed and underpaid; tax-collectors naturally eked out their living by accepting bribes, and by other illegitimate practises. The internal taxes of the country were not being collected, the greater part having been farmed out. In the fiscal year 1922-23 there was a revenue deficit of approximately four million tomans, equivalent to about 20 per cent. of the estimated revenue. Government employees' salaries were in arrears for several months, and claims against the Government were steadily mounting up. As regards the settlement of these claims, it appears that when a Persian claimant became too troublesome, he was given an order on a delinquent taxpayer for the amount due to him, and was expected to collect the tax and pay himself. Altho the claimant usually failed to collect the debt, the claim and the tax were entered into the government accounts as paid."

When Dr. Millspaugh arrived in 1922, we are advised, well-informed skeptics gave him three months to get to know his work, three months to get his work into motion, and three months to collect his salary before leaving Persia in despair. Yet, *The Statist* points out, there was some basis on which Dr. Millspaugh and his assistants could proceed to build, for there had been no inflation, and the currency, apart from a few defective coins, was sound. What is more, it is noted, Persia had a healthy banking system, and we read:

Underwood & Underwood photograph

PERSIA'S AMERICAN RESCUER

Dr. Arthur Chester Millspaugh, lately Administrator-General of Finances in Persia, whose "benevolent financial despotism" is said to have succeeded admirably.

"Above all, certain revenues had been sequestrated by the Ministry of War, which was then under the energetic and able administration of Reza Khan, who has since become Shah of Persia. The customs and posts administration had since 1900 been placed in charge of Belgian officials, and these departments were veritable oases in the arid waste of the State finances. The progress made by the Financial Commission in the face of its initial difficulties was truly remarkable. The collection of revenue was tightened up all round, cuts were made in unproductive expenditure, and finally some semblance of stability and equilibrium was given to the finances of the country. It was even found possible after some years to make special allocations for items of capital expenditure, such as railways, and the establishment of a State Bank, and for social services, such as education and sanitation, which had been starved in the past."

The political consolidation of Persia, which followed the assumption of power by Reza Khan is said to have greatly facilitated the process of financial rehabilitation, and "it is now possible to collect taxes from every province in Persia." Dr. Millspaugh's departure is, of course, regarded with much regret, but, *The Statist* adds, his work has been so well done that its permanence no longer depends upon his continuance in the office of Administrator-General of Finance. This financial weekly then indicates that most of his capable American subordinates will remain, and one of them will no doubt be willing to assume the administratorship on the terms of the amended contract.

THE "MECHANIZED ARMY" OF FUTURE WAR

GREATER EFFICIENCY, less cost and, above all, more humane warfare, are the high merits of a "mechanized Army," held up to our view by those British experts who urge their people not to neglect the many tragic lessons of the World War. For the first time in history, as the London *Sunday Times* notes, a completely "mechanized Army" took the field in August on Salisbury Plain. This Army, it is stated, was trained at Tidworth, and is officially known as the 7th Infantry Brigade and Mechanized Force. We are also advised that it consists of a brigade of Royal Artillery, a light battery of Artillery, a company of Engineers, and a signal section, a battalion of Light Infantry, and two Tank Corps battalions. The appearance of this "mechanized Army" affords "A Student of War" the opportunity to contribute an article to this London weekly newspaper on the changes that are in process in the art of war, in which, among other observations, he calls attention to the economies of expenditure that may follow these changes. According to this authority, who veils his identity under the pen name of "A Student of War," the British are "a warlike but not a military nation," and it is their general practise when one war ends to think no more about military problems until the next war comes. He declares that they have paid very heavily for this indolence or distaste in the past, because the methods of war that have to be extemporized are not only more uncertain of success, but lengthen the duration of the war and make it cruelly extravagant of life. The latest war committed two crimes against the British people, and this writer specifies that:

"The first was that for the convenience of politicians the people were left in complete ignorance about what their real military responsibilities were likely to be. For other nations the war was only an exaggeration of past experience of war; for us it was a complete reversal of all accepted ideas about the incidence of war. In 1914 our ideas of war were those of Chatham; that is to say, we thought that by the use of sea-power we could keep the war away from our own shores, and make a very small Army turn the scale in our favor by skilfully selecting the occasion and place of its employment.

"In the event we were forced to employ our whole manhood in military operations, and much of the prevalent unrest in the country is traceable to lingering resentment at this great surprize. There is no such thing as being prepared for war in general. We must know beforehand what effort may be required of us, and make our preparations for that. We did not know in 1914. We do not know now for certain what are the military commitments of our foreign policy, and therefore we have not the Army of our policy.

"But not only did we use our whole manhood in the war, but for lack of forethought we used it with a reckless extravagance that has never been equaled. Had there been an intelligent public opinion in this country on military matters we might have saved hundreds of thousands of lives and shortened the war to as many months as it lasted years. For example, the lesson of the Boer War, obvious enough now, was that in the conditions of Continental war the machine-gun should take the place of the rifle, and if our Expeditionary Force had been an Army of machine-gunners, we should have won the war outright before Christmas, 1914. The strategy of the Dardanelles expedition, adopted with circumspection and executed with more timely energy, or of a landing in Prussia, which Lord Fisher used to advocate, might have ended the war by Christmas in the following year. But neither enterprise had a chance when once our insular ideas of war which had given us victory so easily and cheaply in the past had been swept away in the strong current of the Napoleonic military tradition."

The one idea in the war that economized life and decided the victory in favor of the Allies, we are told, was a British idea—namely, the tank. In the idea of the "mechanized Army" which, after a long struggle, has definitely established itself under the new régime at the War Office, the British are said to have in germ the whole of their military future, and the reason given is that:

"The tank was a revolution, not a contrivance to meet a temporary emergency. Military history is a long struggle between infantry and cavalry. The Roman Empire was founded on the perfection of Roman infantry drill, and was overthrown by barbarian cavalry. The supremacy of cavalry lasted right down through the Middle Ages, determining, not only the art of war, but the political structure of society until it was overthrown by the British archers at Crecy. The wonderful British musketry at Ypres is the direct descendant of the archery at Crecy, and the long agony of the four years' trench warfare was only ended by the British tank.

"As is well said in his last book, by Capt. Liddell Hart, perhaps the ablest of our new school of military writers, the Martel tank is the old knight in armor come back to war to restore its lost mobility, to stop the wicked use of slow-moving infantry as cannon fodder, to reduce our armies to reasonable size. Of both the bane and antidote of modern war the British at Crecy and at Cambrai supplied the germinal idea. The nation that can best develop the idea is assured not only of safety when real danger comes, but will save the money now wasted on the extravagance of the obsolete."

There never will be another war like the latest one, we are assured, because the army of the future will be a comparatively small professional army directing an enormous mass of machinery. It will be extremely mobile, says this authority, because the infantryman mounted on the iron horse of the tank will be faster than the old cavalry, and the new cavalry will be airplanes. The aim of the army of the future it is predicted—

"will be not so much the defeat of the enemy's armed forces as the conquest of his will, and if that can be accomplished by raids on civilians or by a sudden descent on the enemy's headquarters, or even by the kidnaping of his Ministers in airplanes, that will be preferable as the easier and the humaner way.

"Altho armies will be smaller, the whole area of the countries engaged in war will be the battle-field, and there will be no non-combatants. War will be shorter, and the gases that will be employed will be more gentle in their operation, less destructive of human life, and more efficacious than the iron rain of bullets and flesh-mangling shells. The race of major-generals will die out, and the supreme directors will be men of science with executive staffs in close touch with the processes of industry. For tho there will be a standing Army of professional executants, the support of war will come from the industries of a country.

"War is the most conservative of arts, and if ideas such as these are gaining ground even in high quarters, it only means that we are still lagging far behind the race of logic. And the pace will continue to be slow until there is formed a solid body of public opinion interested in army reform, determined to put an end to obsolete military ideas which in the last war nearly crusht the life out of all the nations engaged by their superincumbent weight, and anxious to think about military problems in the idiom of our own time and not of Napoleon or of the Middle Ages. This is the problem of the new Army, and now, while there are hundreds of thousands of intelligent men in the country, whom the last war made into experts and keen thinkers on military matters, is the time for politicians to take it up seriously and boldly.

"We are always talking economy, and bemoaning the great cost of the defense services in a time when we are guaranteed against war for a generation. That we can not make serious economies by mere changes in the administrative system is evident to all. If, then, we are really serious about economies—and it applies to the Navy and Air force as well as to the Army—we must look for help to the more rapid adoption of new sets of ideas."

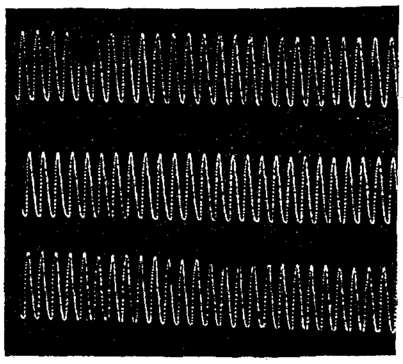
"A Student of War" questions whether in the light of the experience of the past war it is worth while to keep any vestiges of the old cavalry, except for ceremonial purposes, because the real cavalry of the future is the airplane. Also he asks whether the machine-gun has not superseded the rifle, and he continues his querying tone as follows:

"Has not the time come to abolish the slow-moving unprotected infantryman, and to substitute small teams of men in small cross-country tanks?"

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

PLANT AUTOGRAPHS

THE MOVEMENTS OF PLANTS, strikingly like those of animals in some respects, in reaction to the same stimulating causes, have now been graphically recorded by Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, the Hindu physiologist. His experiments, noted in the press and in these columns, from time to time, are now fully described in his work entitled "Plant Autographs and Their Revelations" (New York, 1927). We quote below from a notice contributed to the New York *Times* Book Review by Charles Johnston. Last summer, Mr. Johnston reminds us, when the British Association met at Oxford, the experiments of Sir Jagadis on the sensitive organism of plant life were one of the sensations of the meeting. He writes:



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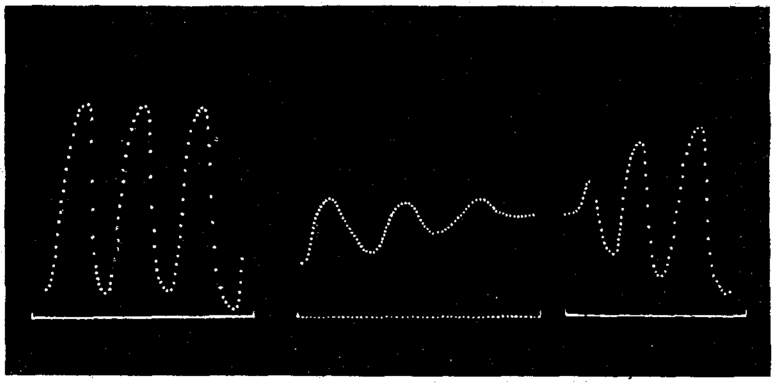
A FOUR-HOUR PLANT AUTOGRAPH

A continuous record of the pulsation of a Desmodium leaflet for four hours.

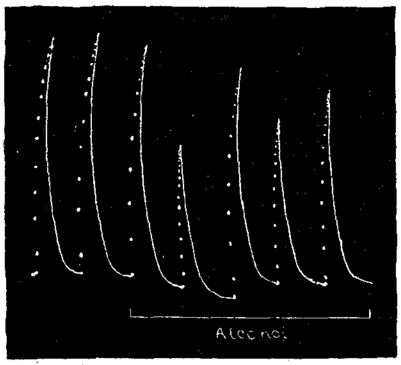
"A good many years ago the Linnean Society of London informed him that, while his work was most suggestive, it could not be fully accepted until he was able to produce automatic records of the movements he ascribed to plants. It was probably in answer to this challenge that he devised the instruments already named; the graphs produced by them are the 'plant autographs' which give the book its title. What are their 'revelations'? Briefly, he comes to the conclusion that the life-substance of plants is closely allied to the life-substance of animals, and, further, that the physiological machinery of plants resembles that of animals far more closely than has hitherto been recognized. He begins by demonstrating the close kinship of life-substance, showing that various stimulants and poisons produce very much the same effect on plants and animals; ether and chloroform render plants unresponsive to electrical stimulation; alcohol causes the vital processes of the plant to stagger, or, as Sir Jagadis himself puts it, 'The ludicrously unsteady gait of the plant under intoxication could, no doubt, be effectively exploited in a temperance lecture!' Finally, poisons which are fatal to animals are fatal to plant life also, tho in minute doses they may act as stimulants, as they do also in the case of animals. So much for identity of life-substance.



Illustrations from "Plant Autographs and Their Relations." © 1927 by the Macmillan Company, New York

EFFECTS OF DROUGHT AND IRRIGATION RECORDED

The first series records the normal pulsation of a Desmodium. The second reveals the slowing down caused by drought. The third shows the revival after irrigation.



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AN ALCOHOLIC AUTOGRAPH

Dilute alcohol vapor caused in this plant a brief "enhancement of excitability" followed by "depression."

"When it comes to the physiological activities of plants, as Sir Jagadis describes them, we can easily understand the early misgivings of the Linnean Society. For he presents us with excellent reasons for believing that plants are endowed with a nervous system, a dual system of sensory and motor nerves very like our own; and also that plants possess a circulatory system closely resembling that of the heart with its arteries. A great many of his experiments were carried out with the sensitive plant Mimosa pudica, prettily named in Bengali 'coy maiden,' which swiftly folds its paired leaves and droops its branches when it is subjected to even a slight shock, as, for example, when it is gently stroked or blown upon. It is interesting to find that Shelley anticipated this discovery by a poetical intuition when he wrote, more than a century ago, of this same sensitive plant:

> The sap shrank to the root through every pore
> As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

"What was a poetical intuition with Shelley becomes a scientific demonstration with the Hindu experimenter. Using his delicate instruments, he finds that there is an active tissue somewhere in the interior of the plant, the pulsation of which affects the propulsion of the sap, just as the pulsation of the heart maintains the circulation of the blood in the animal. Therefore, he concludes, there must be something like a primitive 'heart' in the plant, and highly differentiated but not so centralized as in the higher animals. In the lower types of animals, he tells us, as also in the embryo of the higher, the heart is an elongated organ, the contained nutrient fluid being propelled forward by peristaltic contraction. He reaches the conclusion that the propulsion of sap in plants is due to a similar peristaltic action. As the pulsating mechanism in plants is not so highly differentiated as in higher animals, the propulsive organ is likened to an elongated 'heart,' using that term in a broad sense. The propulsive system of plants may thus be said to correspond to the heart and arteries of animals. That the rise of the sap is not due to purely physical action, such as capillary attraction, he holds to be proved by the fact that this rise may be checked or hastened by cardiac depressants and stimulants applied in liquid form. These would be acted upon in exactly the same way by capillary attraction. But the one checks the flow of sap, while the other increases it, showing the action of physiological causes. The rise of sap is thus a function of living tissue.

"The experimenter then set himself to probe for the pulsating layer, his electric probe, a fine platinum wire in a glass tube drawn to a point, being in circuit with a sensitive galvanometer. When the probe reached the depth of three-tenths of a millimeter marked pulsations were shown, whose 'autographs' are fully illustrated. And it was further shown that stimulants and anesthetics affected these pulsations exactly as they affect the heart-beats of an animal.

"Equally striking are the experiments which indicate the

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nervous system of plants with afferent and efferent nerves. Here we come upon an echo of older investigations. In *The Journal* of the Linnean Society for 1865 Darwin recorded his conclusions from observation of a hundred widely distinct living plants. Describing the movements of certain climbing plants, Darwin said that 'the stimulus from the act of clasping some object seems to travel slowly down the whole length of the tendril,' suggesting something very like the action of a sensory nerve. But the Indian scientist goes a great deal further. Again using his electric probe, he localizes the nerve imbedded in non-nervous tissue, at a depth of one-twentieth of a millimeter from the surface of the mimosa leaf-stalk, in the cellular tissue called phloem. This is the sensory nerve. And the second layer of the same tissue, somewhat deeper, forms the motor nerve.

"Thus we are led to infer the identity of life-substance and of certain vital activities and functions in the plant and the animal, each step being carefully recorded by delicate automatic instruments."

DISSIPATED CHILDREN

THE WILD YOUNG GENTLEMAN in the moral tales had dark circles around his eyes, his face flushed unnaturally on a multitude of occasions, his efficiency was low, his movements were erratic, and he was so irritable that only the gentlest and most forbearing could live with him. These signs may also be observed, says Helen East Richardson in *Welfare* (Springfield, Ill.), in children of four or five—or two or three—or six or seven. Many years of patient study and experiment have indicated reasons for the dissipated appearance of so many of them. She writes:

"The surface physical signs are naturally the first to claim the attention of the casual observer.

"'Did you ever see such thin little legs,' we exclaim.

"'Look at those hands—just like claws.'

"'Why don't they feed that child?' is our first question.

"Sammy volunteers the information that he had 'bolony' for supper and pie and pickles for breakfast. Sammy's mother says that Sammy 'takes cold so easy.' We see Sammy outdoors *playing hard from eight o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock* at night on mild spring evenings. Sammy is only four, but he has forgotten that he ever had a daytime nap.

"When Sammy smiles at us—as smile he does—his decayed 'baby' teeth spoil the happy effect. Sammy's visits to the store with pennies for 'suckers' take place not only daily, but several times daily. Sammy runs into the house at noon for a handful of cookies for his lunch. Sammy's parents are of the upper middle class. He is not neglected as far as clothing is concerned, nor good furniture, nor automobile rides.

"His father and mother do not care enough to know that little boys do not grow and gain weight on sausage and pickles. They do not care to know that little boys who do not have long hours of sleep with perhaps an extra rest period or two during the day will not gain in weight or grow, no matter how careful and abundant the diet. They do not care to know that Sammy will continue to 'take cold easy' as long as his food and rest are both inadequate.

"They do not care to know that good teeth, bones, and muscles *will not result from a bologna-candy-cooky diet.* I say they do not care to know, because information about the physical needs of little children is actually easier to obtain than food and drink. It is on every side and only deliberate refusal to open the eyes could keep that knowledge from mothers and fathers.

"The inner physical manifestations of fatigue are not so patent that the casual neighbor who runs may read. If it were possible for diagnosis to be made, it would be found that in very many cases indigestion, headaches, insomnia, susceptibility to infection, and innumerable other backaches and legaches are due to fatigue and can be cured by well-planned and adequate rest.

"As I recall it, the dissipated young man of the moral tales could not be depended upon. His promises were lightly made and lightly broken. It is mental fatigue which is responsible in many cases for the way in which young children tire quickly of their toys and abandon them or break them. Sammy's mother can not understand why Sammy discards one toy after another in such rapid succession. Five minutes is the maximum entertainment Sammy receives from any one toy. His playthings, like the promises of our dissipated young man, are lightly broken. The mothers of Sammy's playfellows are annoyed at the casual way in which he rends asunder the toys which belong to their children.

"There is no question but that the memory ability of a child who suffers from a shortage of sleep and a faulty dietary is decidedly affected. He can remember neither facts nor promises. If he has arrived at school age, he can not retain things if he does succeed in learning them. School children who are accurate in spelling and writing when rested, make mistakes and omissions when they are fatigued. Their comprehension is dulled, and they become listless and indifferent and may go to sleep in school.

"Our little Sammy becomes irritable and easily moved to tears when the day is drawing to a close. He is so cross that he is ready to fight all of his playmates when he is so tired he can scarcely move, and when some of the more rested children resent his peevishness and strike back, then there is trouble. He runs home for help from mother. Sometimes he gets it. At other times her high-pitched voice is heard scolding at him—he cries harder and is violently jerked into the house by one of his slender little arms—and receives more shrill scolding and possibly a spanking.

"Sammy's parents are quite frank with Sammy. They tell him that he is a bad boy and administer severe punishments. They quarrel with him when they feel he needs discipline—quarrel with him and spank him. How much happier they would be—how much more popular Sammy would be with his playmates—if he were scolded less frequently, and could just be given a chance to sleep thirteen or fourteen hours out of every twenty-four."

The sources of physical fatigue, the writer goes on to say—such as insufficient and infrequent rest, lack of oxygen and of the energy-producing elements in the diet—have an intimate bearing upon mental fatigue and emotional fatigue. To make a diagnosis we must know our child. To understand his social and emotional sides we shall have to investigate his environment, both human and material. She proceeds:

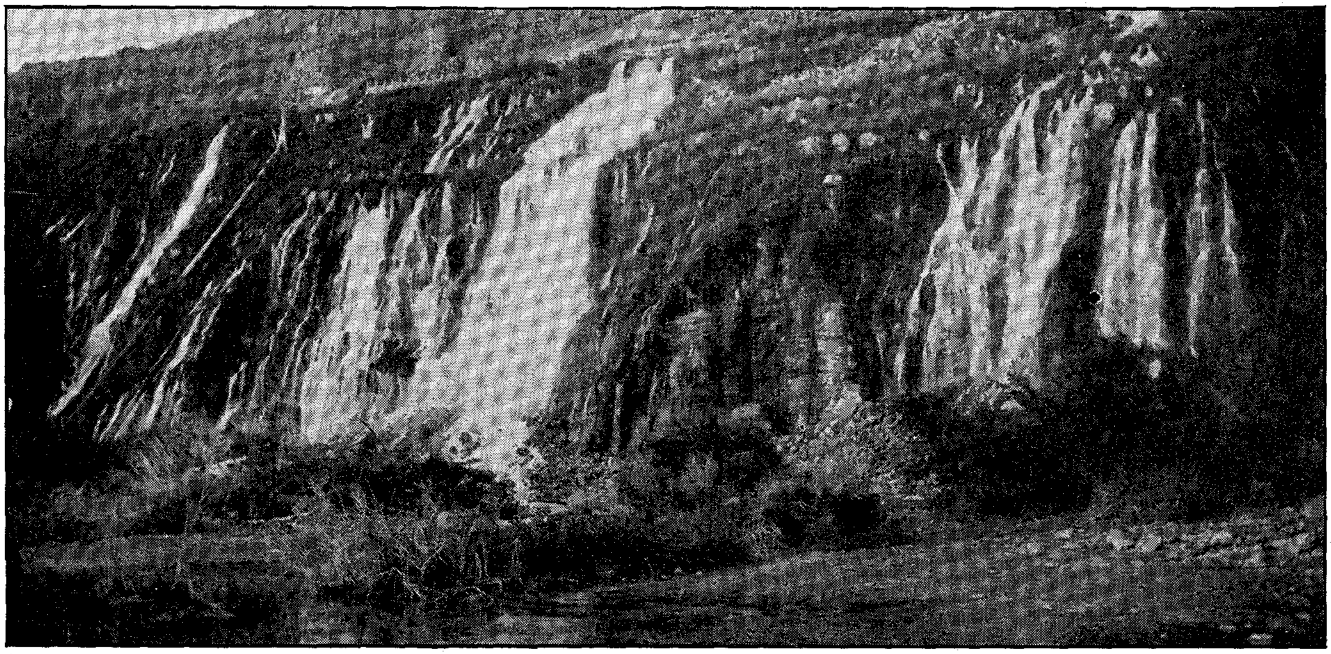
"The sovereign remedy for fatigue in all of its manifestations is also a preventive of fatigue. The remedy is simply to rationalize the child's life. As the young mothers of my acquaintance express it, 'Put him on a schedule and keep him there.' Find out how much sleep he needs at his age and see that he has an opportunity to get it. Ascertain what articles of food are appropriate for him at his age and see that he has them.

"Be sure you do not yield to any temptation to try to develop a 'smart' child—one who can 'say pieces' and entertain an adult group. Make his environment what it should be and remember *that his parents are the major part of his environment.* Then will he reward you by growing as he should.

"His eyes will shine, his skin will be clear, his legs will be straight. You won't have to teach him things, for he'll grasp at every fact or bit of information that will come his way. He'll be adaptable, and will know how to get on with people. He'll become an honest, well-balanced citizen, who has learned how to live in this our world by living in it."

ARTIFICIAL COOL WEATHER—A reiterated question of some years ago was: If buildings can be artificially heated in winter, why can they not be artificially cooled in summer? This question is now out of date, because the artificial cooling is an accomplished fact. Says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature, "Why the Weather?" (Washington):

"One of the most familiar achievements of the new art of 'air-conditioning' is the cooling of theaters. Nearly all of the more pretentious motion-picture theaters in our cities are now comfortable in the hottest weather. The air is drawn by means of a great fan through a chamber where hundreds of nozles spray a cloud of refrigerated water upon it. By passing it through the spray three results are accomplished. Condensation removes the excess of moisture that makes the outdoor air muggy. All dust is removed. Lastly, the air is cooled. The air leaves the spray chamber at a lower temperature than is desirable in the theater. A certain amount of warm air is therefore mixed with it by means of automatically controlled dampers. A fan next draws the air through metal ducts to the top of the theater. Through carefully designed diffusers located at intervals in the ceiling the cooled air is poured gently over the audience. There are no drafts. Lastly, the air is removed through openings in the floor under the seats."



Photograph by C. F. Bowen of the Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

A SECTION OF THE FAMOUS THOUSAND SPRINGS IN THE CANYON OF SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO

OUR BIG SPRINGS

THE LARGEST SPRINGS in the United States, the quantity of water they discharge, and the geologic conditions that produced them, are discust in a water-supply paper by O. E. Meinzer, just issued by the U. S. Geological Survey. A spring of the first magnitude, according to the Survey, is one that has an average discharge of 65 million gallons a day—enough water to supply a city of half a million inhabitants. The report shows that there are about sixty-five springs in the United States which supply at least this amount of water, and that several springs or groups of springs produce each enough water to supply New York City. Our quotations below are from a summary of Mr. Meinzer's report, printed in *Water Works* (Chicago). We read:

"Of the 65 first-magnitude springs 38 issue from volcanic rocks, 24 from limestone, and 3 from sandstone. Of the 38 springs in volcanic rocks, 16 are in Oregon, 15 in Idaho, and 7 in California; of the 24 limestone springs 11 are in Florida, 7 in Missouri, 4 in Texas, and 1 each in Alabama and Arkansas; the 3 sandstone springs are all in Montana. The volcanic rocks are chiefly basalt that was greatly jointed and broken at the time it solidified, but large springs also issue from obsidian and rhyolite, and from fragmental volcanic material. Limestone is so readily worn away by percolating ground water that it may be full of crevices, caverns, and natural tunnels. In many limestone regions surface streams are virtually absent, and nearly the entire drainage system consists of natural tunnels that carry the water underground. Where these tunnels come to the surface they produce large springs. The sandstone springs and a few of the other large springs issue from great fissures produced by faulting.

"As a rule the large springs yield water that is very clear, but a few of the limestone springs become muddy after heavy rains. In deep spring pools the clear water generally has a beautiful delicate blue hue, and hence the name 'Blue Spring' is applied to several of the large springs. The water in some of the spring pools is so transparent that objects at the bottom are distinctly visible, and fish can be seen swimming about as if in mid-air. In the Silver Spring, in Marion County, Florida, glass-bottom boats are used, and the view through the sun-lit waters of the deep spring basin, with its underwater vegetation and fish of many varieties, is described as truly fascinating.

"The huge springs that issue from the black lava walls of the canyon of Snake River below Shoshone Falls, in Idaho, are very spectacular. In a forty-mile stretch of the canyon, below the falls there are eleven springs of the first magnitude, the largest of which furnish about enough water to supply New York City, and altogether the springs that discharge into this canyon yield enough water to supply all the cities in the United States of more than 100,000 inhabitants with 120 gallons a day for each inhabitant. Unfortunately, however, not even one large city can avail itself of this abundance of spring water, which is as pure as any bottled water sold for general use. Many of the springs issue 100 to 200 feet above the river, and their clear waters, dashing over the black rocks of the canyon walls, produce cataracts of striking beauty. The Thousand Springs, which discharge 864 cubic feet a second, are now in part harnessed to produce power, but formerly they made a waterfall 2,000 feet long and 195 feet high. Snowbank Spring, which is a part of the Thousand Springs, dashes over the rough talus slope, forming a cataract of pure white against a background of intense black. The Niagara Springs, which issue from the canyon wall 125 feet above the river-level, also form a spectacular cataract.

"Silver Spring, in Florida, has a maximum record flow of 822 cubic feet a second, and is believed to be the largest limestone spring in the United States. Blue Spring, in the same county, apparently ranks next among the limestone springs of the country.

"The largest spring in Missouri is probably Big Spring, in Carter County, but Greer Spring and Mermec Spring are close competitors. The largest spring in Arkansas is Mammoth Spring, in Futon County; the largest in Alabama is the Big Spring at Tuscumbia; the largest in Pennsylvania is believed to be Boiling Spring, in Cumberland County; and the largest in Indiana is believed to be Wilson Spring, near White Cloud. All these springs issue from limestone, but Boiling and Wilson Springs are not springs of the first magnitude.

"The largest springs in Texas are the Comal Springs, near New Braunfels. Other springs of the first magnitude in Texas are Goodenough Springs, twelve miles southeast of Comstock; San Marcos Springs, at San Marcos; and San Felipe Springs, two miles northeast of Del Rio. The historic San Antonio Springs are nearly if not quite of this magnitude. These springs issue from limestone in a great fault zone that extends through a large part of the State.

"The largest springs in California are those at the head of the Fall River. Other springs of the first magnitude are Rising River Springs, Great Springs, Burney Creek Springs, and Crystal Lake Springs. All these springs issue from volcanic rock in the northeastern part of the State.

"Oregon has numerous huge springs that issue from volcanic rock. One of the largest and best-known is Opal Spring, which is situated in the canyon of Crooked River. The combined flow of the springs along Crooked River, as well as that of the springs along Metolius River, would be sufficient to supply New York City.

"The largest spring in Montana is Giant Spring, near Great Falls. The other two first-magnitude springs in the State are the Warm Springs and the Big Springs, near Lewistown."

THE RELATION BETWEEN SOUND AND COLOR

"THE MYSTERY OF COLORED HEARING" is the title given by E. Fromaigeot to a summary of recent scientific work on this subject, contributed to *Comœdia* (Paris). Our knowledge of it in the past has been limited to occasional anecdotes of persons who associated color with musical tone, and to experiments in accompanying musical performances with varicolored lights or in displaying such lights and patterns by themselves, without tonal accompaniment. Now the artists and the scientists have decided to do a little team-work, and the first conference of a society for investigating the laws of this curious duality of sense-impressions has been held in Germany. Writes Mr. Fromaigeot:

"New investigations begun in Germany on the relation between sound and color tend to class this problem as a scientific and artistic question worth attention.

"Up to the present time, some of those who have studied it, following the Newtonian theory in a purely scientific way, have attempted to work out an absolute concordance of the two senses without bothering about artistic values; while others, trusting entirely to intuition, have done purely subjective work, without trying to base it on any scientific theory.

"The most recent case of the latter class is that of Scriabin, the Russian musical composer. The genius of this man realized what could be done with the two arts combined. But he saw in this dual art only a first attempt leading to a single and universal art that should satisfy all the senses at once. All the arts represented for him only a means for bringing on what he called 'extasy'; and their use was justified if it succeeded in approaching this final goal. Not for an instant did he dream of placing music and color on a plane of equality; the latter served him only to enhance the sonorous effect. It brought about for him an excitement of the senses such as would have been provoked equally well by a 'symphony of perfumes.' Each note was destined to receive its spot of color, each chord its wave of light.

"Here, according to Sabanejeff, is what he directed for the performance of 'Prometheus'—a great white hall with a great bare interior dome, having no architectural decoration. From this dome the shimmering colors rushed downward in torrents of light. The colors corresponded to the following tonalities—*do*, red; *sol*, orange; *re*, yellow; *la*, green; *mi* and *si*, pale blue; *fa* sharp, dark blue; *re* flat, violet; *la* flat, purple; *mi* and *si* flat, sparkling silver; *fa*, dark red.

"It is in this way that he visualized the accompaniment of his 'Mystery,' which he never finished, as well as two piano pieces in which the color-play took the place of orchestration.

"His indications stopt there, leaving all else vague, notably the construction of the color-projector. He himself never had occasion to direct the color performance of his 'Prometheus,' so as to ascertain whether the effect produced corresponded with his intentions. The first representation took place in New York in 1916, a year after his death. But according to the testimony of auditor-spectators the luminous cones projected into the air were not substantial enough to create an artistic impression.

"It is a Hungarian, A. Lazlo, who, in his book, 'Music in Colored Light' (Leipsic, 1925) undertakes to give a synthesis and a complete theory of the matter. Here are his chief points:

"Music in colors is a fusion of two arts into which each enters in a proportion fixt by the taste of the author. A union of this kind can not keep from being arbitrary, and realizable only by art; attempts to base work of this kind on science are errors.

"In fact, since the basic element of music, which is melody, can be harmonized and orchestrated in several different ways, without any of them being wrong, it would be absurd to add a new element—namely, color—according to any fixt rules."

Lazlo, we are told, then attempts to establish a treatise on harmony in which colors are used as tones in counterpoint, taking into account the fact that the eye is slower to appreciate color-changes than the ear those of sounds. He also elaborates methods of "color orchestration." But he acknowledges finally that all this is vague, and he confesses his inability to form any kind of a color scale. The writer goes on:

"This first attempt at a musico-pictorial theory acquires greater value from the fact that Lazlo has constructed a projective apparatus to realize his intentions, and has composed a series of color-music pieces. The book is rich in suggestion, but offers no solid bases from which we may escape the arbitrary. Scriabin, for instance, sees *do* major as red; Lazlo, as yellow; Petschig (another theorist), as brilliant gray; Dorken, as pale blue. The reunion of the two elements in the auditors depends often on unconscious association of ideas resulting from recollections of youth—an incident without meaning for art in general.

"So the new school of color-music recently opened at Hamburg seems likely to reach a result more satisfactory both for science and for art. Between the emission of a sound or a color and the fusion of the two in our own consciousness, a long road must be travelled.

"The new school and its founder Dr. Anschütz are now attacking these intermediary problems. How can there be in our brains any connection between sound and color? What is the mental constitution of persons who have a specially clear perception of colors when they hear music? On what is based the difference of perception of different persons? These are vast and complex questions entering the domain of psycho-physiology and psychiatry, and involving a host of related problems.

"Dr. Anschütz has issued a large number of pamphlets and books on his researches. He has shown that a large number of persons connect each musical tone with a tint, more or less precisely. More rarely, they perceive a world of color when they hear music. He reports as a specially interesting case of 'color-hearing' that of an organist, Dorken, blind from the age of thirteen years.

"This man, despite his blindness, has retained a vivid memory of colors. Each note of the scale means for him a very definite tint. Each human voice produces a luminous vision—pleasant or otherwise; each odor has its 'photism'; every vivid sensation, such as muscular fatigue, toothache, even a hot bath, produces one. Sneezing brings it on. This sensitiveness would not seem to be a manifestation of disease.

"To gather further statistics, Dr. Anschütz has radio-broadcast an appeal throughout Germany and has had about 150 replies. Several professors of philosophy have aided him by making inquiries in their classes. The material thus gathered proves that 'synesthesia' or 'color-hearing' is not so rare as has been thought, and not necessarily abnormal. He divides color-audition into 'analytic synopsy'—where a color is seen for each separate tone—and 'synthetic synopsy' in which colors are seen only in moving patterns, in connection with a piece of music.

"Among these latter he distinguishes three types, those that while hearing much, perceive bright, shimmering colors on unstable surfaces or in moving serpentine lines; those who during music, and also when they hear violent sounds, see surfaces or masses slightly colored, moving slowly, detach themselves from a somber background. A third type perceives images, colorless or colored, but generally after audition, when at rest, often just before going to sleep. The same images appear after hearing the same piece, which differentiates these 'photisms' from other kinds.

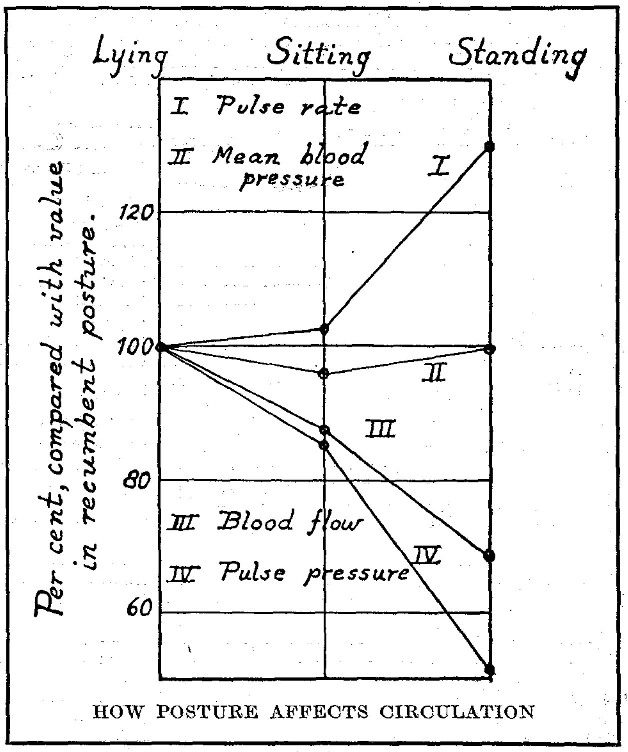
"The first laws deduced from the statistics are rather vague; the color-scales corresponding to the musical scale of high or low notes follow in general the order of the solar spectrum, adding black and white. The order generally followed is, black, brown, blue, violet, red, green, yellow, white. The colors are oftener in the high than in the low register. While in the latter, one color corresponds to a musical interval of a ninth, in the upper register it corresponds only to a fifth. Dr. Hein expresses this mathematically by a formula based on the cubic parabola. If each note of the musical scale is represented by a color, the notes farthest apart from the tonal point of view correspond to complementary colors. For example, a white *mi* requires a black *si* flat; a yellow *la* flat corresponds to a violet *mi* flat.

"To enable any work to be done toward forming a speculative system it was necessary to centralize all efforts, to give every one a chance to express his opinion, to confront him with the others who differed, or to extend results by similar investigations. It was for this reason that Dr. Anschütz, after founding a society for the study of the problem, assembled the first 'Congress of Sounds and Colors,' on March 2-5 at Hamburg. Altho this first conference was not able to solve the problem, it at least succeeded in defining the field of action and in gathering new material. Besides Messrs. Lazlo and Anschütz, each representing his own point of view, Mr. Mahling, the secretary, gave a historical sketch, while philologists, artists, and professors contributed their own observations.

"The ideas of a crystallographer, Mr. Goldschmidt, who had succeeded in finding in his own domain a common law for sounds and colors, excited much interest."

WHY STANDING LESSENS THE BLOOD-FLOW

WHEN A PERSON who has been lying down, or sitting, stands up, the blood-circulation at once decreases. The cause of this phenomenon has been investigated by Dr. D. W. Richards, Jr., of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York City, who presents his conclusions in a paper contributed to *The Proceedings of the National Academy of Science* (Washington). Much of Dr. Richards's discussion is highly technical, including a mathematical treatment of the flow of liquids in flexible tubes. We quote only a few excerpts bearing on his general interpretation of results. He writes:



HOW POSTURE AFFECTS CIRCULATION

"The recent development of reliable methods for determining total volume of blood-flow in man adds a new and important measurement to the study of the mechanics of the circulation, comparable perhaps in significance to the discovery a generation ago of adequate clinical methods for blood-pressure determination.

"With definite knowledge of these two factors, blood-pressure and blood-flow, together with certain other data which are available, it should now be possible to examine problems of the circulation of the blood in man from a more strictly mechanical point of view than has heretofore been done. We shall endeavor to apply this point of view in a study of the effect of change of posture on blood-flow.

"It has long been known that in animals (except monkeys) the change from the horizontal to the vertical position is associated with a marked drop in blood-pressure as well as a decrease in volume of flow. Lindhard, in 1913, was the first to measure in man the effect of change of posture on blood-flow. He found that of seven subjects, four (all men) showed practically the same flow and three (all women) a definitely smaller flow in the upright than in the recumbent posture.

"With an improved method, Field and Bock, in determinations on thirteen subjects, found in every case a decreased flow in upright postures. There was an average decrease of 24 per cent. in the sitting posture and of 50 per cent. in the standing posture, as compared with the recumbent. We have made several determinations in this laboratory, and have found consistently lower blood-flows in the sitting than in the recumbent position.

"There thus appears to be in man a definite tendency for the volume of blood-flow to be considerably decreased in upright postures—the same change that has been found to occur in animals.

"Blood-pressure changes in man in upright positions, as compared with recumbent, are, however, quite different from those found in animals. With subjects supporting themselves in the standing position, and under normal external conditions, the mean blood-pressure usually rises. There are also some individuals whose blood-pressure will tend to fall even during brief periods in the standing posture. All studies agree in reporting decreased pulse pressure in the standing position. The pulse rate increases 10 to 50 per cent.

"In the sitting position, the mean blood-pressure shows little change from that in the recumbent.

"Thus we have these conditions on changing from recumbency: (1) in the sitting posture, practically no change in the mean blood-pressure, and a decrease of 24 per cent. in blood-flow; (2) standing, an increase in mean blood-pressure, a sharp decrease in pulse-pressure, an increase of 10 to 50 per cent. in pulse-rate, and a decrease of 50 per cent. in volume of blood-flow.

"The explanation that has been offered for this marked decrease in flow in upright positions is that it is due to stagnation of blood in the veins of the viscera and lower extremities. The fact of accumulation of blood in these channels is, of course, apparent from ordinary observation. The effect of venous distention itself, upon volume flow of blood, has not, however, been inquired into in any detail.

"Direct experimental evidence of visceral arterial constriction in the upright posture was obtained as long ago as 1895 by Leonard Hill, working with dogs and monkeys. Assuming, then, that there is in the arteries of the viscera a contraction resulting in a maintenance of mean blood-pressure, and a redistribution of a corresponding amount of blood from arteries to veins, one can readily appreciate, qualitatively, that the blood-flow will be diminished, the increased pressure gradient in the arteries leaving a much lower gradient and, therefore, slower flow in the veins."

Dr. Richards's final conclusion is that the decrease of blood-flow on standing up is closely associated with constriction of the arteries due to the erect posture.

HOW WE DROWN

THE FOLLOWING timely observation on a near-drowning accident in New York is quoted from the New York *World* by *The Erie Railroad Magazine* (New York). We read:

"Out in Central Park lake the other day Ernest Riedel, international canoe champion, nearly drowned when he fell in the water, because the hundreds who were watching him thought that his antics were only foolery. And surely this was not an unusual state of affairs. Almost all of us can recall the aftermath of some accident in the water, with everybody having the same story to tell: 'I had no idea he was in trouble; I thought he was only fooling'; 'I could have reached him easily, but I never knew he was really going down'; and so on. Why is it that this ghastly comedy recurs so often in connection with swimming?

"One reason, of course, is that pranks are so common on swimming parties that the members are soon in a giggly frame of mind, interpreting every gurgle and splash as a ruse to pave the way for a ducking. But another reason is that an accident in the water occurs in a way quite different from the way in which most of us have visualized it.

"A drowning man, we have often been told, goes down three times before he finally sinks; furthermore, we somehow have formed the idea that he does this in very leisurely fashion, probably holding up one finger to indicate that he is going down for the first time, two fingers the second time, and three fingers to indicate that the situation is really serious. Thus, when we see an actual drowning man, we are either so dumfounded that all our coordinations are paralyzed or else we do not realize he is drowning.

"For a man does not drown in the way legend has it, with a lusty call for aid and three distinct dives toward bottom. The first sign he gives that he is in trouble is when he rides low in the water; he is having trouble keeping his nose out, and gives queer lurches to get higher. His bobbing at this stage is probably what has given rise to the belief that he goes down three times.

"His next sign is a hysteria of fright, when his eyes roll and his mouth emits curious noises. It is his actions at this stage which strike his friends as so comical.

"His next sign is when he goes down. When he goes down he stays down, and there is no X to mark the spot so that heroic rescuers can dive and bring him to the surface. And all this takes place in the time it would take to count five. The rapidity of it, indeed, is what makes an accident in the water so terrible; you look, you see a distorted, bobbing face, and then you don't see it—that is all there is to it.

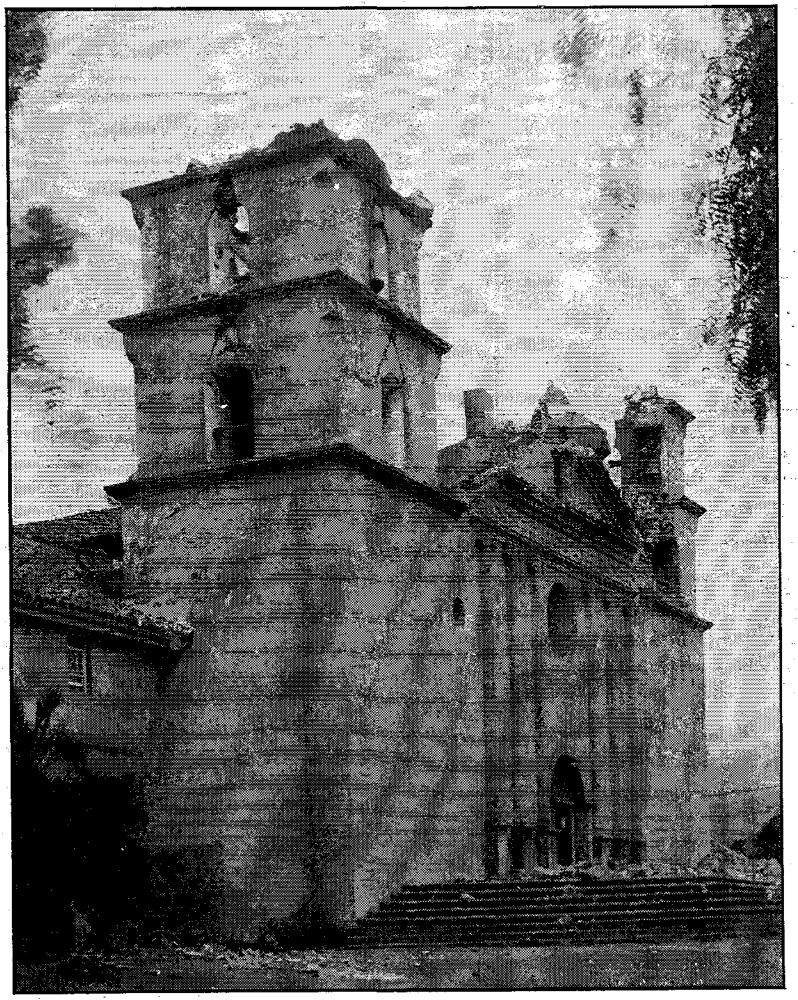
"If people knew the truth about the way things happen in the water, there might be fewer fatalities."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE OLD MISSION OF SANTA BARBARA

SANTA BARBARA HAS RISEN from its earthquake shock. Business and domestic housing naturally received first attention, but the crowning work is the restoration of the old Spanish Mission, whose completion was celebrated in the "Old Spanish Days Fiesta" held on August 10–13. This Mission is numbered among California's priceless legacies, being founded by Padre Firmin de Lasuen, a Franciscan friar, December 4, 1786. "Gray and mellow with age, rich in Spanish lore and early California history, the Old Mission stands to-day faithfully restored, and as Spain's most precious bequest to her favorite daughter and legatee, Santa Barbara." It was badly damaged in 1812, but by 1820 the padres and Indians brought back its ruined beauty which stood until the earthquake shock of 1925 wrought again havoc. Protestant, Jew, and Catholic, scattered throughout the world, have contributed to its restoration fund, and the work, we are told, has been carried out through the aid of noted architects and scientists, who, assisted by devout and loyal Franciscan Friars, have succeeded in achieving and preserving for California and posterity, the Old Mission as it was originally designed and built, in all its ancient strength and beauty. California naturally takes pride in the accomplishment of one of its jewel-like cities, and especially Santa Barbara's neighbor, Los Angeles, as *The Examiner* of that city shows:



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JUST AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE

The Santa Barbara Mission, taken less than an hour after the shock, June 29, 1925.

"California congratulates Santa Barbara on the restoration of the great Mission that looks down from its serene eminence upon one of her most charming and representative cities. The dazzling fiesta held there this week expresses an appropriate note of triumph. It strikes a responsive chord in other communities along this charming littoral of the Pacific. Long they have looked upon Santa Barbara as especially favored. Nature fashioning California, seems to have dwelt a bit longer and more lovingly there than in most places while creating effects of delightfulness. There is an atmosphere about the town that transports one to the *dolce-far-niente* days. Nevertheless, it is modern.

"The admiration that has been felt these many years for this jewel city of the channel has been immeasurably increased since its people rose above the disaster of the earthquake and rebuilt their homes, public buildings and business houses more beautifully than ever.

"To their fiesta have gone thousands of men and women from all over California, glad to join in the joyous celebration. Santa Barbara belongs not to itself alone, but to all of the people of this commonwealth who love beauty, admire courage, and have a place in their hearts for a wonderful history."

Yet another aspect of Santa Barbara's spirit and work is exprest in the Los Angeles *Times:*

"A piece of old Spain—of old California—preserved as a memory of the past through an era of commercial progress which has transformed the Golden State into a modern commonwealth—such is the proud tradition, the pleasant fate of Santa Barbara, the immortal.

"Here for certain is one spot in our ever-changing, yet in some ways changeless, empire of the Pacific destined to keep the present and future builders of a newer civilization from forgetting the historical, religious and romantic background that entrances our picture of sky-scrapers, factories, rushing cities and roaring trade avenues.

"The rededication of the restored Santa Barbara Mission, the fiesta of 'Old Spanish Days,' the pageantry, the ringing of the mission bells, the mingling of the colors of America and Spain are more than a passing show to please transient crowds of sightseers or to impress a holiday throng with the ritual of an ancient church.

"They are evidences of the faith in our foundations which beneath the surface of things material still lies rooted in the heart of California.

"To Santa Barbara has been given the unique honor of emphasizing this spirit, sometimes in other of our cities so hidden under material garments as almost to be lost. And before the ancient pride and historical renaissance of her sister city, Los Angeles stands at salute.

"To the thousands who assembled before the mission-bell towers as the city's annual fiesta was inaugurated with praise and thanksgiving for the restoration of her ancient house of worship, the picture was no less impressive because it spoke in the language of the past to those who are thinking chiefly in terms of the future.

"And this spirit has conferred an immortality on Santa Barbara equally measurable with that conferred by population, industries, enlarged city limits, assessment values and material development on mighty world metropolises."

"AS FROM A DUNGEON"

"WE ARE PERISHING," cry the writers of Russia, or rather "a group of Russian writers," who managed to send out of that locked land a letter addrest to "the writers of the world," and published in the Russian newspaper *Vozrozhdenie*, issued in Paris. "Many of us are no longer capable of passing on to posterity the terrible experiences we have lived through. Learn the truth about us, write of it, you who are free, that the eyes of the present and coming generations may be opened. Do this—and it will be easier for us to die." This letter, "as from a subterranean dungeon," is printed in translation in the Manchester *Guardian*, and is beyond doubt genuine, in the opinion of that journal. In our issue for September 3 we printed an editorial comment on it, as the original had not yet come to hand. In the beginning complaint is made that visitors to Russia go away and fail to report on the real conditions there. Their reflection is that "government champagne to which foreign writers were treated in Russia deadened the clanking of chains with which our literature and the whole Russian people are fettered." The letter proceeds:

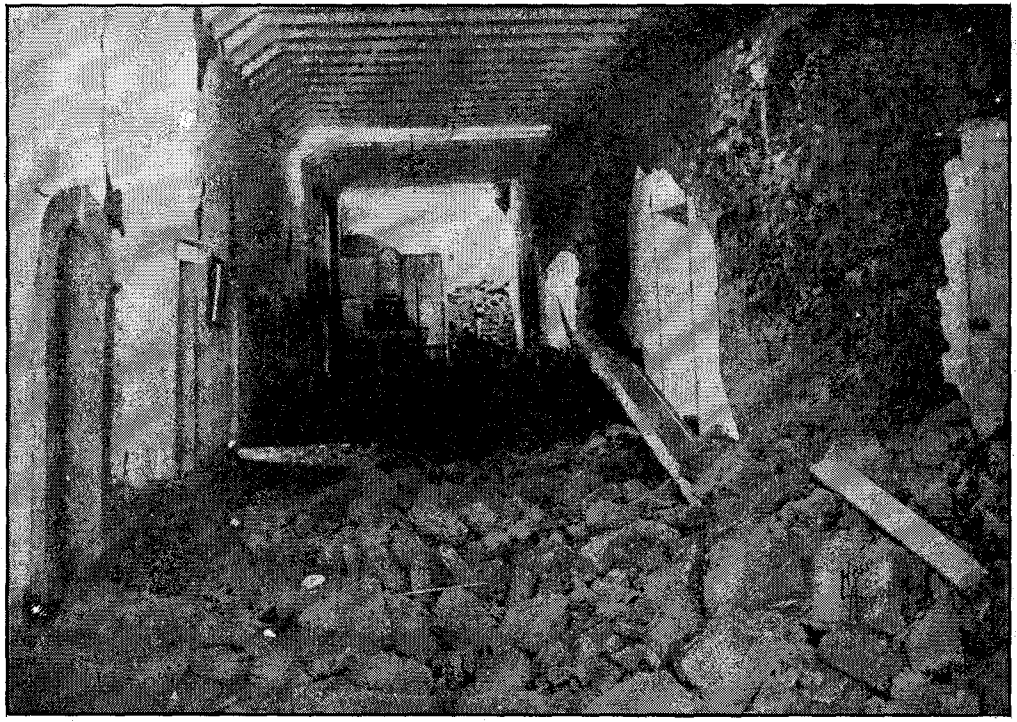
"Listen, and we will tell you. Idealism, which is so characteristic of Russian literature, is considered a crime. Our classics that have an idealistic tendency are eliminated from public libraries. This fate is shared by the works of historians and philosophers who are opposed to materialism. Special instructors make raids on public libraries and bookshops and confiscate pre-Revolutionary juvenile literature and folk-lore. Modern writers suspected of idealism have no chance of ever seeing their works in print. They are treated as enemies and destroyers of the present social order, are dismissed from every post, and deprived of the means of earning their living. Every manuscript which goes to the printer's must first of all be submitted to the censor in two copies. Proofs ready for press must again be returned to the censor for a second reading and verification. There were cases when, because of a single sentence, word, or even letter (for instance, capital 'G' in the word 'God') overlooked by the censor in the first instance, the whole edition was ruthlessly suppresst at the second reading.

"Nothing can be published without the approval of the censor, not even works on chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics. No subsequent corrections in them can be made by the author except with the special permission of the censor. Without it the printer has no right to make the slightest alteration in the text. One can not have a visiting-card printed without making a special written application with State stamps affixt, and waiting for days till the overworked censor finds the slip of paper with one's name and gives his permission. Messrs. Duhamel and Durtin could easily have seen that even theater notices, such as 'Smoking is prohibited,' 'Emergency exit,' etc., bear at the bottom the sacramental seal of the censor.

"A special permit is required to start a publishing business. No one, not even the firms that specialize in purely scientific works, are given more than two years' permit. Permits are not easily obtained, and private publishing firms are scarce. Their activities are limited to a program approved by the censor. The firms are obliged to submit to the censor six months ahead a complete list of the works they intend to publish, accompanied by detailed biographies of the authors. Nothing outside these lists, in so far as they are approved by the censor, may be published by the firm.

"Under such conditions only that which is certain to be approved by the Communist censor is accepted for publication, and only that is published which does not deviate from the universally binding Communist doctrines. No other works, however talented or remarkable, can be published; they have indeed to be concealed. Their discovery during a domiciliary search may lead to the banishment or even the execution of their author. Professor Lazarevsky, one of the best Russian authorities on jurisprudence, was shot solely because a draft scheme of a Russian Constitution was found in his flat."

"Do you know all this?" continues the appeal which is dated "Russia, May, 1927." "Do you realize the horror of our position? If you do know, why are you silent?" Then more:



THE HAVOC WITHIN

An interior view of the earthquake ruin at the Mission, which has been brought back to order and beauty.

"We have all heard your loud protest against the execution of Sacco, Vanzetti, and other writers. But the death penalty and the persecution of the best of the Russian people who do not even try to spread their ideas, knowing that propaganda is impossible, seems to leave you cold. In our gloomy prison we have never heard your voice raised in protest or indignation or any appeal on your part to the moral feelings of the peoples. Why?

"Writers, you who are the ear, eye, and conscience of the nations, respond! It is not for you to say that 'there is no power that is not from God.' You will not taunt us with the cruel words that a people has the government it deserves. You know that in the case of despotic power the harmony between a nation and its government can only be achieved in the course of ages, but that during brief epochs in the life of a people the two may be tragically at variance. Think of the years that preceded our revolution. Our public organizations—the Duma, the local self-government bodies, even individual Ministers—implored, appealed, urged the Government to turn from the path leading to perdition. The Government remained deaf and blind. Recollect—whom did you sympathize with then? With the little band of Rasputin's followers or with the people? Which did you condemn, and to whom did you give your moral support? On whose side are you now?

"We know that you can not help either us or our people except by giving your sympathy and moral support to those who work for freedom and by expressing a moral condemnation of the most cruel tyranny that has ever existed. We do not expect anything more, but all the more passionately do we want you to do that which is possible: do your utmost to unmask before the whole world the artful hypocrisy of the terrible Communist rule in Russia. We are powerless to do so. Our sole weapon—the pen—is wrenched from our hands; the air by which we breathe—literature—has been taken from us; we are fettered.

"It is not only for us in Russia that your voice must be raised. Think of yourselves. With diabolical energy, the full scope of which we alone are able to realize, your own nations are being pushed on to the same path of blood and horror to which in a fatal moment of its history our people, worn out by war and the policy of Czarist Government, was driven ten years ago. We have trodden this path to the Golgotha of the nations and warn you of it."

THE MEIKLEJOHN WAY—As the college year opens, interest in the new experimental college which is being started at the University of Wisconsin under the direction of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn will be keen. What he proposes is summarized in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "Dr. Meiklejohn plans a college that shall be a cooperative group of inquiring scholars, not a regiment of students instructed by a group of dogmatizing professors. A selected group of students—a typical cross-section, not an 'honors' group—it will proceed for two years to study two whole civilizations for a year each, the first one ancient, Greek or Roman, the second modern. The professors will be scholars drawn from various fields—economics, philosophy, physical science, literature. But they will not teach their specialties to the students. They will simply cooperate with the students in studying a given civilization as a whole, bringing their special knowledge to bear in clarifying the inquiry. The students—and the teachers—will be studying not economics or science or philosophy, but the civilization, for example, of ancient Greece and the problems it had to solve.
>
> "The scheme will be watched with great interest and curiosity by educators and laymen over all the country. Every one knows that the departmentalizing of American education, so efficient in appearance, is often deadly in fact. The life of man and the nature of civilization are wholes, not arrangements of hermetically sealed compartments. The student often forgets that the world the philosophers think about and the world the physicists measure are the same world. The Wisconsin idea will remind him that an education is not designed to teach him subjects but to orient him in civilization.
>
> "There is something very hopeful, too, in the attempt to educate without classes and lectures. Long ago Plato insisted that the true education was through conversation and association; the artificialities of the classroom have done much to drive the student outside the curriculum for his introduction to life. Oxford has long stood out for its education by the conversation of young students with their tutors. The method has been tried successfully at Harvard, Princeton and Columbia. But never has it been tried on so complete a scale as it will be at Wisconsin."

THE COVER—The vivid scene which is presented to-day is a memory of the notable journey taken by Miss Lillian Genth into Spain and Africa. An accomplished artist and a determined traveler, she undertook the journey to Morocco at a time when a state of war existed in the Riff Mountains and the ordinary easements of travel were removed. She visited Fez, Biskra, and Marrakech, and endured extreme hardships and danger in travel by motor and camel through the section of Northern Africa where women are excluded from the public streets, and a single woman, especially of a foreign country, is likely to find difficulties multiplied. Over fifty canvases were the result of this expedition.

Miss Genth was born in Philadelphia, and studied in the School of Design there, winning a European fellowship. Removing to Paris she entered the atelier of the famous Whistler, and completed her supplementary education by a tour of the European galleries. On her return to America she resided first in Philadelphia and now lives in New York. She is a fellow of the Pennsylvania Academy, an associate of the National Academy of Design, member of the American Federation of Arts, Washington; of the Royal Society of Arts, London; and the Union Internationale Des Beaux Arts et Des Lettres, Paris. Her pictures have won many prizes and are to be found in all the leading galleries of the country.

STILL SEARCHING FOR GREAT MEN

SOME TIME AGO it was reported that a group of movie stars, gathered in one room in Hollywood, moved an onlooker to remark that here were the most famous names in the world to-day. It was a lesson on the difference between fame and greatness. Recently a bomb was thrown by Dr. Butler of Columbia when he declared there were no great men left in the world to-day. We have told our readers what the repercussions of that statement were, and how the press drew up lists of names to confront the distinguished educator. The subject is again taken up by the German writer, Emil Ludwig, who figures so prominently in the world to-day. "Fame is not equivalent to greatness," he writes in the New York *Times.* "Were this not so, Chaplin would be much greater than Bergson." "The fame accorded to the living is no guide to a correct estimate of their greatness—on the contrary, it rather hinders the contemporary judgment. . . . Rarely is an artist, almost never is a statesman, correctly estimated during his lifetime. Sometimes he is rated too low, usually too high." Expanding on this theme, Mr. Ludwig writes:

> "This is worse to-day than in former times, since the speed with which all news is spread makes a man famous in the shortest possible time without giving him, so to speak, a chance to present proofs. The name of Lindbergh became known overnight—quite deservedly, to be sure, in his case—to 500,000,000 people; but one must bear in mind that the name of Dr. Cook became equally famous, nor was it until too late that people found out that he who had been hailed as the discoverer of the North Pole was a fraud.
>
> "Nowadays fame seems to have chosen for her favors a class and calling far different from those from which children of fortune were picked half a century ago. No longer is it the military leader who reaps fame's harvest, as he has been accustomed to do for centuries. The leader of armies was formerly the most famous of all members of the human race. No other could equal the fame of an Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon. Even a great defeat at the end of such a career did not suffice to rob it of its luster. But since war has fallen so low as to be almost a matter of machinery, the world no longer craves details about the personality of a victorious general. After the World War all the nations erected their great monuments of bronze and marble to the Unknown Soldier. To him fell the prize.
>
> "In the nations of Europe I have found no general who is a really popular figure, with the exception of Hindenburg, who lost the war. It can hardly be said that every child in Paris recognizes the face of Marshal Foch, altho he it was who finally won the war. And Hindenburg owes his fame less to his battles than to the belief of the German people in him; they see in him a *pater patriæ.* Who can still tell the names of the generals who led the Russian, Austrian, Italian, and Turkish troops, tho their names were known ten years ago to every child in Europe?
>
> "In the same way mighty statesmen are not enshrined nowadays in the hearts of the people. Since Roosevelt and Wilhelm II, Mussolini is probably the first who has rapidly developed into a legendary figure. As for truly popular creative artists, there is none to be found anywhere."

Mr. Ludwig, who is obviously a realist, we find practically confirming the observer in Hollywood:

> "The greatest fame of our day is harvested by screen stars and prize-fighters—by the latter because people bet on them and because they represent millions in money; by the former because they display to the masses their daily feelings, their all-too-human passions, and because their features, usually lovely and youthful and most certainly characteristic, are imprest upon the multitude in a thousand pictures. There is not a tenor and much less a king whose adherents can vie in numbers with the hosts of moving-picture enthusiasts. Caruso himself owed his world-wide fame first and foremost to the phonograph.
>
> "These facts render more difficult the recognition of living great men, and what is written here applies more to principles than to persons. The writer does not assume in the least the rôle of a teacher apportioning blame; he merely wishes to encourage readers to approval or disapproval, preferably the latter. For nobody is entirely 'objective,' and the historian who calls himself so is deceiving himself and his reader. Nevertheless, the general

lines may be drawn within which our epoch tends to find greatness."

While all nations, big and little, have their share in really great deeds and achievements, only one class, the bourgeois, is contributing toward these, points out Mr. Ludwig. "Nobles and princes are conspicuous by their absence."

> "We have no great artists nowadays. We can point to highly gifted ones, each of them deified by a certain group. Among musicians, I can descry none of the first rank since the death of Mahler; among painters, possibly Liebermann might be named. But when I ask who, among the writers of our day, fulfils most worthily the great duty of working for the future, holding the mirror up to his fellows, educating yet at the same time amusing, I place before all others the Irishman, George Bernard Shaw.
>
> "Shaw is a piece of the conscience of our times. He is a sort of Voltaire of the twentieth century whose influence circles the world. Shaw's writings have helped to educate millions whom he has made laugh; and the integrity of his criticism is surpassed only by the colorfulness of his characters and the brilliancy of his dialog. Owing to the peculiar nature of our epoch, which one may call apocalyptic, he is raised to the first rank despite the fact that writers, of other nations, such as d'Annunzio, Hauptmann, and Rolland, surpass him in profundity, and Hamsun in religious feeling also.
>
> "In this case one must not ignore facts. In Shaw's particular case success is a part of genius and the number of translations and performances of his works really reflects the degree of his greatness. Of all writers, Shaw has most to say to his world."

Nothing has been harder hit in Europe and America than statesmanship, and Clemenceau and Lloyd George are mentioned as ones, a part of whose greatness has been diminished by the consequences of the peace they arranged. "If I were asked to name him who, among living men, deserves the highest rank, I should say Masaryk, the Czech," for he "created a people." Turning to practical science, Mr. Ludwig names names that are probably largely unknown in this country outside the ranks of the specialists. He cites the Norwegians, Birkeland and Eyde, "who were the first to obtain nitrogen from the air"; the German, Nernst, and the Swede, Arrhenius, "who have blazed new trails"; the Dane, Bohr, and the German, Plank, for the study of atoms, tho the work of the latter has not come to full fruition. Madame Curie of Paris "would rank among the first even were she of the same sex as the many men who compete with her." Nansen, Shackleton, Marconi, the Wright brothers are named, and with a passing notice of Freud, he advances to Einstein and Edison:

> "Psychology possesses a master who is a personality—Siegmund Freud, the Austrian. Tho I am averse to his teachings, I recognize wherever I go the decisive influence of his ingenious theories; and even if they sometimes fail in practise, that is largely the fault of his pupils.
>
> "Much greater is the influence of the German, Einstein. He is a genius of the first rank who has traveled a lonely road (Lorentz and Minkovsky were, after all, only indirectly his forerunners). An unimportant official in the Patent Office, he worked his way unaided through mathematics to physics and, by means of a couple of formulas, which, written down, scarcely cover one hundred pages, he gave science a shock such as it had scarcely received in three centuries.
>
> "Old theories toppled right and left. Authorities who had been asleep, like kings on their thrones, fell in a heap at exactly the same time that kings themselves tumbled to the ground. A basic element, which until then had held the world together, was blown away by the breath of a single mind. The ether was no more; the ghost of the great Newton trembled beside his grave in Westminster Abbey. Time, upon whose continuity thinkers had reared their theories, was no longer a thing of stability. Before our eyes a whole school of thought crumbled.

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AFTER RECEIVING A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

The Mission at Santa Barbara, whose restoration was celebrated by a three days' fiesta, beginning August 10.

> "If we turn our gaze to technical triumphs, we find the Italian Marconi beside the German Arco—a nobleman, an exception among the great of our day—and beside the Wright brothers; the geniuses who built our aircraft and wireless apparatus stand by the side of the founders of modern chemistry. What has been achieved in our day in bridge-building and canal construction, in power plants and dams, is relatively greater and better proportioned to our epoch, and in a certain sense more human than everything that has been written and nearly everything that has been thought within the same period.
>
> "But who can name the masters in these branches? Who can name the man who built the first concrete bridge? Who knows the builder of the Forth Bridge, the Williamsburg Bridge, and the Nile dam at Assuan, one of the wonders of the world?
>
> "Just as all musicians of the Baroque Period were swallowed up by Johann Sebastian Bach, so Edison swallows up all his pupils. For are they not his pupils? Has not the aged wizard of Menlo Park created or perfected the favorite technique of our century?
>
> "Whom must a thousand million human beings thank for being able, by the mere pressure of a finger, to get light when the sun has forsaken us? No other living man has so diversified and adorned arts and sciences, social relations and politics—the very spirit of his time in fact—as has Edison.
>
> "Thus in the last analysis the greatest theorist is found beside the most practical genius of our day; the German beside the American. Both were born poor; both are self-made men; both are beholden solely to their own genius; both have conquered theories held throughout the world. One is a new Epimetheus, who again has pierced the known world with his thoughts; the other is a new Prometheus, who again has stolen fire from the gods and brought it to mankind.
>
> "Einstein and Edison."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

BUSINESS MIXED WITH RELIGIOUS EMOTION

IS THE GROWING ALLIANCE between American business and emotional religion good business? This is a phenomenal growth of the past twenty-odd years peculiar to America, with no counterpart in the business life of Great Britain or other Continental countries, and the challenging question is raised by Jesse Rainsford Sprague, a business executive, in *Harper's Magazine:* Does such mingling of business and religious activity "presage a new era in American commercial affairs, a speeding of the time when business shall be conducted on a plane of such fairness that no law save that of the Golden Rule shall be necessary? Or are those executives more nearly right who profess to see in it a mere cynical use of religion by business for selfish ends, an unhealthy state of affairs that can end only in disrespect for religion and eventually for law itself?" The writer pungently describes various unhealthy uses of the mixture.

By way of illustration Mr. Sprague cites typical business convention programs of inspirational features, with cabaret shows or beauty contests on the side for a little amusement, and he notes that the demand for inspirational speakers for the fifteen thousand conventions held annually in the United States has created a profitable profession followed by many nationally known religious speakers. Concerning one important convention we read:

IS BUSINESS "GETTING RELIGION," OR USING IT FOR SELFISH ENDS?

Asks Jesse Rainsford Sprague, a business executive and writer who has made a special study of the tendencies of modern business in the United States.

"Recently a body known as The National Association of Credit Men held its annual convention in New York City, with more than three thousand delegates in attendance. As the name implies, the Association is a purely business organization, and the advance notices strest the fact that the convention was to be an eminently practical one; yet the following features were comprised in the six-day program:

"Six sessions of community singing. A special devotional service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Five sessions of prayer conducted respectively by three Protestant clergymen, one priest of the Roman Catholic Church, one Jewish rabbi. An oration by a prominent Y. M. C. A. secretary. An address on the subject, 'Lincoln as a Business Man'; another on 'The Statesman in Business.' A sermon by the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D., entitled, 'Religion in Business.'"

But, alas, the other side of the picture Mr. Sprague exhibits when he tells us that,

"The National Association of Credit Men has for the past year been engaged upon a project that has never before been deemed necessary in any country. While it was holding its New York convention with its inspirational sermons and speeches, it was also raising a fund of two million dollars to assist the Government in searching out and prosecuting fraudulent bankrupts."

In this connection the writer follows up the possible working of the average suggestible business mind facing untoward conditions of failure:

"I am faced with one of two decisions. I can turn my business over to my creditors and walk out without a cent; or, I can conceal a portion of my assets and place my affairs in the hands of an obliging lawyer who will threaten my creditors with long-drawn-out litigation and effect a settlement at fifteen cents on the dollar.

"My decision hangs in the balance. I am inclined to do the former, tho it will be a sore blow to my family. But I recall that the inspirational speakers at the convention told me that I performed a great service to my community, and that if I were diligent in business I might stand before Kings. Am I not justified in taking an unusual course in order to continue my splendid service? I decide that I am. I tell my lawyer to effect a settlement at fifteen cents on the dollar."

The use of emotion, religious or semi-religious, as a sales weapon, abnormally increased by war drives for selling liberty bonds, was a distinct American innovation before that. Corporate ownership instead of individual ownership and mass production in this country made more intensive selling necessary, and, we are told, the panic of 1907 gave impetus to the employment of emotion as a device for salesmanship of piled-up goods:

"Americans as a people are generously responsive to emotion of any kind, and particularly to religious emotion. People would buy more freely if convinced that buying was a moral duty. The purveyor of gold-plated andirons, for instance, made but slow progress when he merely announced that his andirons were cheap and durable. In such a case he interested only those householders who were already considering the purchase of andirons. A tremendous advance in salesmanship was made when the purveyor of gold-plated andirons announced that his andirons were not only cheap and durable, but also that andirons added to the spiritual atmosphere of the home, and that it was the duty of every American to endow his loved ones with the uplifting influence of a pair of beautiful gold-plated andirons in the latest mode."

Altho apparently business has profited by the employment of high-powered emotional propaganda, Mr. Sprague doubts that if books were properly balanced the profits would be as great as supposed. "Constantly government and private business surveys indicate that in many industries volume of sales is maintained at the expense of legitimate profits." We are also reminded that "business pays directly or indirectly the enormous annual crime bill, and many responsible agencies hold the belief that high-powered emotional sales methods are responsible for much crime":

"The New York City Conference of Charities and Corrections gives as the cause of such delinquency, 'the effort of business men to make luxuries seem necessities.' The Sub-Commission on Causes of the New York State Crime Commission points to 'money-madness caused by commercialism of all life activities.' Whether or not these agencies are correct, the deplorable fact remains that American business is virtually in a state of siege. Insurance against theft and burglary has risen in many cases almost to prohibitive costs. To quote one example: in 1910 the manufacturer of jewelry could insure his traveling salesmen's sample trunk at an annual premium of two dollars for each thousand dollars of insurance. In 1927 the manufacturer pays twenty-seven dollars for a like amount of protection. Perhaps it is too much to blame this situation on the exploitation of emotion in selling; but it is a fact that the change has taken place during the years that business has been most active in this exploitation."

Human nature, observes Mr. Sprague, has an amazing faculty for confounding self-interest with righteousness, as he gives us the following sample of selling literature:

> The Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company of New York has recently issued a handsome illustrated booklet entitled, 'Moses Persuader of Men,' with an introduction written by S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D. The work was published, it is stated, to inspire the Company's agents to greater achievements. The author writes that 'Moses was one of the greatest salesmen and real-estate promoters that ever lived.' On occasions when the Israelites became discouraged and disillusioned, 'metaphorically speaking, they gave Moses the Ha! Ha! and not infrequently gathered behind the main tent and set up various Gods and Golden Calves, all of which were nothing but studied efforts to avoid their responsibilities and cancel their contract.' In the closing paragraph there is this advice: '. . . if you are engaged in the business of selling, whether it be ships or shoestrings, bridges or beads, incubators or insurance, spend a little time once in a while thinking about Moses and the Faith and the Courage that made him a Dominant, Fearless, and Successful Personality in one of the most magnificent selling campaigns that history ever placed upon its pages.'"

Tho the author and the sponsor of this booklet were doubtless prompted by the sincerest of motives, Mr. Sprague thinks the work must be set down on the debit side of business. For—

> "By no stretch of the imagination can the writing of insurance policies on pianos, automobiles, or plate glass be regarded as important as the work of the Hebrew lawgiver; yet the young salesman to whom the book is addrest will be encouraged so to believe; and it is quite possible that in some crisis requiring a delicate balancing of ethical values this sense of importance may have too great an influence in inclining the salesman to decide to his own advantage."

SHOULD CHURCH PROPERTY BE TAXED?—One of the accomplishments of permanent value bequeathed to the State of Pennsylvania by the administration of Governor Pinchot, notes *The Christian Century* (Nondenominational), is the report of the commission which studied the tax situation in that commonwealth during three years, beginning with 1925. Of especial interest to churchmen is the large percentage of church property forming the total exempt from taxation. One of the conclusions reached by the commission, we read, is that the amount of tax-exempt property in the State is out of all proportion to the realty listed for taxation. With a total assessed valuation of all property in 1924 of a little more than nine billion dollars, the assessed value of exempt realty was found to be equal to 12.26 per cent. of this amount. In Philadelphia this exempt property reached 14.77 per cent. of the total. And of this exempt class, churches, parochial schools and buildings for teachers of parochial schools furnished approximately 14.25 per cent. The commission is convinced that this constitutes a subtle and dangerous form of securing a State subsidy for religious institutions. "However commendable the purposes of these institutions may be," it says, "it is nevertheless a fact that the rapid increase in welfare facilities and the generous public donations to welfare work are gradually creating a non-taxed class of properity which is increasing more rapidly than the wealth of the community, thereby forcing additional tax burdens upon the taxable wealth to an unfair degree." For this reason, we are told, the commission recommends that all religious and charitable institutions be required to pay taxes on their land values, leaving improvements exempt. "Whether or not these recommendations ultimately become law in Pennsylvania," comments *The Christian Century*, "there is undoubtedly a rising body of public opinion against the present tax-exemption policy."

DOCTORS ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?" In all ages men have pondered the question, and most of them have relied on the promise in Scripture that the grave is not the end, that man will live again. Still, there are many who have sought to learn whether science can show any evidence of the existence of the soul, any phenomena which seem to point to the continuation of life after death. *The Homiletic Review* (New York) recently put the question to sixty of the most distinguished physicians in the United States. More than half of them, we are told, replied. The preponderance of "evidence" shows that there is no medical proof of the soul's existence; but the replies are deeply interesting, and it is a significant fact that many of these physicians, even tho they have seen no signs of the existence of the soul, retain a firm belief in the life after death. One of them, however, has observed phenomena which convince him of the soul's existence. Dr. Frank H. Walke of Shreveport, Louisiana, for instance, writes that there have been occasions when he has observed various things at the passing of a life which indicate to him the existence of another life to come. "One," he says, "is ethereal, the other is material, and they differ from one another just as colors differ from one another in the visible spectrum; yet they are light rays just the same. . . . We are told there are bodies celestial and bodies terrestrial and these differ from each other, yet each is a body with a certain mission to perform." After due consideration, then, writes Dr. Walke, "I will state that I have observed specific phenomena which are evidences of life to come when the material body has entered into a state of dissolution." "Nothing observable in natural science proves or implies life after death," writes Dr. Ernest Leroi Hunt of the City Hospital, Worcester, Massachusetts, on the other hand. "The hope of immortality is a spiritual matter, based only on promise, hope and faith. The clergy would be wise to accept this and live up to it. No sermon or treatise attempting to harmonize religion and scientifically established 'facts' has so far been convincing to me. There is always a 'straddle' somewhere along the line, a point where something is left to assumption, and fails." However, Dr. Hunt is "not an agnostic or an atheist," and he adds: "My beliefs are not based on 'miracles' or proofs but on my own spiritual necessity and aspirations plus experience of the good in life and in human relations." Another who believes "as firmly in immortality and the future life" as he does in his present existence is Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, who writes:

> "The moment before a human being dies he weighs so much, his height is so much, and his structure is of a certain character, both macroscopic and microscopic. A moment after he dies he is the same in appearance, in height, and in structure, in every respect, really, except one, namely, that life has gone out of him—a thing that you can not feel, you can not discover by any of the human senses, but the greatest reality in the world. It is the great imponderable. Science can not deal with it, but faith can and does. 'The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are not seen are eternal.'
>
> "My friend Osler in his Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality at Harvard concluded by saying, 'I am of the opinion of Cicero who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death.' This, Osler declared, was his own *confessio fidei*. Fifteen years later on December 23, 1919, six days before his death, note the triumphant certainty which he felt when, at close quarters with death, he wrote this last message, 'Dear Friends: The harbor is nearly reached, after a splendid voyage with such companions all the way; and my boy is waiting for me.'
>
> "For centuries science has been making the experiment of death in countless human beings and has asked the tomb for news of the other world, but the tomb has been silent. Science stops when life ceases, but faith o'erleaps science and declares that our mortal body 'is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.'
>
> "Our Lord himself has told us in no uncertain terms that 'God

so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have—everlasting life.'

"If I believe Michelson when he tells me that light travels at the rate of 186,284 miles a second, and George Ellery Hale when he tells me that the nebula in Andromeda is so far away that it takes light at this wonderful speed one million years to reach my eyes, I accept their statements because they know about these things and I do not. When Jesus Christ made his statement that I have just quoted, I believe him, because he knew of the other world as well as this and I do not. Dare we disbelieve the positive declaration of Jesus Christ himself?

"I am fully convinced that when I pass from this world I shall meet my dear wife who was taken from me forty years ago last July, and I thank God for that belief.

"I thank God for faith as well as science."

A doctor who prefers to be anonymous writes that no one to his knowledge has ever seen a living soul microscopically or macroscopically. "The promise of a life in the hereafter or in the great beyond," he says, "is inspired by a sense of religious reverence." He continues in part:

"It is debatable. No one has ever returned from the great beyond to tell us of the beauties and of the differences between life there and life on this earth. Reverence is in many instances the result of an inspiration and is a form of hypnotic suggestion. If we boil this thought down and get a concentrated extract of common sense, then we know that such a promise of life can not be possible and conform to definite biological or physiological experiments.

"It is impossible to associate the continuance of life after the death of the body because degenerative changes have taken place; one can not recharge the cells of the body with new electric life as one could repair cells in an ordinary battery. . . . Psychology has taught us a great deal, but much more is necessary to open the dark channels which are shrouded in mystery. The problem of life to my mind, therefore, is far from solved."

PASTORAL

In quiet, country places,
Even the daily, customary things bear Christian faces;
The waft of fresh-planed wood calls Nazareth to me,
The tranquil lake, at sunset, is my Galilee.

In old-world, gentle places,
Where fumes have not besmirched the wide blue spaces,
And on the paths of sky I watch the fowls of air,
To me the Mount of all Beatitudes is there.

In silent, pasturable places,
Whose simple folk, maybe, do lack some modern graces,
The patient shepherd brings to me a Saviour-vision,
And in his flock I see His ultimate ambition.

In lonely, unspoiled places
Whereon the scramble of today has left no traces,
Even a little child-in-arms, held up to me to kiss,
Is God's most still, small voice, "Even as this."

—*J. M. B., in The British Weekly.*

"I believe in the immortality of the soul but not from any evidence I have found in my professional work," replies Dr. Richard Clarke Cabot of Cambridge, Massachusetts. "There is no such evidence that I know, either for or against immortality. I came to my belief through the study of philosophy (especially the works of Josiah Royce) and through the New Testament." Dr. Stanley Perkins Warren of Portland, Maine, has seen no evidences of the existence of the soul. "And yet," he writes, "I am not different from the majority of men in that I do accept the bare facts of life—its unexplained, every-day phenomena—without question. I believe fully in a hereafter for us all, in which we shall distinguish our dead, 'loved and gone before,' in a degree of retribution. But beyond this I can not go." What the editor of *The Homiletic Review* describes as "a letter of great significance" comes from an eminent physician and teacher in one of our largest universities, who also prefers to be anonymous. He writes:

"This is a very significant question, and you will understand the difficulty of the formulation of an answer to it, even after a lifetime of observation and experience.

"The phenomena and suggestions of evidence supporting a belief or faith in immortality seem to me of significance and may be briefly stated as follows:

"1. I am quite frequently reminded in my work and observation of the saying attributed to Darwin, 'The mind refuses to look upon the world as chance.'

"My impression from a lifetime of observation of the material and human world leads me more strongly than ever to believe that the evidences of order in the world, and in the universe, support the idea of evolution in development, and strengthen the belief in a mind accepting scientific evidence, and at the same time open to inferences associated with such evidence, that there is an order and influence or plan, and a force, not to be explained by a material world, but by a beneficent creative mind and influence which associates itself at once with immortality.

"2. It may seem somewhat irrelevant to say that in our human world personal influence, as it may extend from one person to another and from one generation to another indefinitely, suggests a phenomenon and influence immortal in type and quality, possible of existence and extension as long as human life, either physical or spiritual, may endure.

"3. I find from my observation, as a physician of human beings, in the expression of the entire range of human faculties, the most significant evidence of, or testimony to, immortality in the almost universal aspiration of the human mind and soul for immortality. I can not believe that an aspiration and a corresponding belief of this type can exist without a definite corresponding phenomenon and experience.

"I have, then, expressed in this informal way some of my impressions. You will see that I have tried to state those which would come to me in part through my experience as a student of science and of human phenomena, and also through my experience as a physician, rather than in the terms of the theologian or the philosopher.

"You might be interested to know, incidentally, that through my attempts for more than a quarter of a century to give some interpretation to organic evolution in my university classes, I have always tried to teach evolution in such a way as not to disturb in any way the religious faith of my students. I hope that to some extent I have been successful in this effort."

No phenomena to confirm belief in the existence of the soul have come under the observation of Dr. Theodore Irving Townsend of Binghamton, New York, nor can it, in his opinion, "be rationally proven under present conditions of human existence. The promise of life in any embryo is analogous to present life only, so far as known." Dr. John Harvey Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium also has "never observed one fact or discovered one iota of such evidence," and he says: "When the brain ceases to function intelligence ceases. Of course, there is an infinite intelligence back of all the phenomena of life. This is another thing." Dr. August Caille of New York City has not "come across any phenomenon or incident or train of incidents that suggested the possibility of the continuance of life after the death of the body." He writes further: "Life is short, and its main significance lies in the quality of its living; thus faith in God the Creator should be definitely acquired in the home and through the Church, as a foundation for peace and happiness on earth." Tho he has not seen any evidences of the existence of the soul, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, senior United States Senator from New York, concludes:

"All the experiences I have had as a physician strengthen me in the conviction that there is something indestructible, everlasting, immortal, associated with what we call life. I wish I had the knowledge and the power to convey a reasonable conviction to others. I fear this is impossible, but for myself I desire to express an unfailing faith in the existence of the 'spirit,' something separate and apart from the chemistry and the physics and the substance of the body. I call it the soul, and I believe it exists."

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Here is every thing you need in a motor car—room, comfort, beauty, amazing performance—

—and all at amazing low prices that are possible only because of General Motors resources and Chevrolet's enormous volume production.

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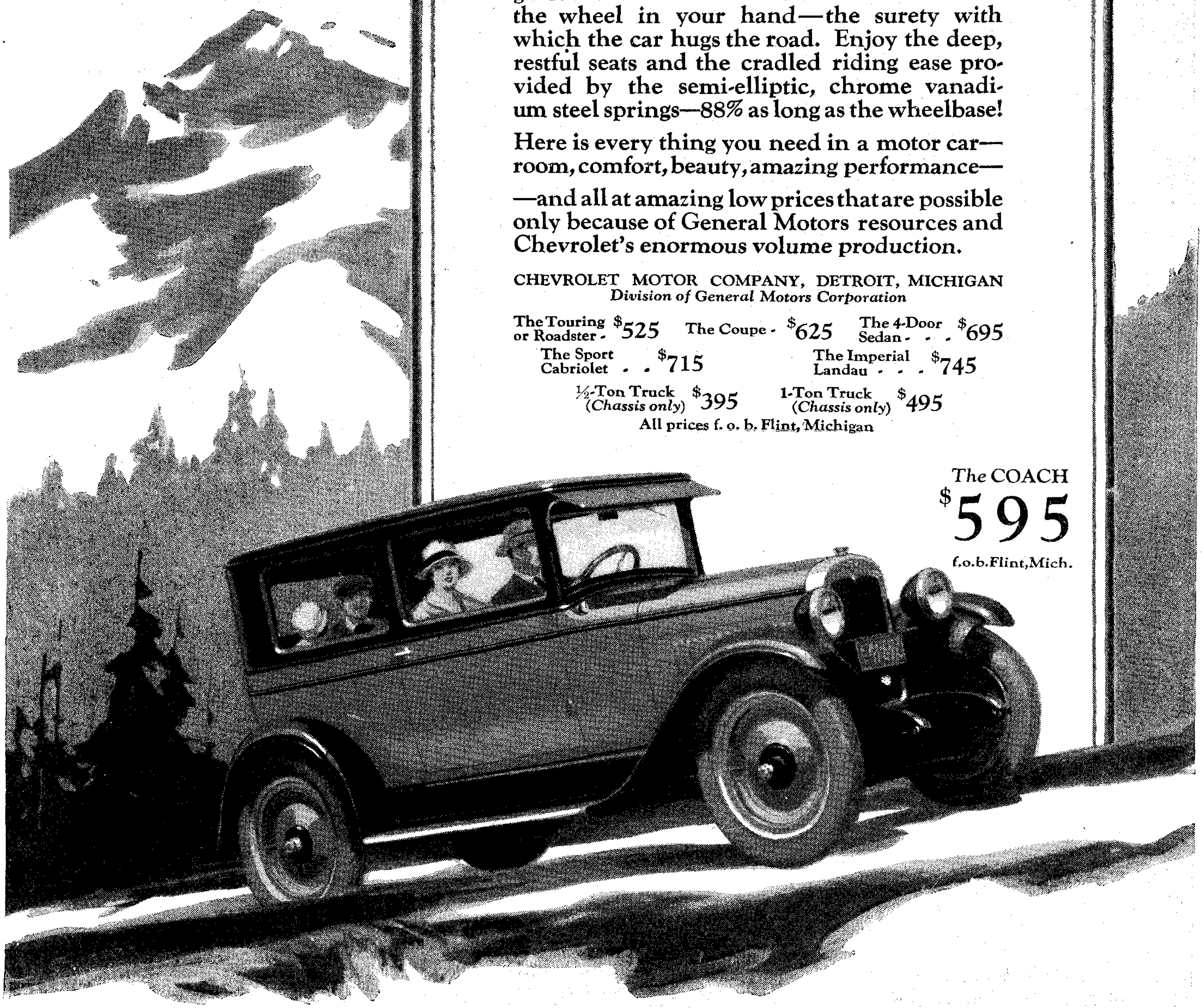

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THIS English poet, who deals with modern themes in a satiric spirit leads us back to the ancients for some of their salt. The London *Spectator* prints these and more:

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

By Humbert Wolfe

ἔά στεφάνους

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

This gentle ball, this spinning top,
this rattle, that would never stop,
the bones of which he loved the noise—
his babyhood's beloved toys—
since he has grown too old for these
to Mercury from Philocles.
—*Book VI. 309.*

ANON.

Shepherds, why tease the cricket, why assail
within the dewy darkness of the wood,
or on the hill, the little nightingale,
whose fleeting babble charms the solitude?
Here are the thrush and blackbird, here the swarm
of clamorous starlings. These instead pursue,
for they are thieves. But, since I do no harm,
spare me my leaves, and this small draught of dew.
—*Book IX. 373.*

MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL

This dog, this pouch, this spear I dedicate,
Pan and the Dryads! But I deem it just
if I take back the dog to share my fate—
a friend who will not scorn my humble crust.
—*Book IV. 176.*

ANON.

Learn from my fate how ill the end may be
Of Pegasus in his own Thessaly!
There was no race at any festival,
even the Olympic, but I won them all,
and now a horse, forgotten and forlorn,
I drag the mill-stone to grind out the corn.
—*Book IX, 21.*

LUCILIUS

Charemon, floating lighter than a feather,
would certainly have vanished altogether,
unless by luck he'd come upon a spider,
and hung face downwards in her web beside her.
And he would still be handing on his head,
if he'd not seen, and clambered down, a thread.
—*Book XI. 100.*

LUCILIUS

Marcus took up a trumpet, but, when he blew it,
he was so thin, he shot himself clean through it.
—*Book XI. 94.*

LUCILIUS

Apis! the men you boxed with, grateful that you
never hit one of them, erect this statue.
—*Book XI. 80.*

NICHARCHUS

"Dead?" cried the surgeon, laying down the knife.
"Ah well! I've saved him from a cripple's life."
—*Book XI. 121.*

ANON.

Ask not, sea-farer, whose this tomb may be.
But go thy ways, and find a friendlier sea.
—*Book VII. 350.*

ANON.

The world, that was his temple, scarce had room
to find six feet for fallen Pompey's tomb.
—*Book IX. 402.*

For those whom the ungenial summer has robbed of some of their sea sport, we offer this solace from the Philadelphia *Inquirer:*

MEN OF THE BARNEGAT

By Charles W. H. Bancroft

Men of the Barnegat, hear the winds blowing,
Eager to go are your yachts trim and white,
Down to the sea, now the tides are returning,
Swiftly to carry you out past the Light.
Are there more trophies, more cups to be winning?
Feel you within that you've given your best?
See you the beauties of gold in the waters,
When off the Heights the sun sinks in the West?

Men of the Barnegat, white caps are breaking,
Round the small cat-boats now covered with spray.
Watch how they come, all sparkling in moonlight,
Dancing like snowdrifts, so soon on the way,
Tanned by the salt-air, yes, taut every muscle,
Captains you stand like the sailors of old.
All of their courage, their deeds, and their daring,
Down through the centuries still are untold.

Men of the Barnegat, hark, the gales calling,
Breakers are rolling close in on the shore.
Voices, of comrades lost, sailing the ocean,
Loudly they speak in the northeaster's roar.
Gone are the days of the two-masted schooner;
Gone are the crews of the old sailing ships.
Down in your hearts is there still admiration,
Reverent praise, for their deeds, on your lips.

In *The Commonweal* is a song that might have delighted Joseph Conrad:

CLIPPER SHIPS

By Robert N. Rose

Ships are the nearest things to dreams that hands have ever made,
For somewhere deep in their oaken hearts the soul of a song is laid;
A soul that sings with the ship along through plunging hills of blue,
And fills her canvas cups of white with winds that drive her through.
For how could a nail and a piece of wood, tied with a canvas thread,
Become a nymph on moon-washed paths if the soul of the ship were fled?

Her bosom throbs as her lover's arms clasp her in fond embrace,
And the joyous kiss of briny lips is fresh on her maiden face.
No storm can smother the hempen song that wells in her laughing throat—
Small wonder then that men go mad for the love of the sea and a boat.
For the singing sheet is a siren that tugs at the hearts of men,
And down to the sea they must go once more, tho they never come back again.

G. K.'s Weekly (London) gives us a poem that might have accompanied our article last week on William Blake.

CRAZED

By Fallon Webb

They call me dreamer, dotard, zany,
Idiot, lackwit, simpleton;
Legion, since I have names so many,
Will cover all and make them one.

Men pass me by with scornful pity
(I see it deep within their eyes)
Because one day I saw the city
Of God in splendid columns rise.

They said 'twas sun and cloud and ether,
And sun-shot gauze of evening haze—
And that the gleaming slopes beneath her
Were but the slanting, shaft-like rays.

And when beneath the silver awning
Of cloud-film hung across the sky
The trees stand hushed at beauty's dawning,
Rapt in a sense of mystery,

They seem like men in adoration
That lift entreating hands in prayer,
Forgetful of their supplication
In the bright glory everywhere.

Perhaps it's true—perhaps I'm crazy
When, as I stoop above the grass
The gold and white of the tiny daisy
Make me think of early Mass;

Of gold of sconces, white of tapers
Burning pale in the shadowed choir;
Of dim and fragrance-burdened vapours;
Of Christ unseen—and the soul's desire.

Crazy? Maybe. And yet I wonder:
Last night, athwart the driven rain,
I saw the heavens rent asunder,
And heard God speaking, loud and plain.

A voice for some years silent comes again in *The Saturday Review* (New York):

THIS IS OUR DOOM

By Shaemas O'Sheel

A slender sheaf—straw, straw and a few poppies,
For all the labor of our days.
A few dreams, dreams troubled and elusive,
Though the nights are long.
Ashes, our hearts at last a handful of ashes,
And yet their flames
Light such a little space in the dusk of Time.

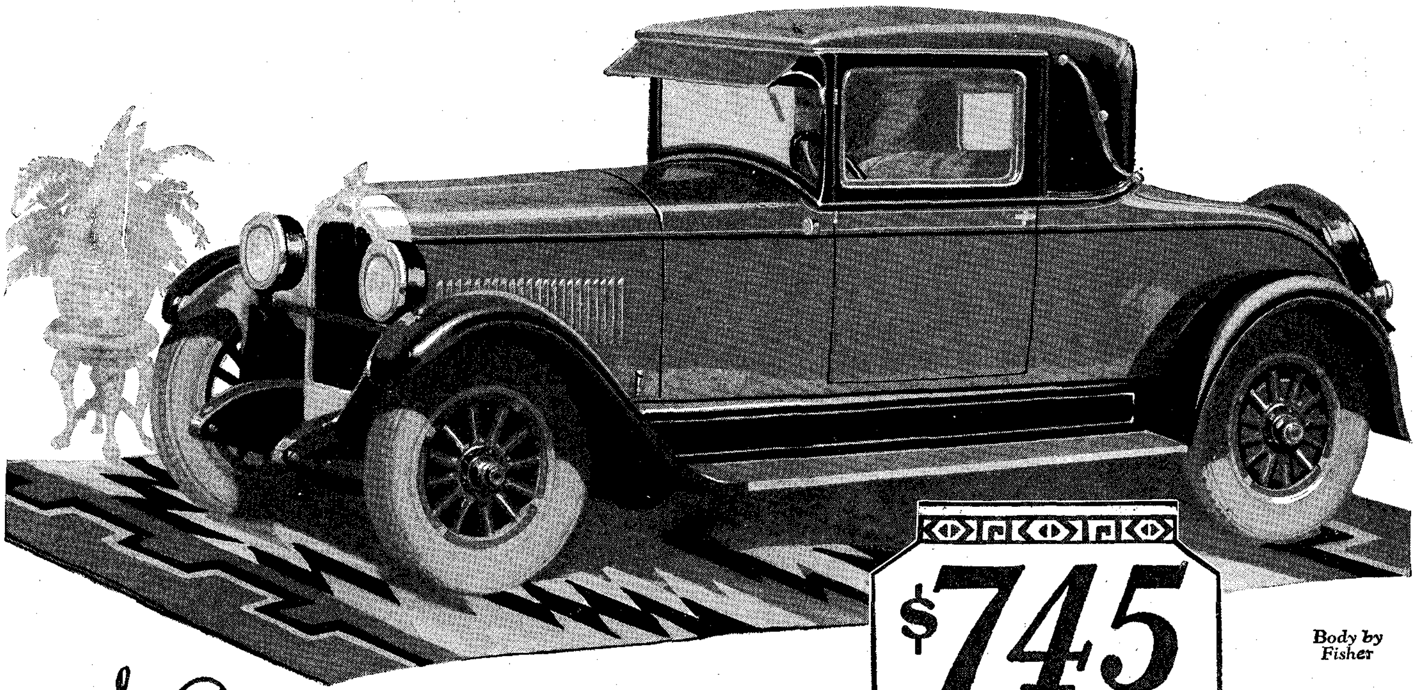
This is the doom of those whose desire is unbounded,
To feel in the dark
The wall insurmountable,
To hear beyond hearing the song that shall never be heard,
To see beyond seeing the picture that shall not be painted:
To sense forever,
In wind and water,
In wood and meadow,
In city and solitude,
More than the heart can hold or the mind encompass.
This is our doom, we weavers of Time's pale garlands,
To seek forever and find not the Rood and the Rose,
The Lips and the Grail that beckon us in our dreams.

The South African Nation shows us one of the problems of all young countries:

TWO LANDS

By Jero. M. Murphy

For all mortals there's a future, if they but the right road take;
For each life there is a duty, for our own and fellows' sake;
For each land there are its heroes; for each martyr there's a crown;
If your cause be just and holy, fate will never let you down!
Two lands? Yes, to many, these are rightly ever dear:
Birth-land? ne'er forgotten; adoption? life's great cheer.
Yet some decry adoption as it helps them through life's path;
Will ne'er acclaim: "Yes, thank you," in view of what they've got!
And, alas, there are many that ignore the Great Gods sway;
Deny the sky above them as being just in their way!
Will list' to nought but "birth-land"; no thought nor honor give
To their adopted life-land, wherein they thrive and live.



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Now—

An even *better* car at even *lower* prices

Since its first day before the public, the Pontiac Six has been scoring a series of triumphs. First came the triumph of its introduction, which resulted in world record sales for a new make of car! Then came a steady succession of important improvements in quality, luxury and convenience—

—improvements that resulted in smoother operation and greater handling ease, in greater comfort, greater economy and greater owner pride—in higher standards of quality and higher levels of popularity!

And now Pontiac Six again represents a sensational new standard of value—the result of this notably finer quality, combined with beautiful new Duco colors on Bodies by Fisher, at lower prices on all body types.

This history-making announcement has turned all eyes on the Pontiac Six. It has created a known standard of what buyers have a right to expect in a low-priced six. It is causing thousands to make *comparison* the basis of their buying—

—and because no other six at or near $745 offers so many luxury and quality features, Pontiac Six sales continue to establish new high levels. Visit your nearest dealer. See and drive the finest low-priced six in automobile history.

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New low prices announced July 15th on all passenger cars

2-Door Sedan	$745	Sport Cabriolet	$795
Sport Roadster	$745	Landau Sedan	$845
De Luxe Landau Sedan	$925		

Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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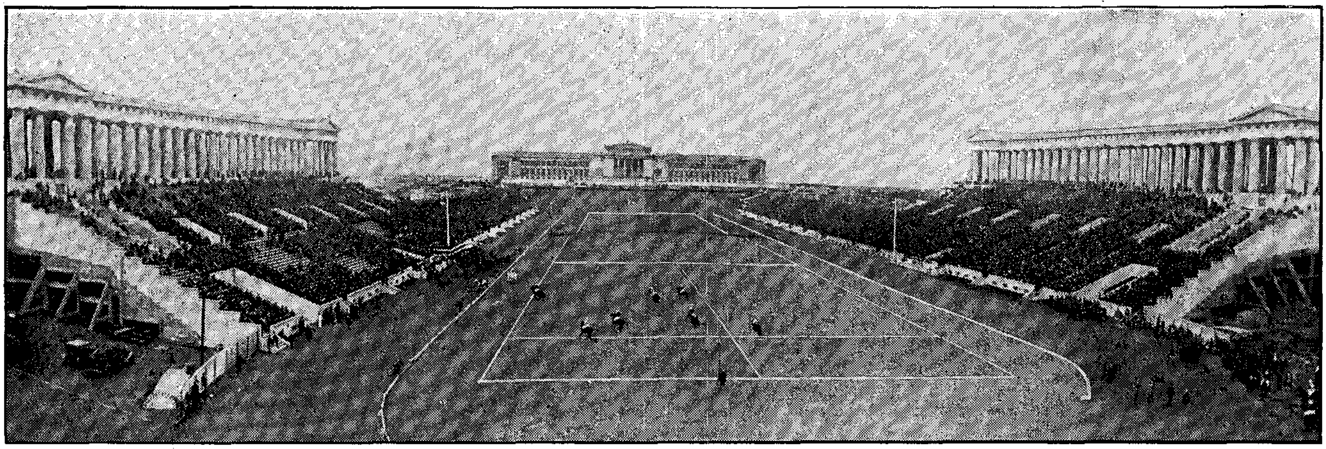


P. & A. photograph

SOLDIERS' FIELD, WHERE 170,000 PEOPLE ARE EXPECTED TO PAY $3,000,000 TO SEE THE FIGHT

This picture of Chicago's great stadium was made at the time of its dedication. Mr. Rickard's carpenters have been adding acres of "ringside" seats within the arena, and vast bleachers beyond the permanent tiers of seats.

THE TUNNEY-DEMPSEY FIGHT: A WORLD SPECTACLE

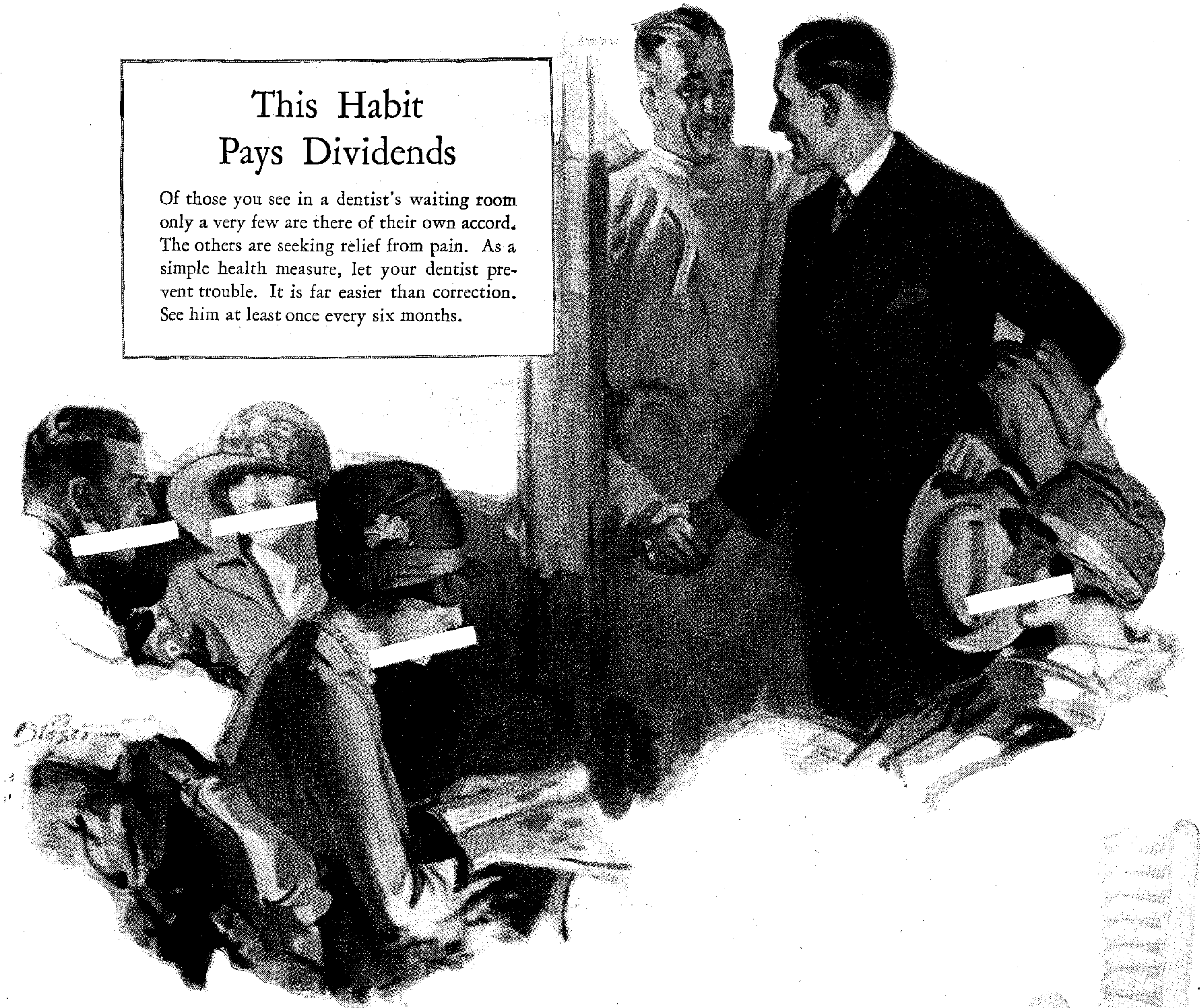
FROM LONDON AND TOKYO, from Buenos Aires and Berlin, from Paris, Stockholm, Singapore, Sydney, Madrid, Melbourne, Montreal, Caracas, and Capetown—not to mention way stations between Moose River, Maine, and Catalina Island, California—energetic journalists and leisurely sensation-seekers of both sexes are trekking, we are told, to witness the walloping match between Champion Gene Tunney and ex-Champion Jack Dempsey at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, on Thursday, September 22, before what Mr. Tex Rickard hopes will be a $3,000,000 "gate." A changing world has taken pugilism to its bosom. "Big Business," aided by the sedulous art of publicity, has boosted it to the dimensions of a stabilized and standardized industry. The outer world of Gauls, Teutons, Latins, and Latin Americans, which once tabooed it as an Anglo-Saxon barbarity, has been suddenly converted to the Queensbury doctrine of "Ring-around-a-rosy," and is doing its best to produce champions as well as spectators. The democracy of fandom has embraced it as a release—so the psychologists say—for pent-up emotions of the cave-man type. The once gentle sex has exalted it to an idolatrous rite. Altogether, in fact, the bout of fisticuffs between Messrs. Tunney and Dempsey, arranged for presentation in Chicago a few days after this issue of THE DIGEST reaches its readers, promises abundant food for the social philosopher as well as the sportsman, and may be expected to launch formidable reverberations alike in the printing-presses and pulpits of this lively old planet. The number of people who may actually see the fight has been estimated at 170,000. Seats for such an assemblage are supposed to be provided, thanks to the industry of Chicago's carpenters, supplementing the already existing seats of the great stadium. What proportion of the vast multitude will be rewarded with a satisfying view of the encounter in the roped ring is another question—one which has given rise to much significant comment on the part of the sporting writers. A staff correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes, under a Chicago date-line:

> Step up and see the world's greatest blind lottery, where $3,000,000 worth of tickets for the Tunney-Dempsey debate are being sold off, sight unseen. Winners will learn if they draw lucky numbers on September 22 when they enter the vast Soldiers' Field stadium to witness the fight and discover if their seats are fifty yards or two blocks away from the ringside.
>
> The globe's greatest grab-bag is in the arcade of the Palmer House here, where, from a dozen windows, minions of Tex Rickard, promoter extraordinary, are raking in the public's ca for seats somewhere on the same lakefront on which Gene an Jack will battle for a world's championship.
>
> Step up and take your chances, gentlemen! Absolutely nothing up Tex's shirt-sleeves! Which little seat is the ticket for? Try and guess!
>
> Somebody wins and somebody loses! Try the great game of chance! The only sure thing about it is that Texas does not lose!
>
> That there is no deception or fraud of any kind is obvious. The ticket salesmen promise nothing, so they will not fail to keep their pledge. All plans of the seating arrangements in relation to the ring have been removed. The salesmen will not say how far the seats are from the ropes. But they cheerfully admit that what are termed "ringside" seats are being held out for later distribution. Despite it all, the public storms the windows an already has poured an estimated $1,573,000 of the $3,000,00 gate into the promoters' vaults.
>
> "Take 'em or leave 'em," is the slogan of the sellers whose credo is printed on wall signs beside the windows as follows:
>
> Tickets: $40, $30, $25, $20, $15, $10 and $5. No tickets exchanged, no money refunded.
>
> Comes a bald-headed and mild-mannered man to the window. He looks like a clerk and nervously fingers two $20 bills.
>
> "What can you do for me on a good fight ticket?" he inquires.
>
> "Are you going to use opera-glasses?" returns the agent.
>
> "I don't think so. Are the seats numbered?"
>
> "Sure, every one of 'em—numbered and reserved—even the $5 ones."
>
> "Can I see a plan?"
>
> "We are not showing any plans," returns the ticket man with a glance over the nervous customer's shoulder to where other, less inquisitive citizens wait.
>
> "I think I would like to buy a $40 seat," hesitates the nervous one. "How far back would that be?"
>
> "Mebby forty rows back," the ticket man answers.
>
> "Then where are the $30 seats?"
>
> "Right behind the $40 seats. They are chairs but they are not installed yet." The bald-headed fan decided to try cajolery.
>
> "Say, friend," he addrest the box-office man, "slip me the good news and tell me where the best seat for me to see the fight is, will you? I want to see that scrap, but I don't want to mortgage my home to do it."
>
> "Well, if you ask me," the seller replied, "I'd say the $25 or the $20 seats would be best if you ain't planning to use glasses. They ought to be on the lower rows of the stone stadium grand stand, and are well off the ground.
>
> "But the bald-headed fan was so slow in making up his mind that a customer behind shoved him aside and bought a $5 seat without question, as did the next man who bought a $20 seat.

(*Continued on page 41*)

This Habit Pays Dividends

Of those you see in a dentist's waiting room only a very few are there of their own accord. The others are seeking relief from pain. As a simple health measure, let your dentist prevent trouble. It is far easier than correction. See him at least once every six months.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Pyorrhea's grim record is 4 out of 5

Too often the pursuit of pleasure and wealth gives way to a heartbreaking struggle for health. It is the price of neglect. And 4 out of 5 after forty (thousands younger) pay this toll. They sacrifice health to the enemy—Pyorrhea.

Stealthy in its attack and ruthless, Pyorrhea poison always wins if let alone. Forming at the base of teeth it seeps through the system. Health is ravaged. And very often it causes such serious troubles as rheumatism, neuritis, anemia, facial disfigurement and nervousness.

We Make This Promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. 35c. and 60c., all druggists.

To Be The Lucky One

Never pit health against this foe at such uneven odds. Provide protection. See your dentist at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, daily.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's for the Gums, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, safeguards precious health. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay and keeps them snowy white.

As a simple preventive measure that pays dividends in good health, use Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

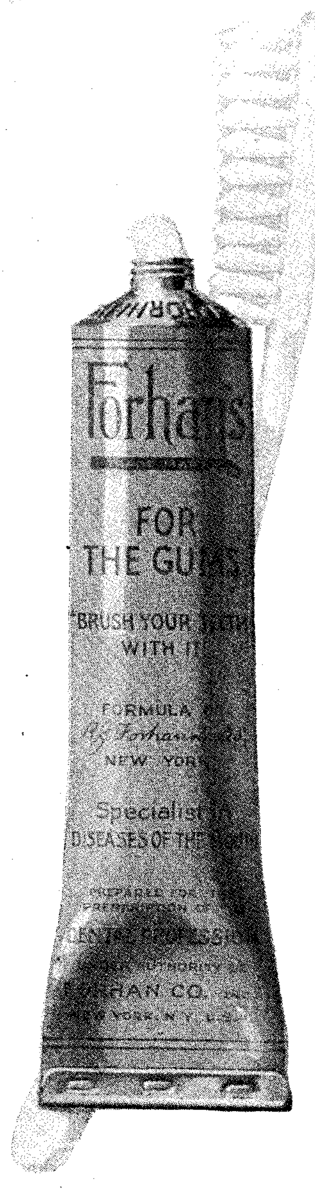
Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Forhan's is insurance against Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere in the treatment of Pyorrhea. At all druggists, in tubes, 35c and 60c.

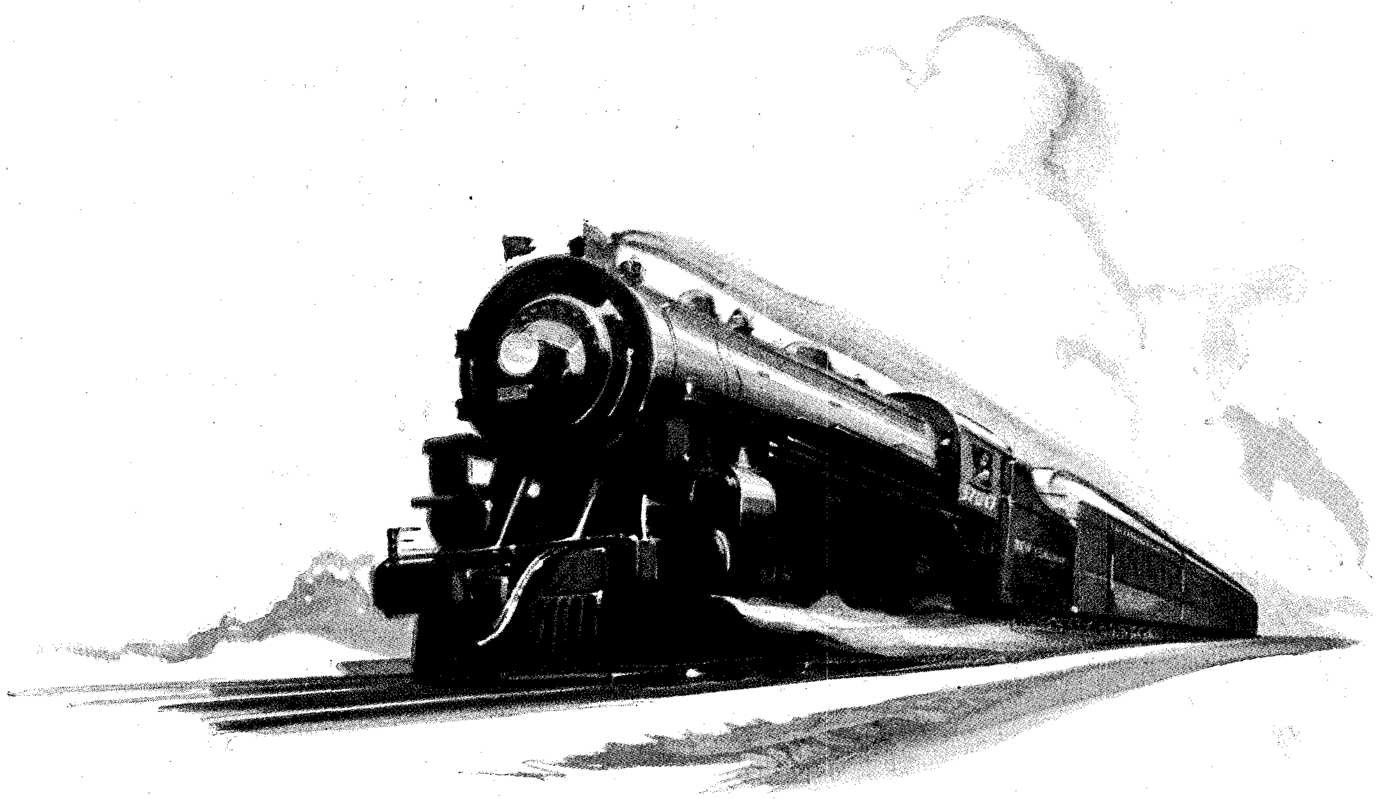
Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
. . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA





HYPER-EXPANSION of fuel—liberating hitherto unavailable power and smoothness eagerly sought by all automobile engineers—is "standard equipment" for every owner of a Hupmobile Eight.

It always has been, since the first Hupmobile Eight was built.

It is part and parcel of Hupmobile Eight operation and performance—without the addition of special equipment—without the outlay of an extra dollar.

The buyer of the Hupmobile Eight gets it—*with all its supreme advantages in greater power, smoothness and fuel economy*—at once without further parley.

For Hupmobile engineers solved this problem—now agitating the automotive world—more than two years ago and thereby turned a sweeping tide of motoring preference to the Hupmobile Eight.

Anticipating the trend to higher-grade, more volatile fuels and seeking a method that would squeeze the last impulse of power from the last atom of gasoline, regardless of quality or grade, they made an amazing stride forward.

For the first time in the history of the automobile, a motor was perfected to utilize the greater possibilities of modern fuel by means of greater expansion as the fuel is exploded in the cylinders—the application of a principle comparable to that which gives the locomotive its gigantic rush of power by means of super-heated steam.

THE DISTINGUISHED

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Hupmobile
PER-EXPANSION
# of Fuel

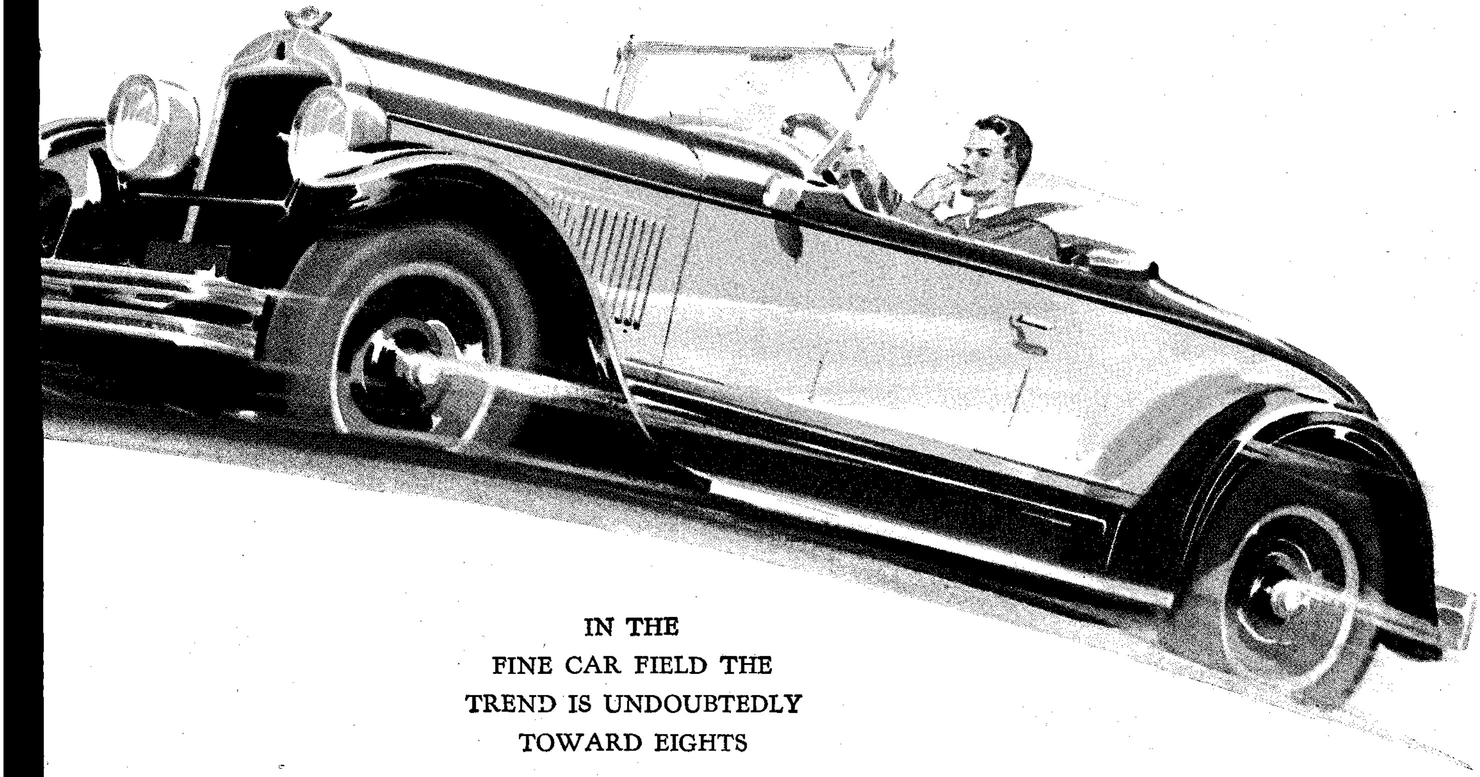
obile Standard Practice—Anticipates a Modern Trend— forms Performance Results—As great an Advance as Mod- mpound Locomotives over the Earliest Railroad Engines

e the difference between the earlier tives and the pride of the transconti- rains today. This comparison vividly s the contribution Hupmobile engi- ave made to finer performance and fuel economy—

ne seemingly inexhaustible power, but to unobtainable smoothness, flexibility nomy.

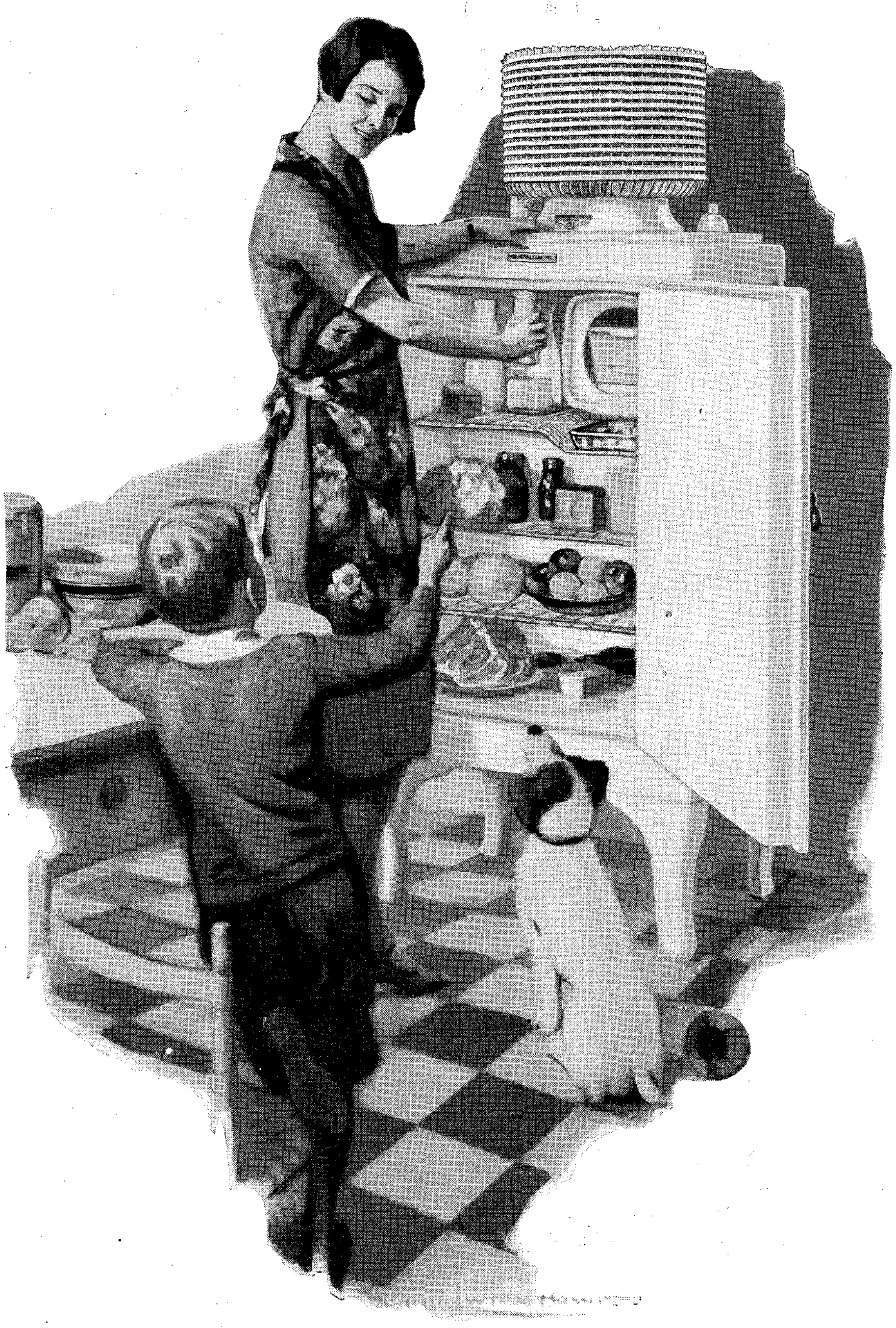
Such results, of course, cannot be adequately described. You will never know what the owner of the Hupmobile Eight enjoys until you get behind the wheel yourself. Your nearest Hupmobile dealer will gladly give you that opportunity.

Fourteen Distinguished Body Types—priced from $1945 to $5795 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax. Custom Bodies designed and built by Dietrich.



IN THE
FINE CAR FIELD THE
TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY
TOWARD EIGHTS

What should a good refrigerator do?



Keep food perfectly

◆ ◆ ◆

run quietly and economically

◆ ◆ ◆

never need attention

ALL these are true of the General Electric Refrigerator. All these—and more. Of course it keeps food wholesome, fresh, full-flavored. And its roomy shelves make two trips to market take the place of the hated six. Even the smallest model—the one illustrated—has nine square feet of shelf area.

This refrigerator is unusually quiet. It is economical. Your electric bills will tell you this. It needs no attention—not even oiling. All its moving parts are enclosed in one hermetically sealed casing.

The extreme simplicity of the General Electric Icing Unit is, like most simple things, the result of tremendous effort. For fifteen years expert engineers labored to produce this truly modern electric refrigerator.

Now it is merely brought to your home and placed wherever you want it. Its mechanism (just one single piece) is lowered into the top of the cabinet. It is plugged into any electric outlet. And it works. It's as simple as that—if you have a General Electric.

See the many models. We will send you the address of the dealer who has them on display. And you may write us for Booklet No. 9-D, that is interesting and completely descriptive.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

Here are a few advantages of the General Electric Refrigerator

It has no belts, pipes or drains to get out of order.

It is portable and can be installed anywhere. Just plug it into any convenience outlet.

It is unusually quiet.

It never needs oiling or attention. All its moving parts are enclosed in one hermetically sealed housing.

It stays clean because the circulation of air through the coils prevents dust from settling.

Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from page 36*)

Then the three gathered with a policeman on duty in the arcade to talk it over.

"Say, you won't even be in the park," the cop kidded the $5 man, pointing out the $5 seats were bleachers to be erected on the parapet of the stadium about a block from the ring.

George Getz, friend of Mayor Thompson and nominal promoter of the fight for Tex Rickard, because a New Yorker can not promote local shows under the Illinois boxing laws, announced he would give his "personal assurance" that there would be no "funny business" in the ticket distribution.

He said the first four rows would be for the press, with room for 350 historians, reporters, novelists, publishers, actresses, and politicians, and that in these rows there would also be places for 150 telegraphers.

"There are to be 108 seats in the first row of spectator seats," he said.

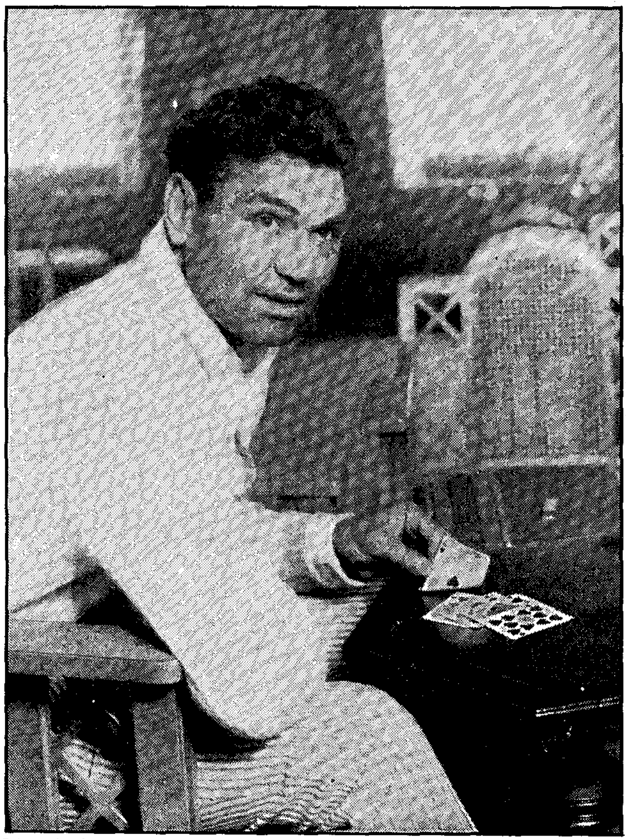
"The second row will be allotted to persons just as prominent in public affairs, and so on to the edge of the withheld band.

"We want the country to know that visitors will not travel miles to Chicago only to find our native sons in all the choice seats; but the Chicagoans will get a good break, too."

Can Tunney hold on to his dearly won title, or will the recuperated Dempsey be able to wrest it from him again? That is the paramount question which gives the fight its importance in the eyes of fandom. Mr. Grantland Rice writes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

There were not so many from the Middle West who saw the terrific margin Gene Tunney piled up on Dempsey at Philadelphia, so the Middle West to a large extent is figuring Dempsey either to win or to make an even fight of it. Many of those from the Middle West who saw the Philadelphia affair were none too keen about the general looks of things, and these also expect Dempsey to be an entirely different battler when he steps into the ring at Soldiers' Field on the night of September 22. Just what the odds will be at the ringside is something yet to be determined, but it would be no great surprise to see Dempsey a slight favorite, or at least registered at even money.

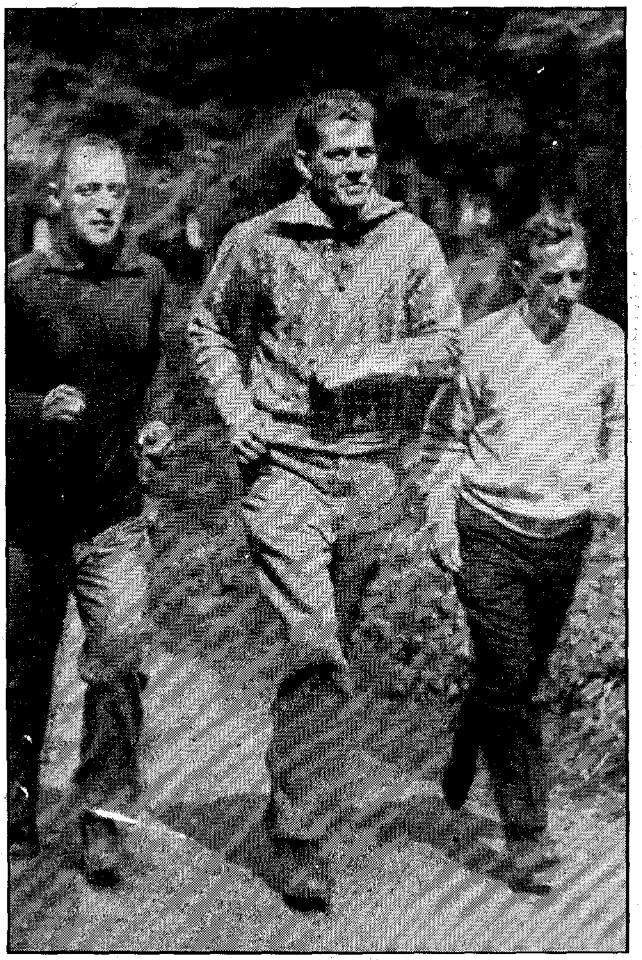
This change can be partly accounted for by the training tactics of the two men. Dempsey is a much better showman in his training than Tunney is. He looks more active and more vicious. Tunney has certain details he is working out, and he rarely bothers with the thought of making any impression on the spectators. He rarely looked like a champion at Stroudsburg last fall, where he worked as he wanted to work, without figuring the view-point of the watching crowds who frequently somberly shook their heads.



International Newsreel photograph

IS THIS DEMPSEY'S LUCKY CARD?

The ingenious photographer, ever alert for novelty, shows us the challenger turning up an ace Let the reader interpret this omen according to his fancy.



P. & A. photograph

THE CHAMPION IS A GLUTTON FOR ROAD WORK

Twenty miles are a mere trifle to Mr. Tunney when the going is good, as it was when this picture was taken at Speculator, New York.

The general impression around Chicago is that Dempsey will be the big sentimental favorite, however the betting may be. This may be true, but it will hardly be as one-sided as many seem to think. Tunney probably has more friends in the Middle West and the Far West than he has in the East. He will have his share of supporters, altho Dempsey will probably get the loudest ovation when he crawls through the ropes.

You can't beat the old comeback plea. The fact that no heavyweight in history ever came back to win the title seems to give Dempsey an impossible task, and the populace likes to see miracles and impossible things happen.

There is also much gossip about the way Dempsey took his defeat, his instant acknowledgment that the better man won. There is also this feature to add to his popularity. He belongs on the offensive, aggressive side. He belongs with Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. Tunney is cast more along defensive lines. Dempsey can hit and Dempsey can take it. These are the two things the crowd pays money to look at. Tunney can also take it. He took more from Harry Greb in their first meeting than Dempsey ever had to take in any one fight, even the Philadelphia affair. But Tunney has rarely had to take it in the same heavy doses that Dempsey uses. Tunney has seen no particular sense in having your dome dented when you didn't have to. He has more than his share of stamina, and he can soak up more than his share of punching, but he doesn't battle along these lines.

Dempsey means action—and action is what they come to see. But the only action he typified last fall was a punching-bag swinging back and forth against a pair of gloves. Yet that affair was wiped out in the result of the Sharkey match, where Dempsey was an entirely different person. He wasn't the Dempsey of Toledo, but he was far from being the Dempsey of Philadelphia.

In the same newspaper, Mr. W. O. McGeehan, its sports editor, indulges in these somewhat cynical observations:

In connection with the staging of the bout at Chicago, it would seem that Mr. Rickard was gifted with second sight or something

You can't paint a house with *"apple-sauce"*

SOME folks say that "apple-sauce," the popular term for blarney, is a blessing. It makes one feel good even though it is obviously untrue.

But when someone tells you that a "cheap" paint will do a wonderful job—save you money—outlast good paint and so on—*that* kind of "apple-sauce" *is no blessing.*

As a matter of fact, "cheap" paint isn't cheap at all. The *low price* is possible only because the paint is poorly made *of poor stuff.*

Compare the formulas

If you want to save money, demand to see the formula of any "cheap" paint you are tempted to buy. Compare it with the ingredients of SWP House Paint—the world's standard of quality for half a century.

Note that in SWP Outside Gloss White, for example, there is 90 per cent of *white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate* and *zinc oxide,* in a scientifically "*balanced*" formula.

To assure superior quality and unvarying uniformity, Sherwin-Williams mines and makes its own special white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate and zinc oxide exclusively for SWP House Paint.

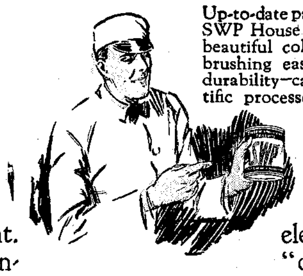
Now examine the "cheap" paint formula. Note that it contains only 50 per cent or less of the basic ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide. Note the *large percentage* of useless material—fillers—mere "apple-sauce" used to fill the can.

There you have the reason why "cheap" paint can be sold at a low price, also why it is so costly on the wall.

There's a
Joker
in the "cheap" Paint can

The Master Touch

But quality of ingredients alone does not make a fine house paint. Formula alone does not



Up-to-date painters everywhere are using SWP House Paint. They realize that its beautiful colors—creamy smoothness—brushing ease—covering ability—and durability—can only be produced by scientific processes and modern machinery.

make a fine house paint.

Even formula and ingredients combined do not assure a fine house paint like SWP.

The SWP "balanced" formula is openly printed — and has been for years. Every paint manufacturer in the world, we imagine, has studied it.

Yet today there is only one SWP House Paint — the accepted leader throughout the world.

Why is this? Because there is an element in every can of fine old SWP House Paint that cannot be duplicated or imitated successfully.

It is the *Master Touch*—that inimitable touch of superiority with which the few great scientists of the world have been endowed.

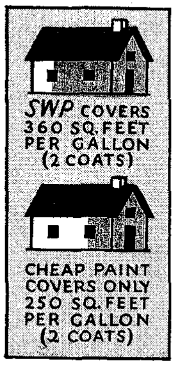
Edison, the wizard of electricity, has it. Burbank, the great American horticulturist, was blessed with it. Marconi, discoverer of wireless, has it.

And so, too, the scientific men at the head of Sherwin-Williams' laboratories add to the fine materials of SWP House Paint the Master Touch that has set it above and apart from *all* others—as the leading house paint of the world.

This Master Touch of science is evident in the quality of the raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams. In the delicate "balancing" of ingredients. In the wonderful power-driven machines which mix and grind SWP to its creamy-smooth texture. In the critical analyzing, testing and proving which daily guard and control each step in the SWP process.

This is the vital element of SWP which no "cheap" paint even *attempts* to have—and which no paint regardless of price can successfully imitate.

Naturally, no individual can equal, by hand, the scientific skill and modern machinery that produce the creamy texture of SWP.



SWP COVERS 360 SQ. FEET PER GALLON (2 COATS)

CHEAP PAINT COVERS ONLY 250 SQ. FEET PER GALLON (2 COATS)

Gallon price no guide to cost

When you hear or read that some "cheap" paint will save you more money than SWP House Paint put it down as "apple-sauce."

Cost of paint is figured by the job—not by the gallon. A gallon of SWP House Paint covers 360 square feet, two coats.

Will a cheap paint do this? *No*, Sir. If you get 250 square feet per gallon, two coats, you will be doing well.

SWP costs more per gallon. But by the job—it costs no more and often less, *because fewer gallons are needed*. And think of the difference in the *quality* of the paint film.

Greater beauty—two to five times longer life

As to permanence there is no comparison. SWP House Paint, due to the extra-fine quality of Sherwin-Williams Linseed Oil, forms a tough, durable film *that weathers very slowly*.

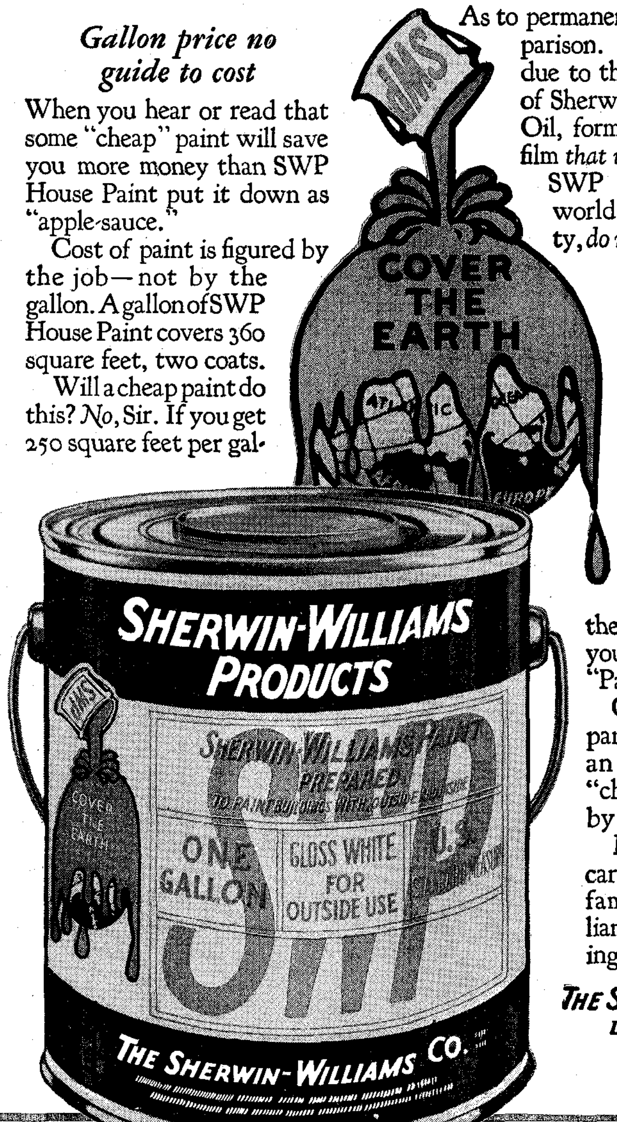
SWP colors, famous the world over for rich beauty, *do not fade* or wash out.

On the wall SWP House Paint lasts two to five times as long as the average "cheap" paint. And it costs only about half as much for repainting.

"See Paint Headquarters"

Before you let "cheap" paint get the laugh on you, see your SWP dealer—"Paint Headquarters." Get his advice. Compare his estimate with an estimate of any "cheap" paint. Decide by what you learn.

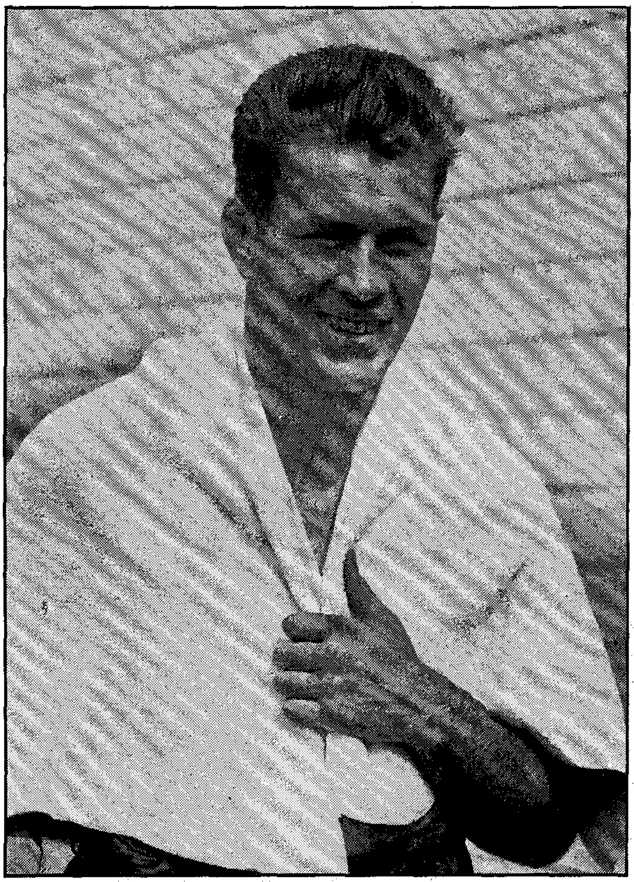
If you want color cards, or a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide, write us.



THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS • VARNISHES • ENAMELS • OPEX LACQUERS



P. & A. photograph

MODEST MR. TUNNEY

When cameras are around, and Gene's brawny torso is not shielded by a sweater or something, he drapes it in a towel.

of the sort when he made his preliminary negotiations with the gentlemen at Chicago. If Sharkey had been allowed the foul he claimed, it hardly would have been a $3,000,000 bout when he stept into the ring with the heavyweight champion, and there would have been no necessity for an inclosure as big as the one at Chicago.

It is admitted that Mr. Rickard can get twice as much by taking his cauliflowers to the Chicago market than he could get at home. There is another angle that might have influenced the promoter. In Chicago, as in Philadelphia, the limit of ten rounds holds for all prize-fights.

While Gene Tunney beat Jack Dempsey decisively enough on points at Philadelphia, he did not knock him out. There are those who insist that if the fight had gone five rounds more Tunney might have succeeded in flattening the former champion. But the fact remains that he did not knock him out. If he had, there would have been no demand for the comeback of Dempsey and the return bout.

With the limit of ten rounds on the Chicago bout, Tunney might again win by a mere decision, which is enough as far as the title is concerned, but which always will leave some lingering doubts in the minds of a sufficient number of the customers to warrant even another return bout. So it can be seen that the staging of the bout in Chicago is in line with Mr. Rickard's policy of conserving his cauliflowers.

I have heard it said that the New York State Boxing Commission will make reprisals for the shifting of the heavyweight championship bout westward. I trust that these rumors are entirely unfounded, and that the boys will not annoy a business man who merely tries to get all that he can out of his business. Moreover, if the New York State Boxing Commission starts to cut down Mr. Rickard's cauliflower prices it will also be cutting into the percentage which the State derives from the cauliflower industry, in which Mr. Rickard is the chief operator.

With the ten-round limit and a chance that Tunney again will win by a decision, leaving the old argument open again, the Boxing Commissioners might even now start negotiations to bring the third Tunney-Dempsey bout to New York.

Delivering what he believes to be his final judgment in advance of the fight, Mr. McGeehan declares in a later article:

It is my conviction that it will be much easier for Gene Tunney to retain the heavyweight championship than it was for him to wrest it from Jack Dempsey. A year ago Tunney was a better fighter than Dempsey. In that lapse of time Dempsey has not improved. Tunney has. In the Battle of the Sesquicentennial, Tunney defeated Dempsey so decisively that Dempsey admitted himself beaten without waiting for the decision of the judges.

Taking that fight for what it seemed to be—and there is no basis for taking it in any other way—Tunney this time should beat Dempsey even more decisively, which means that Tunney will stop Dempsey before the tenth round. This is my prediction as to the outcome of the Battle of the Three Millions, and I might as well register it now for what it is worth—if anything—instead of waiting for the eve of the battle.

If I have not made it plain that I am partial to Gene Tunney, both in and out of the prize-ring, I would like to register that matter, too. In Tunney I see the only sample of poetic justice that ever happened in the prize-ring. Years ago when William Roche, the ancient referee, back from service overseas with the "Caseys," said, "There is a young man in the A. E. F. who will be heavyweight champion of the world. Remember the name, Gene Tunney," I questioned the wisdom of William.

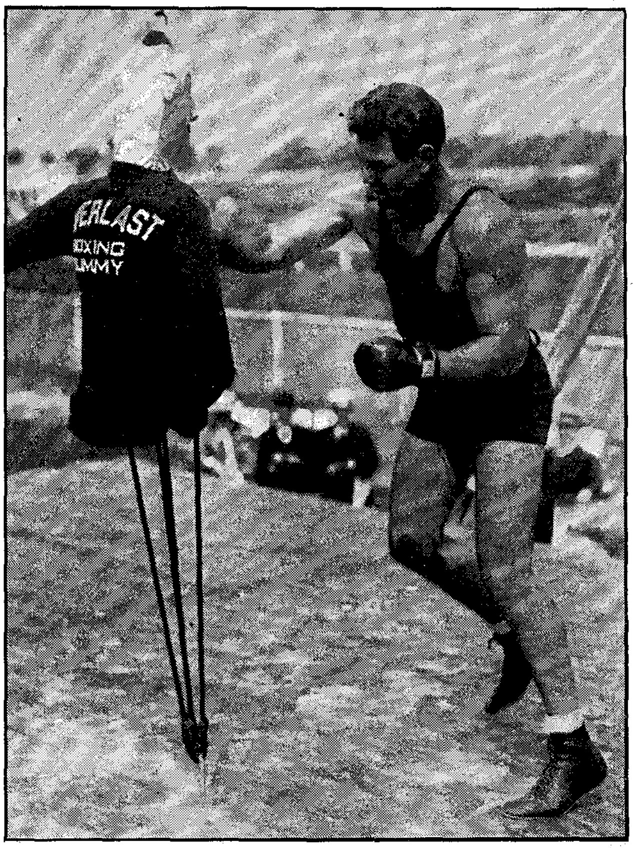
It was too good to be true, I felt. What with the boys in the manly art of modified murder expressing no interest whatever in a world war save a desire to remain strictly neutral, I was convinced the young men with military tendencies would not go far in the prize-ring.

I recall that, from William's description, this young marine, Gene Tunney, seemed to possess all of the attributes expected in a heavyweight champion, and it was for that reasion I felt sure that he never would attain the title. He was still overseas at the time William arrived with his prediction, and it was about that time that Jack Dempsey, the great neutral, was preparing to take the heavyweight championship from Jess Willard, another non-military prize-fighter.

The Dempsey-killer capacity has been so thoroughly established by constant ballyhoo that there is still enough popular doubt to draw $3,000,000 for the second contest. When the second bout is over it will have to be admitted that Dempsey was overrated or that Tunney was inconceivably underrated.

In his contempt for what some of the boys insist is popularity, Tunney shows that he is a self-reliant and courageous character quite as clearly as he did in the rain-soaked ring at the Battle of the Sesquicentennial. There is nothing of the politician or the professional hypocrite about this champion.

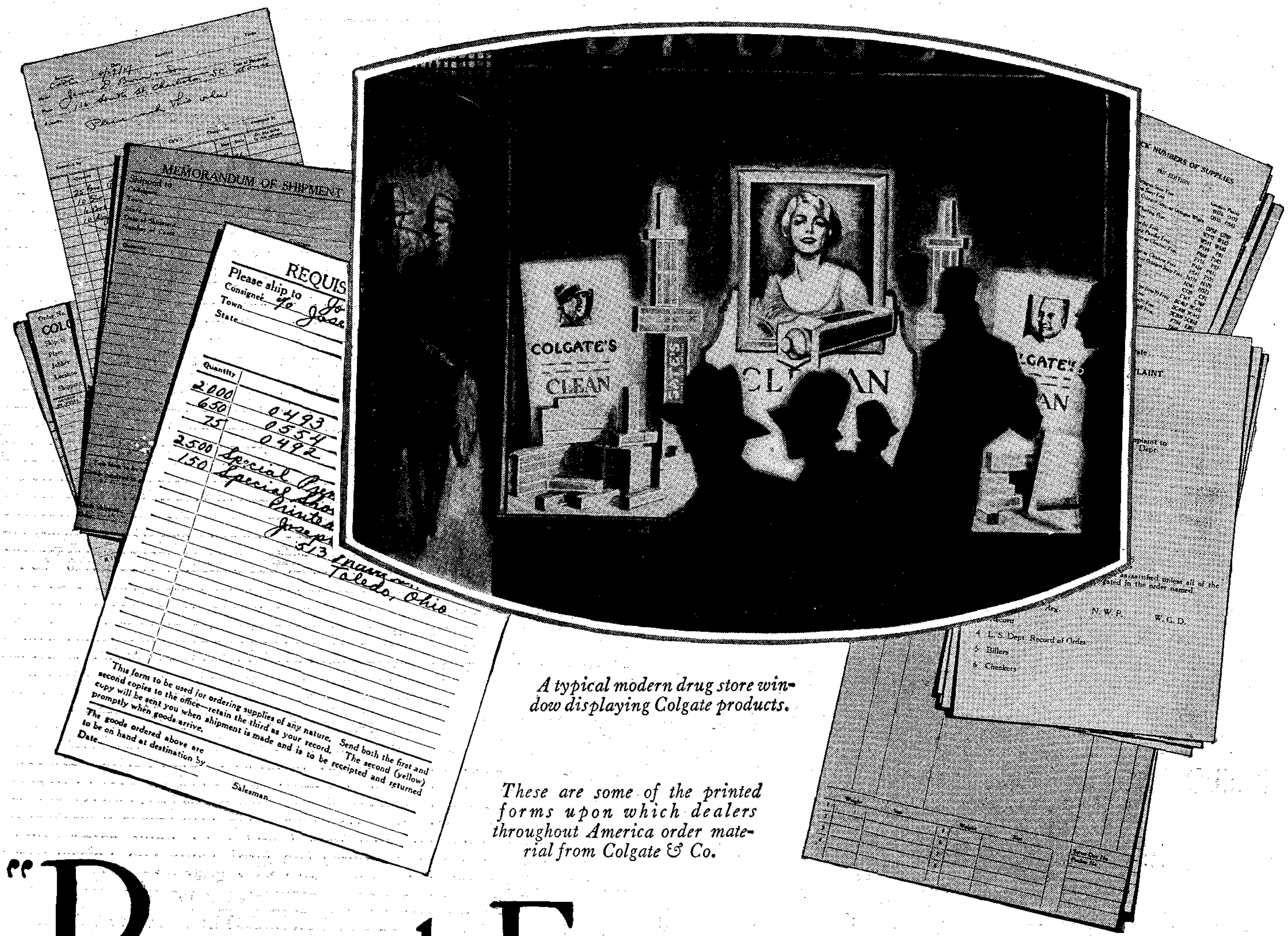
There are many matters to be decided at the Battle of the Three Millions at Chicago. Win, lose or draw, Tunney will receive something over a million; Dempsey will receive three-quarters of a million, while Mr. Rickard and his associates will



P. & A. photograph (Chicago Bureau)

GOODNESS! WHAT A WALLOPING

But the boxing dummy is not a bit upset. Fight fans will notice that Dempsey is on his toes in his well-known former style, heedless of his trainer's "flat-footed" instruction.



A typical modern drug store window displaying Colgate products.

These are some of the printed forms upon which dealers throughout America order material from Colgate & Co.

"Printed Forms *simplify work*"

...says Colgate & Company

WHEN the public demand for a manufacturer's product becomes nation-wide, many obligations are shouldered.

For one thing, dealers everywhere want co-operative advertising material — window trims, counter displays, racks, cut-outs, strips—all sorts of advertising help that will enable them to reap the benefits of the manufacturer's national advertising effort.

Colgate & Company gladly gives such aid. Each year, advertising material valued at many thousands of dollars is distributed. All of this costly material is ordered by dealers on simple printed forms such as those reproduced above.

Printed forms simplify work. They keep an accurate watch on every activity of business. They minimize errors, speed up operations, fix responsibility for every job to be done, keep business moving swiftly, smoothly, without friction or lost motion.

Shipment records, dealer mailing list memos, stock number supply forms, selling lists, sales records, are a few of the printed forms that contribute to the operating efficiency of Colgate & Company. And for all such forms Hammermill Bond is used extensively. There are five good reasons why:

Many concerns now standardize on Hammermill Bond

First, because this standard bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. Second, because it is available in twelve colors and white so that forms for different jobs or departments can be identified by color. Also, because Hammermill Bond is uniform in quality. In addition, because it stands rough usage. Finally, because its reasonable price makes its use a genuine economy.

Go to your printer. Let him help you get better printed forms. He knows Hammermill Bond, uses it, likes it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Send for Free Working Kit

Dictate a note now. Ask for the Working Kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. It will be mailed to you without charge or obligation. Please write for it on your business letterhead. Address Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!"

The whole world *welcomes* FACES that are FIT

IT'S no trouble these days to keep your face fit. The morning shave with Williams, for instance, is more than a quick, clean shave. It's as beneficial as a daily massage. For Williams lather—pure, mild, absolutely free from coloring matter—leaves your skin buoyantly, youthfully fit.

It took 87 years of specialized study to perfect Williams. It takes but one shave to convince men of its value.

Even the drug clerk will tell you: "Oh, yes—sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!"*

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 29-B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.) At all druggists; two sizes, 35c and 50c.

This cap can't come off

Next time say

Williams Shaving Cream

please!

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

divide the rest after expenses are paid. This much is cut and dried. Another result will be the laying of the myth of Tunney's unpopularity.

On the other hand, Dempsey has some of the prophets on his side, in addition to being the idol of Chicago's fervent fans, who have been flocking in their thousands, at a dollar or more per head, to watch him batter his sparring partners. And he himself is just as confident of victory as Tunney is, judging from this intimate talk with him reported by Robert Edgren in a copyrighted article in the New York *Evening World:*

"Billy Gibson says Tunney will fight you in an entirely different way next time," I said.

"I hope he will," said Dempsey, laughing.

"He'll have to fight me in a different way," Dempsey went on, "because I'll never let him fight me the same way again. He was stronger than I was at Philadelphia, and he could fight the way that suited him. Because I was weak I knew I had to force the fighting and try to shoot everything for a quick knockout. Tunney is a good blocker and a good counter-hitter, and I had to play his game because I couldn't afford to waste any time. I knew my chance was to get the punch over early. I'll never be the easy mark again I was that night."

"Which do you consider the more dangerous fighter, Sharkey or Tunney?"

"They're entirely different fighters," said Dempsey. "Sharkey is a harder hitter and more dangerous, because he piles in on top of you. A young, fast, strong fellow, weighing 196 pounds, and crazy to knock your head off, is bound to be dangerous. In Sharkey's corner they expected him to knock me out in the first round. That was a tough first round, too. He landed some hard ones. He took the play away from me, and I couldn't make him back up until the second round. Then I knew I had him. I knew the end was coming when he began trying to push me away.

"There's a reason for it when they push you away. They don't want you in close because they're being hurt. Sharkey fought a fight that was made to order for me. He was so confident at the start that he wouldn't stop rushing, even when the body punches hurt him. I knew they hurt. I could feel him weakening. Tunney is harder to fight because he's harder to hit.

"Tunney won't force the fighting. He has been tossed out a couple of times for not fighting. He likes to wait and play safe and counter with his right when you shoot your left. He doesn't take a chance even doing that. He holds his elbow and arm high when he starts the punch so that he's pretty well covered. He runs around and won't come in unless he thinks it's safe. He is a mauling hitter, but he has no real punch.

"In Philadelphia I had a long cut over my left eye and a small cut under my right eye, and the last few rounds I couldn't see Gene. I got those cuts from the top of Gene's head when our heads came together—not from punches. Even when I couldn't see a punch coming, he couldn't knock me down. As weak as I was he couldn't drop me. I was just keeping after him hoping that some time I'd happen to land one and knock him out.

"Perhaps he thought I was stronger than I was, and didn't want to take a chance. With the biggest chance in the world to win the championship with a knockout, he couldn't put it over. And if he couldn't do it then, there isn't any chance that he can do it now, when I'm at least twice as strong as I was, and fit to fight all day without tiring. This will be different. If I get Tunney the way he had me at Philadelphia, I'll promise to have him on the floor in three seconds.

"Tunney pushed me away all through the fight. I was weak and he found he could shove me around. He knew I still had a punch, if I could land it and he didn't want me in close. Next time he won't push me around! I'll get in there."

Mr. Edgren asked the ex-champion whether he would prefer to fight ten rounds or fifteen. In response to which:

"Ten rounds is too short for a championship fight," said Dempsey. "It's a joke to settle a championship in ten rounds. Fifteen would be better than ten, but the real championship distance shouldn't be less than twenty. I'd rather have the longer fight, because I know I'll be stronger and faster as the fight goes on. Tunney might go ten rounds and make a showing if he's fast enough to keep away, but the longer the fight went the better my chances would be to wear him down and get him.

"In Philadelphia I had to run at Tunney from the start and try to get him in a hurry, because I didn't think I could go more than four rounds without tiring. This was the one kind of a fight that favored Tunney. He's a good counter-hitter. He can hit a man who rushes him, but he can't go out and force the fighting. I don't figure him as dangerous as Sharkey, because Sharkey will fight and take a chance, and he can sock. You've always got to be watching a guy like that. No, I don't think there's any yellow in Sharkey. Nobody likes to get a punch in the stomach, and he took a lot of them without running away.

"The Sharkey fight was a sort of a grudge fight," said Dempsey. "He talked so much about knocking me out that he had to try to make good, and I had to knock him out to show him up. How do I feel about Tunney? Why, I don't have any feeling toward Tunney. There's nothing about him to dislike. I haven't any grudge against Tunney for beating me. That's what he was in there for, and he was lucky enough to get me when he could do it. My only feeling in fighting Tunney is that I'm determined to show that I can beat him and win back that championship."

"Do you expect Tunney to play a new way to fight you and are you planning a way to fight him?"

"You can't plan a fight in advance," said Dempsey. "The best fighter is the fellow who can think faster than the other fellow, and plan as he goes along. You expect to use a good left hook, and if it doesn't work, you've got to forget it and try something else. If your defense doesn't stop punches, you've got to find some other way. As long as you can think just a little ahead of the other fellow your chances are good, but when you begin to think behind him—that's the time to dive—that's where you get licked."

don't fool yourself

Nice people don't

Nice people realize that anyone may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) without knowing it, and so take this simple precaution against offending others.

Every day, and especially before any engagement, simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Immediately it destroys unpleasant odors—the breath cannot offend. And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

If your leisure or your work brings you in contact with other people, common decency demands that you, too, take this precaution.

It's a good idea to keep a bottle handy in home or office for this purpose. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

1/3 Had Halitosis

111 manicurists say that halitosis is apparent in about every third customer — all of them men from the better walks of life. Who should know better than they?

Face to face evidence

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

FALL IN LINE!

Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.

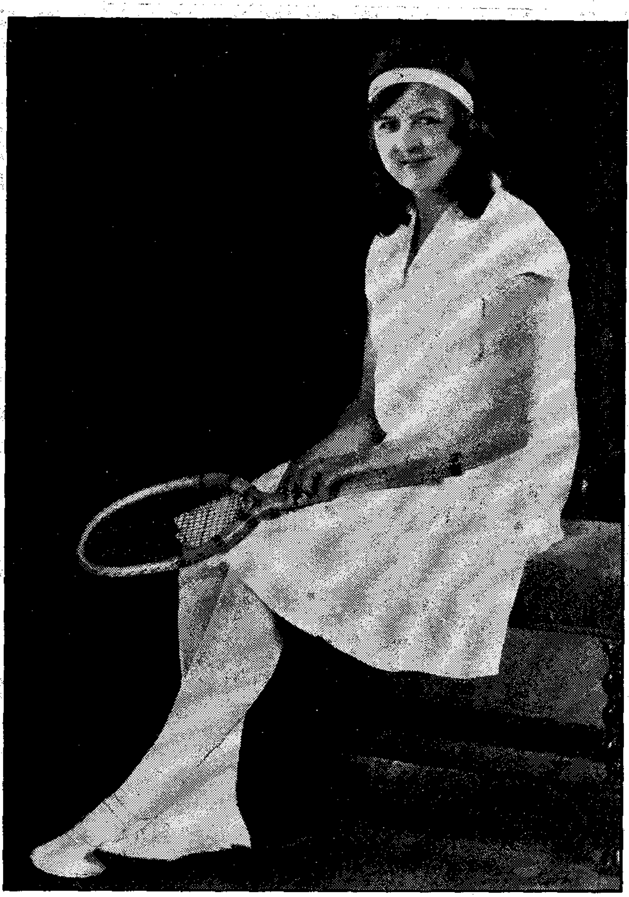
HOW A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL MADE HELEN WILLS SCAMPER

THE QUEEN OF THE COURTS has regained her crown, and reigns supreme at the age of twenty-one. But how she had to run for it! "Barring the final at Wimbledon this year," writes Mr. John R. Tunis in the New York *Evening Post*, "I doubt if any woman player has made Miss Wills run as much as Miss Nuthall did in that last set yesterday at Forest Hills." Betty Nuthall, the British child wonder of the racket, five years Miss Wills's junior, had fought her way through the championship tournament to the final, all-decisive bout, which brought her face to face with the redoubtable Californian; and it is testified by another writer in the same paper, Mr. Herbert S. Allan, that "this astounding young lady could have beaten the Helen Wills who won the 1923 championship if she had met her yesterday"; for "Betty, despite the fact that she is a year younger than Helen was at that time, is far more advanced than the Miss Wills of the pigtail days." Some prescience of this kind may have captured the consciousness of the crowd, for it emotionally deserted the California wonder and showered all its encouragement, admiration, and sympathy on the English girl who was fighting a losing battle so brilliantly. "Here was an American girl," remarks Mr. Tunis, "a former champion, and a popular one, struggling to regain a title that she lost through no fault of her own, but through ill-health last year. And tho playing in an American championship before an American gallery, the crowd was against her. A curious phenomenon of crowd psychology. And yet not so curious after all. Miss Nuthall was the under dog. And, most of all, she had personality, youth and an engaging smile, and a willingness to go all out for her shot, to take a chance, win or lose. It seemed to me, the crowd in their appreciation of Miss Nuthall's plucky and attractive game failed to give the champion her share of praise." And he goes on to pay this tribute to the victorious Miss Wills:

> So fluent, so effortless, so powerful is her game that it fails to draw forth the applause it deserves. "You have to play against her to realize how good she is," said a player who has faced her across the net, after the match. There is nothing spectacular or appealing about Miss Wills's game; there is little to grip you as you watch her roll off winners. But what a hitter she is! A great champion and a great player.

Mr. Allan's article, while paying profound homage to Helen Wills, denies her the possession of a "sixth sense," with which he credits the young English girl. As we read:

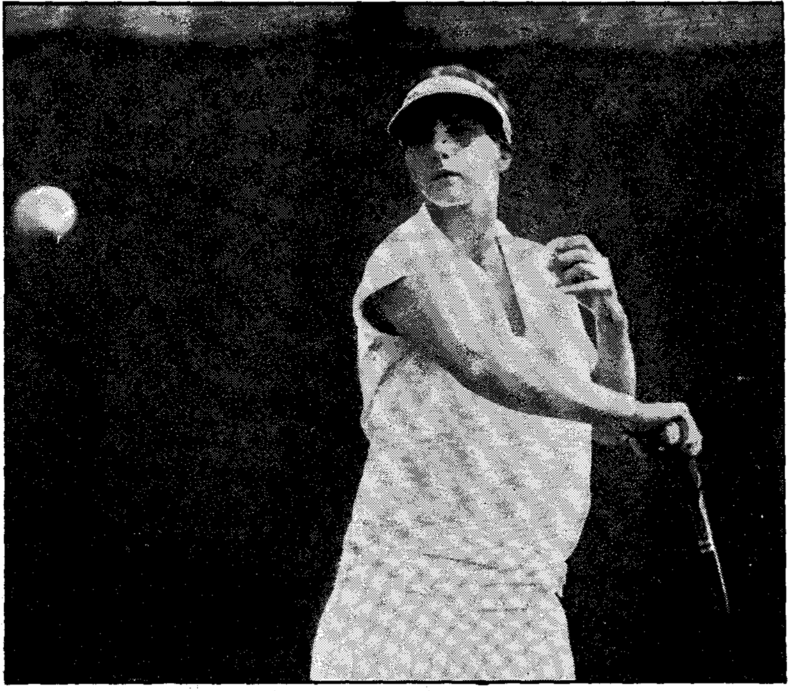
> Miss Nuthall plays a headier, more finished game than her celebrated rival, even in her present incarnation. All she lacks is power and control. It was by sheer power and the ability to put the ball where she desired that Miss Wills triumphed yesterday. And it is probably upon these two qualities that she will have to rely for the retention of her title.
>
> It is unlikely that Miss Wills ever will develop that sixth sense with which Miss Nuthall was born. Call it imagination, inspiration, or what you will, tennis has a fourth dimension.
>
> One feels, in watching her play, that Miss Nuthall knows, whether consciously or subconsciously, the fourth dimension of tennis. She instinctively does the right thing at the right time and lifts her game above the level of mechanical perfection. It is this quality that some day will make her a greater player than Helen Wills.
>
> The sympathy of the gallery unquestionably was with the brilliant English girl yesterday. And this was due not entirely to the natural human tendency to favor the under dog. It was due just as much to that intangible something which Betty possesses and Helen lacks For want of a better name it must be called color.
>
> Miss Nuthall, in common with her compatriots, plays with a verve and dash that is missing from the court performances of American women. She takes her victories and reverses with a charming smile and apparent unconcern. She treats Kipling's two impostors "just the same." And the spectators like it.



P. & A. photograph

"A SWEET BREAD-AND-BUTTER MISS"

But a terror with a tennis-racket is this smiling Betty Nuthall, conqueror of Molla Mallory and runner-up to Champion Helen Wills.



International Newsreel photograph

THE TENNIS QUEEN OF THE "POKER FACE"

Miss Wills appears to have been caught here at an opportune moment, with the ball shooting toward her and her muscles set for a stroke.

Said Helen herself after the match, according to Gertrude Lynahan in the New York *World:* "Betty is the best player in the world of her age. I think she will be the world's best in a few years." At which Miss Lynahan remarks:

(*Continued on page 52*)

THE BEST OF ALL DEFENSES

MASTERS of strategy have often observed that an army attacked is only half as formidable as an army attacking. And in the competition that goes on interminably in every warehouse, department store and retail establishment, the old, familiar products are often hard-pressed to hold their favored positions on the shelves.

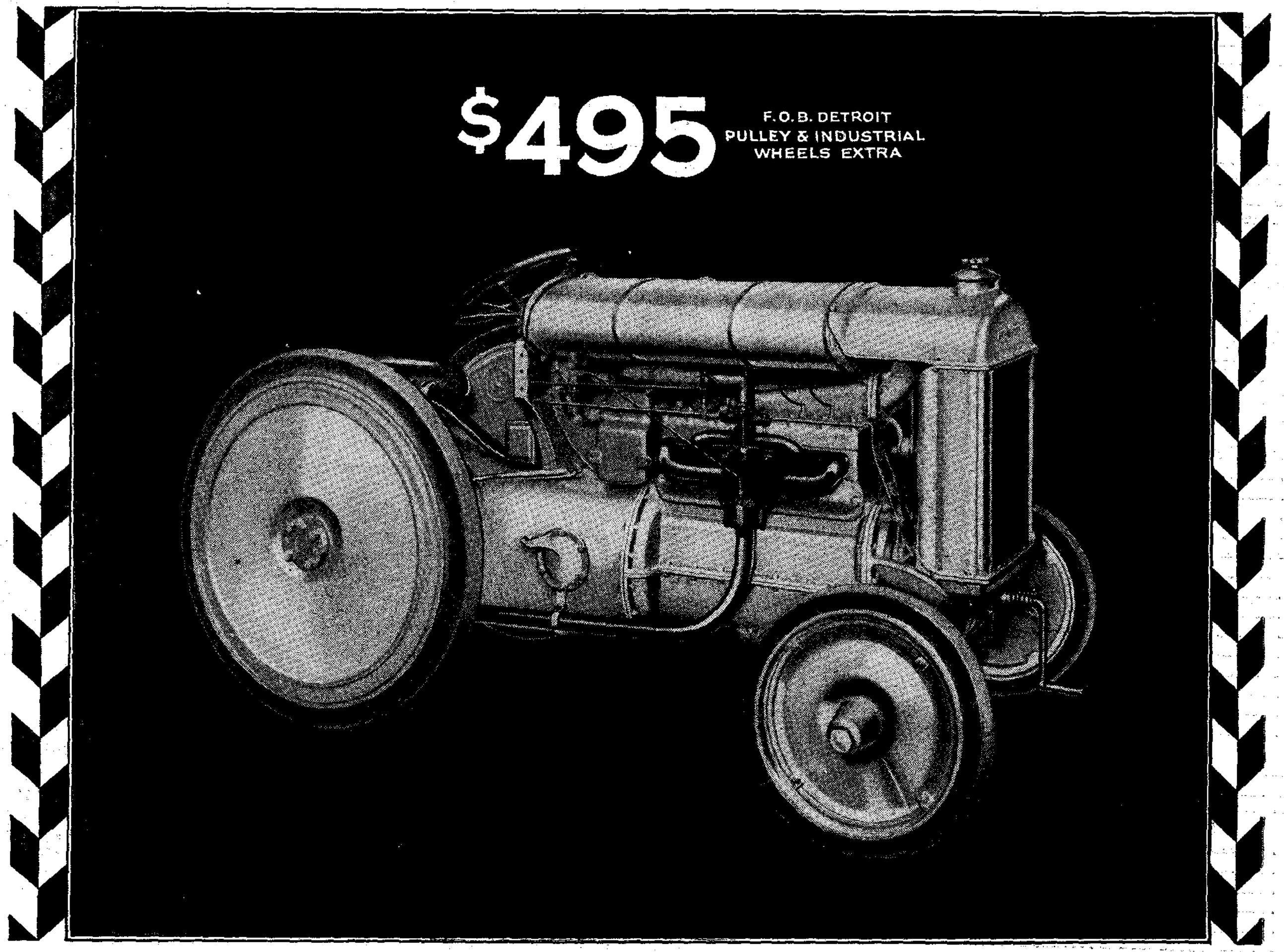
They have the advantage of possession, the forces of habit, the reserves of quality. They have multitudes of buyers. Yet if their manufacturers withdraw support, if they let the public interest lapse, if they allow the news and advantages of these products to become stale . . . dealers will begin to say —"Let's see, these haven't done so well lately. They're not moving. . . . Half a gross this time.". . . While the competitor, trumpeting his advantages—"New!" "Better Made," "More Convenient," "Handsome"— spreads his gaily colored packages, the tents of the conquerors, along the best shelves within easy reach.

In penetrating new markets and holding old markets, in meeting competition with alertness, advertising can be used to advantage. And if this seems to be a mild and guarded statement of the case for advertising, be sure that we make it deliberately. Long experience has taught us that while advertising is a powerful factor in moving merchandise, it must fit neatly and accurately into the business life of thousands of dealers.

From manufacturers to jobbers, to retailers, to consumers — merchandise can and does take these steps without the aid of advertising. But advertising can shorten these steps, and reduce the time required for the product to reach the consumer. It can help to fix the name of a product in the public mind and place it on the nation's shopping list. And there is another thing that *only* advertising can do. And that is to wheel instantly, at a word, into an unsteady market with reinforcements of facts, pictures, reasons why, and logical arguments . . . for the best of all defenses is—*attack.*

N.W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*
PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



THE FORDSON

TO EVERY user of power in American industry, the Fordson Industrial Power Unit presents the possibility of reduced costs in production, transportation and operation.

The Fordson is something more than a tractor . . . for traction is but one of the many ways in which industry has applied its economical, reliable power.

The Fordson is a husky power plant, compactly built, equipped for quick flexible movement, and ready to deliver its power in any required form . . . pulling, pushing, lifting and carrying or on the belt.

Fordson simplicity does away with almost all of the small, easily broken moving parts so common in most machinery and permits its operation by fairly unskilled labor. All working parts are completely housed and fool-proof.

Wherever Ford cars and Ford trucks are sold, the Ford service organization extends with its trained mechanics, complete stocks of parts and low repair costs. Thus the occasional service your Fordson will need may be done in the shortest time and at the least cost possible.

In first cost, in operation and in upkeep, the Fordson is the most economical mobile power unit in existence . . . a fact borne out by 600,000 of them in use the world over!

How do *you* use power? Does your business require the lifting, loading and hauling of heavy loads? Do you shovel dirt, gravel or coal? Do you build or care for roads?

Do you lay pipe-lines . . . drill for oil . . . or mine? Do you operate a rock crusher . . . or a pump . . . or a big industrial air compressor? Need a small locomotive?

The Fordson is doing all these things and *hundreds* more in places where power is the very backbone of the job! Doing them quickly, reliably and economically.

We have collected a large amount of striking cost data on the operation of the Fordson that covers almost the whole industrial field. Will you write us something of the ways in which you are applying power and let us show you how efficiently others are doing similar jobs with the Fordson? Our engineering department is at your service . . . for the asking.

The defeat of rising costs

THE thirteen years from 1913 to 1926 were the most difficult . . . yet the most progressive years industry has ever experienced.

The unprecedented rise of practically every cost factor in industry threatened to put prices of products manufactured and services rendered beyond the reach of the consumer.

The automobile business is a typical example. Raw materials increased over 52% . . . labor increased 119%! All commodities increased over 50%! It looked, for a time, as if neither the manufacturer could afford to make cars . . . nor the public to buy them.

But, during that period, the automobile manufacturers made 27,000,000 cars . . . and the public bought them!

. . . for in spite of rising costs, the retail price of the motor-car dropped 30%! Even the cost of the management that made this possible dropped 12%!

Industry has met and defeated the bugbear of rising costs with power . . . intelligently applied to every department of its work. Labor, with power tools in its hands, is lower in cost today than it has ever been.

. . . and in the last nine years more than 600,000 Fordson power units have been placed in the hands of labor!

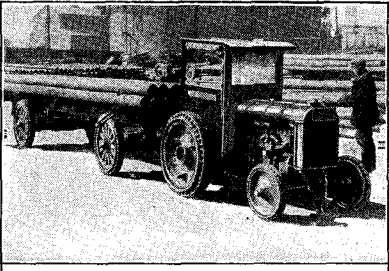
Today industry may feel that it has achieved the last word in efficiency . . . yet a thoughtful consideration of almost every operation in industrial practice yields a new and profitable application of power.

Tomorrow will hold as much progress in these lines as yesterday . . . the cycle of cost reduction through increased production is as old as history . . . and as inevitable as any other law of economics.

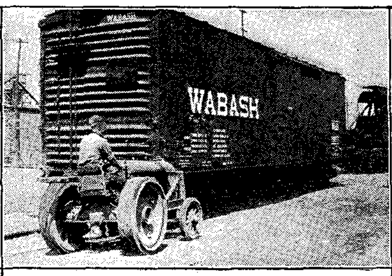
In the race for industrial success, as in all competition, only the fittest can survive.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

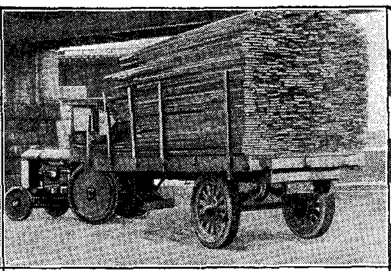
A LOW COST INDUSTRIAL POWER UNIT



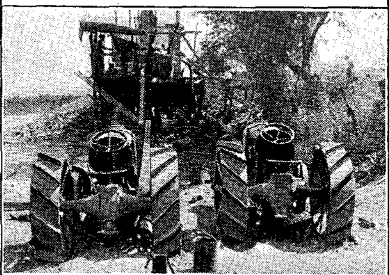
A Fordson handles big loads of heavy pipe for this public utility corporation . . . quickly and economically.



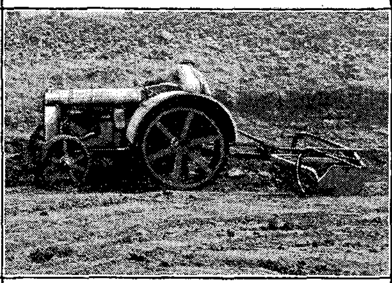
The Fordson pinch hits for a switch engine. Spotting railway cars is a common use of the Fordson . . . for it requires no switching.



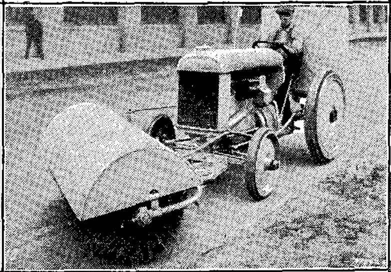
A big load of lumber . . . easily handled by the Fordson for a retail lumber company. No loading time was lost with the Fordson.



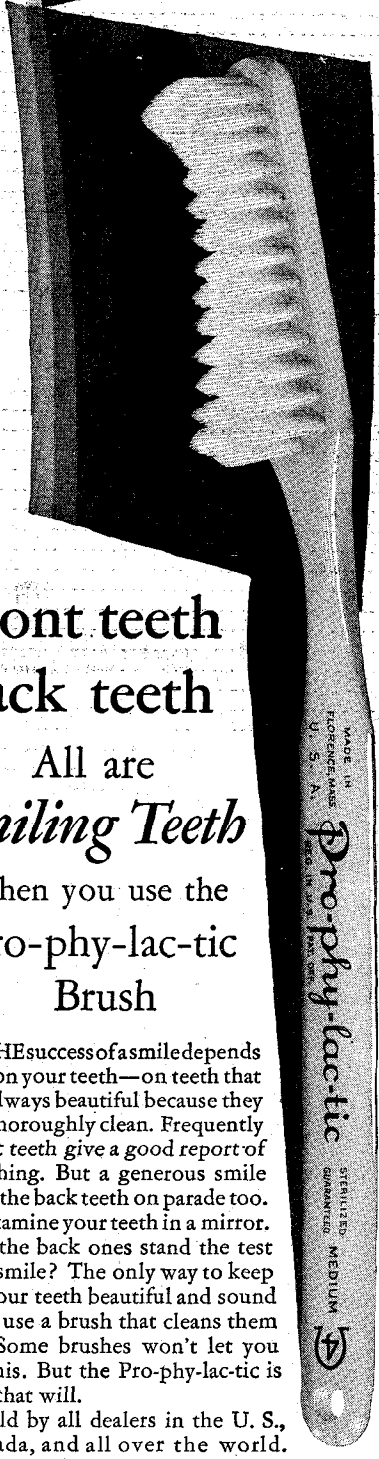
This team of Fordsons operates a rock crusher, elevator, screener, air compressor and a winch for a construction company.



In excavating this water reservoir, the Fordson handled 2200 yards of dirt at 14½c a yard. This record made by two used Fordsons.



A compact street sweeping outfit . . . built around the Fordson . . . that has set up a remarkable record of long service and economy.



Front teeth
Back teeth
All are
Smiling Teeth
when you use the
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Brush

THE success of a smile depends on your teeth—on teeth that are always beautiful because they are thoroughly clean. Frequently *front teeth give a good report of* brushing. But a generous smile puts the back teeth on parade too.

Examine your teeth in a mirror. Can the back ones stand the test of a smile? The only way to keep all your teeth beautiful and sound is to use a brush that cleans them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic is one that will.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Canada, and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Modesty probably dictated the last statement. Helen is only twenty-one, and, unless some circumstances interfere with her tennis career, she has many championship years ahead of her. In the five matches she played to win the titles she did not lose one set and dropt only eighteen games.

Even the weather, vicious all week, softened yesterday, and warm sunshine flooded the green turf of the stadium courts as the two white-frocked players took their places. Miss Wills wore the famous eye-shade. Betty's blond head of hair was bound with a blue ribbon.

A bonny, bonny child, this Betty Nuthall. If it be treason, it is also truth, to say the gallery was pulling for her. She was going to be everlastingly beaten, and she knew it, but she was not a whit disturbed by that. When she made a placement, and she made a half dozen more than Helen, in the second set, there was a thunder of cheering. Even when she scored on Helen's errors, the gallery could not refrain from applauding.

Play started at a gallop. The first ball served by Helen came back like a bullet and went from side to side and corner to corner before a too enthusiastic stroke by Betty sent it out of court. In that first rally, the English girl displayed the tactics she meant to use. Digging the ball out of a corner, after an exchange of furious drives, she dropt a soft shot just over the net, but Helen was ready and run up to whip it back.

There were occasions, however, later in the match when this trick worked. For one so young, Miss Nuthall has mastered remarkably well the fine art of changing length and pace. She has court generalship and self-possession worthy of a seasoned internationalist.

But what could she do against a player who literally found the three square inches just inside the corners with her shots or shortened her forehand drive to put the ball deftly on a side line, the while she masked its direction? Miss Wills did those things. She did them often. And she won the first set in twelve minutes and the second in twenty minutes.

Miss Nuthall's one game in the first set was the sixth, which she won on her own service after a net-cord had put Miss Wills at game point. That underarm service, by the way, gave the American plenty of trouble, and several times she failed to return it.

Betty speeded up her game enormously in the second set, breaking through Helen's service in the second game. Again she mixed up her fast drives with soft, short shots, and once she caught Helen with a perfect lob. The other raced and stroked the ball, only to net it.

Trailing at 4—1, Betty made a spurt which brought spectators to their feet. She won the sixth game 4—2. She won the next at love. Dropping the eighth at love, she came back to win the ninth with stunning placements. For a brief moment it seemed she had a chance of taking the set, but Helen's forcing shots drove her into errors, and the American quickly won at 6—4.

With a sunny smile and a characteristic skip, Betty hastened to the net to shake hands. Then, as the girls pulled on their sweaters, Albert J. Gibney, referee of the tournament, and Louis B. Dailey, President of the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association, came out on the court bearing the tall silver cup emblematic of the national championship, and the runner-up cup, both filled with crimson roses.

The stroke analysis tells the story, particularly the figures for Miss Nuthall's outs. She registered thirty-three to Miss Wills's seventeen. The ball came at her with terrific speed that the nicest of timing was required to return it within bounds. There was many a fine cross-court back-hand rally, but usually Betty's tendency to overhit ended them with an out.

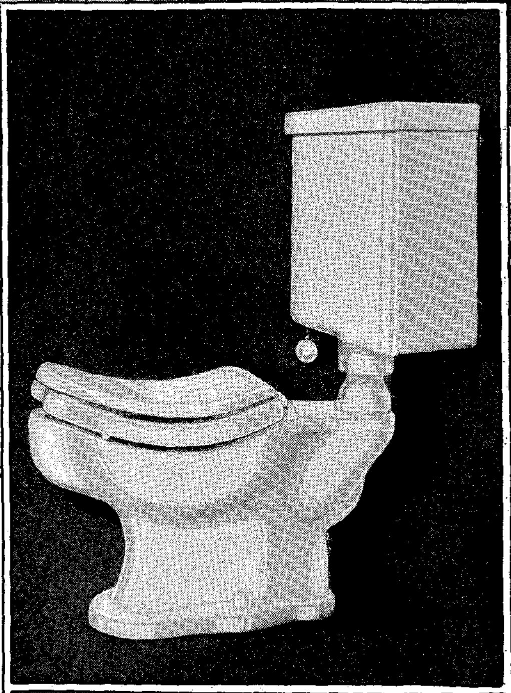
The placement figures are significant too. Miss Wills scored six in the first set, and only two in the last—a pretty good indication of the way the dogged little Britisher covered court. She herself rang up eight placements in the last chapter.

"The greatest woman tennis player of all time," is Mr. Allan's ascription to Helen Wills, and he adds:

> She has been generally recognized as such ever since she won the British title at Wimbledon, but she was not satisfied until she had reasserted her supremacy in her native land.
>
> The American crown undoubtedly means more to Helen than all her other diadems put together. It was the first one she wore, and she did not feel properly attired without it. She surrendered it last year with the utmost reluctance, even tho she lost it through no fault of her own.

After losing to Miss Wills in the singles, the English girl took part in the finish of the doubles. As related by Fred Hawthorne in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> But if England's little challenger was defeated in the singles, the mother country gained a goodly measure of solace by winning our national doubles championship title. Not only that, but it was an all-English final, with Mrs. Kitty McKane Godfree, captain of the invading forces, paired with Miss Ermyntrude Harvey, defeating the other English combination of Miss Nuthall and Miss Joan Fry, by the score of 6—1, 4—6, 6—4.
>
> This match, the last event of the afternoon, held the thousands in their stadium seats until the final point had been won and lost. It was a particularly brilliant, colorful match, the losing pair staging a remarkable uphill rally when trailing at 1—4 in the second set, and reeling off the next five games in a row, to square the match.
>
> One of the outstanding features of this doubles struggle, a feature that the gallery enthused over and remarked upon, was the all-prevailing air of good-nature, of laughter and camaraderie that distinguished the attitude of all four players. Lest it might be thought that the spirit of rivalry was somewhat lessened by this light-hearted attitude on the part of the contenders, let it be said that seldom, if indeed ever, has there been a women's doubles match played in this country in which the play was faster and the efforts of the players to keep the ball in play more desperate. Attention is drawn to this feature of the doubles match because it was in such striking contrast to the usual grim bearing of our own players when in championship competition.
>
> While yesterday's gallery appeared hugely to enjoy the match, the four English girls certainly got fully as much fun out of it, always giving the idea that with them it was rather in the nature of a friendly sporting match than a national championship struggle.



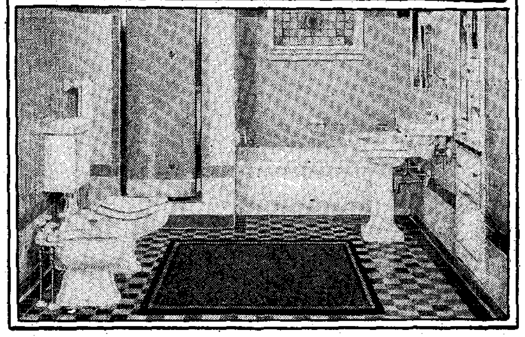
The Improved QUIET SI-WEL-CLO

Not Only Sanitary *but* Hygienic

THE Si-wel-clo, like all Te-pe-co closets, has always embodied the latest advances of sanitary engineering. The quietness of its operation has always been an acceptable attribute of this closet de luxe.

The Improved Si-wel-clo is unquestionably the greatest advance in water closet construction of recent years. It is the most comfortable, hygienic, sanitary and quiet closet that has ever been devised. The decided dip in the rim elevates the front and rear of the bowl opening, minimizing the possibility of soiling.

The Si-wel-clo is typical of the entire line of Te-pe-co All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures—closets, tubs, washstands, etc.—sanitary, durable and of irreproachable distinction.



Send 10c for "Bathrooms of Character" V-6, a valuable little book which tells by plans and pictures what you should know about creating a modern and beautiful bathroom.

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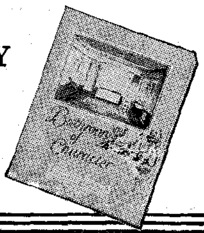

OUR GUARANTEE

The Trenton Potteries Company makes but one grade of ware—the best that we can produce—and sells it at reasonable prices. Our ware is guaranteed to be equal in quality and durability to any sanitary ware in the world. The Te-pe-co Trade Mark is found on all goods manufactured by this company and is your guarantee that you have received what you have paid for.

TE-PE-CO
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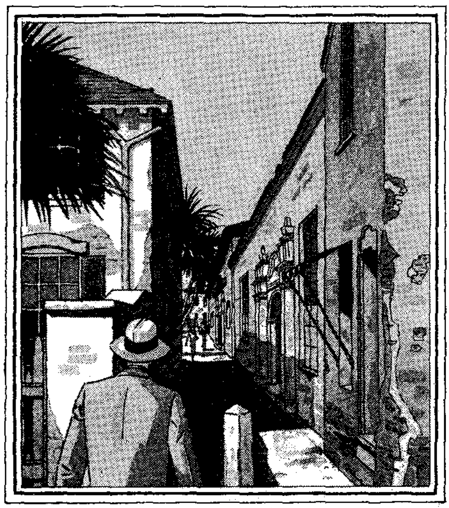

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"I'M NOT TRYING TO HIT HOMERS"—LOU GEHRIG

BELIEVE it or not, gentle reader, Lou says it seriously. "I'm only trying to hit the ball hard in my natural way," he declares. "I'll get a homer now and then, and I hope a good many of them. But I'm hitting the ball just as hard, whether I get them or not." He feels, we are told, the injustice of applying home-run standards to straightaway hitting. He admits that in 1925 he honestly tried to hit home-runs. Everybody encouraged him, and it seemed like the thing to do. But this year—no, sir, Lou's not trying to hit any homers this year. All of which may be hard to understand, unless you read what leads up to it. So we quote some earlier portions of the article in which Lou's singular disclaimer is cited. It is written by F. C. Lane, and appears in *Baseball Magazine* under the title, "When Babe Ruth Slips, Look Out for Gehrig." As we read:

> Baseball's heaviest slugger is Babe Ruth. Upon that question there can be no argument. When Babe leans upon the ball in earnest, he expends more foot pounds of energy than any other player who ever juggled the bat. And the shades of Pop Anson, Ed Delehanty, and all the other fearsome sluggers of bygone days stand at respectful attention before the undisputed King of Clean-up Hitters.
>
> Baseball has scant honors for the second best. But since the leading slugger of the diamond is so easily chosen, a nice discussion centers upon the runner-up, upon Babe's closest rival at mauling the horsehide. It is difficult to compare leagues. In the National, Hornsby is perhaps the greatest slugger, as he is unquestionably the greatest batter. But his slugging crown would be challenged by other forceful hitters such as Jacques Fournier, Jim Bottomley, George Kelly, and others. In the American League, Ken Williams of the Browns wields a wicked mace. So does Goslin of the Senators. Bob Meusel of the Yankees is a terrific hitter when he connects. And day in and day out Harry Heilmann of Detroit hits with the full weight of his 220 pounds of muscular frame behind the blow.
>
> These batters all give an opposing pitcher due cause for reflection. But there is a player, much younger than any of them, who is, no doubt, destined to surpass them all in the murderous zest with which he drives the ball across the diamond. This young man of great attainments and of brilliant but indefinite future is Lou Gehrig of the New York Yankees.
>
> Gehrig is, beyond question, a born slugger. He stands six feet and weighs somewhere between 205 and 210 pounds, sheer bone and muscle. He has a wrestler's strength. In fact, in sheer physical power, he is probably the Babe's superior. And he is still only a kid.
>
> Walter Johnson, in discussing player strength recently, said, "Babe Ruth isn't the strongest man on the circuit. Lou Gehrig could run him off the diamond." Physical prowess will always be a matter of opinion. But one glance at Gehrig in a club-house dressing-room would convince the most skeptical that nature endowed this young man with a herculean frame. For every well-knitted jointed and bulging muscle gives its own eloquent testimony of a vast fund of sheer strength.
>
> Look at his huge hands, his bulging, bony wrists and you will not need to be told that when he grips the handle of the bat there is a tense purpose behind that grip. Cactus Cravath, great slugger of former days, once said, "The secret of heavy hitting is in the grip." Lou Gehrig agrees. "Watch the Babe at bat," he says, "and you will notice that he is generally clasping and unclasping his fingers on the handle of the bat. He's working to get a cast-iron grip of the handle when he meets the ball." Gehrig's hands are like an iron vise and his arms are as big as many a man's leg.

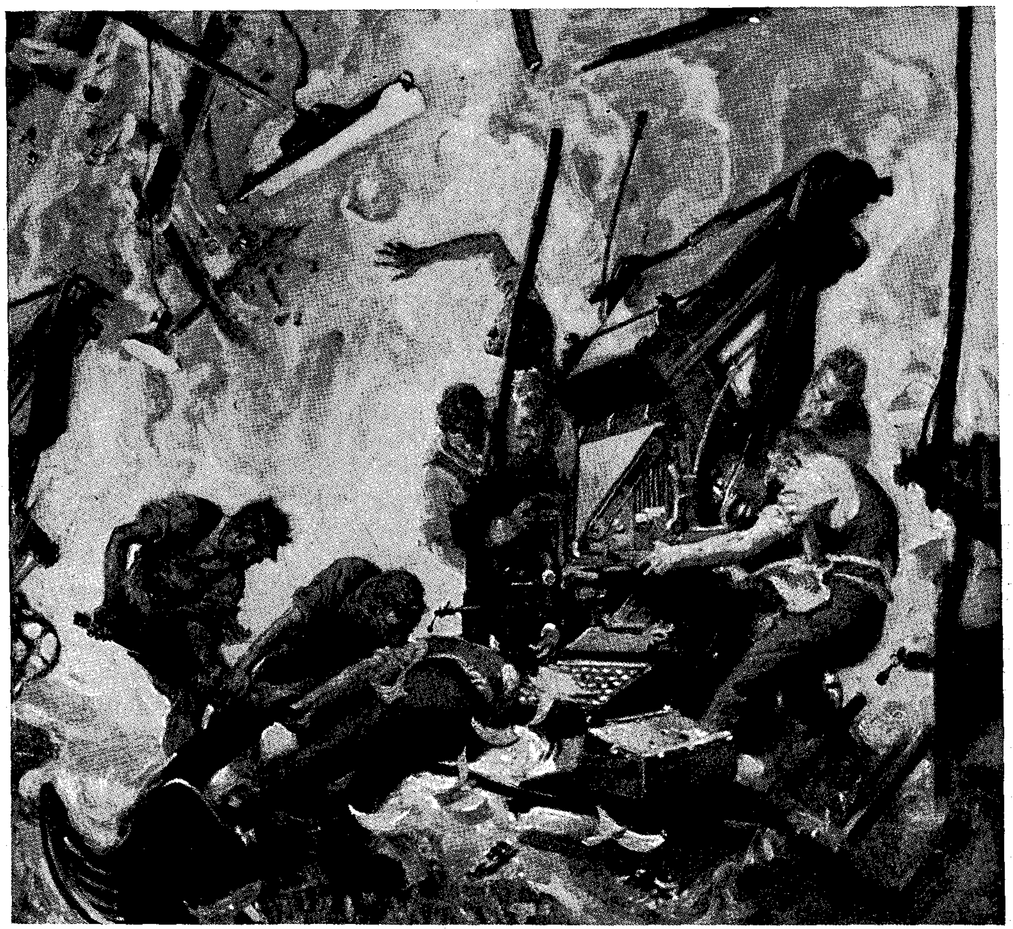
Sheer forceful slugging does not necessarily appear in the records, says Mr. Lane. To be sure, he admits, the slugger will naturally hit for more extra bases than the choke-up hitter, but the latter frequently pads his slugging record by speed of foot, he argues, adding:

> Ty Cobb, for example, throughout his long career, has added many a double to his list that was but a long single; many a three-bagger that was a mere double. Hence it follows that extra base figures, while they do disclose a player's all-round batting ability, do not definitely settle the problem of sheer strength in smashing the ball. Neither is that problem solved by looking at home-run figures. Take the Babe, for example. He is a typical "pull" hitter who pulls the ball to right field. Moreover, he cuts up at the ball. The characteristic Ruth hit is a long fly. Properly directed, it will lodge somewhere in the right-field bleachers. Now a line drive that hit the ground near second base might have more sheer dynamite behind it than one of those lofty and imposing flies. For the ball that is hit into the air loses something of force and velocity, since it was not hit exactly right. It was hit a little under the center or the batter cut up at the ball. In either case there was a loss of momentum. The line drive, however, results from a forceful collision between the bat and the ball at exactly that point where there is the greatest reaction. Very likely some of Ruth's singles that strike the ground are actually hit considerably harder than his loftiest home-run.
>
> Gehrig is essentially a straightaway hitter. He hits the ball on the seam with all his enormous strength behind the blow. And if you do not believe that ball travels, ask the opposing infielders.
>
> It is rather unfair to contrast a batter like Gehrig with a batter like Ruth. The confined park and the neighboring fences help Ruth's act because they are built to order for a fly-ball hitter with home-run propensities. Those same fences, however, are a handicap to the line driver. In a game last year against Red Faber, Gehrig hit a three-bagger that scorched the grass all the way to the right-center fence. Babe Ruth himself never hit a ball harder. That ball would have been a home-run on any open field. Fleet-footed Mostil, however, held it to a three-bagger, with the kindly assistance of the center-field fence.

Here we are given Gehrig's own assurance that he is no longer trying to hit homers, as he did two years ago—altho he admits in the same breath that he hopes to score a few more, just walloping the leather in his "natural" way. He is quoted as saying:

"I have tried to follow Babe's lead in

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM



PAINTED BY KARL GODWIN

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

other ways, but it's a mistake, in my opinion. Babe has his own batting style. Nobody can follow him. Babe gets his entire body behind his blow. I'm an arm hitter. I've tried to copy Babe's swing in practise, but I'd miss the ball six inches. I'm not going to try any more.

"After all, I'm not sure that Babe wouldn't hit better yet if he were an arm hitter. I'm not convinced a fellow can hit any harder by swinging his body into the blow than he can without that swing. Strength counts for a good deal in batting, but it's the strength you have in your grip, in your forearm, more than anywhere else.

"I have as much respect for a home-run as anybody, but I like straightaway hitting. I believe it's the proper way to hit. If a fellow has met the ball just right, on the nose, he's done what he set out to do. A lot of home-runs are lucky. I've seen more than one ball carried into the stand by the wind. But there's nothing lucky about a solid smash, straight out over the diamond. It means only one thing—that the batter has connected just right.

"I believe they ought to keep a record of a batter's line drives. They don't do that, of course. They merely keep a record of the number of balls he hits that go safe.

"There are a lot of flukey little hits that the batter got crossed up on, really failed, and yet beat out. In one series last year, I had eleven hard drives caught by infielders or outfielders, solid smashes that ought to have been good for hits.

"Batting averages, as I understand them, are supposed to give an insight into a batter's ability. I'm not saying that if a man is clever enough to lay down a bunt and fast enough to beat it out that he's not entitled to a hit. But there are a lot of flukey little things that are just luck. A batter isn't entitled to them, but he is entitled to good, honest drives that don't get through. He's hitting the ball and everybody knows it, no matter what the averages say."

Gehrig looms as a formidable hitter throughout the circuit, remarks Mr. Lane, continuing:

More than one pitcher has confessed to me that he feared Gehrig more than the redoubtable Babe himself. Some players of keen observation and long experience have even maintained that Gehrig hits not only nearly, but fully as hard as Babe can do. This would not be the prevailing opinion, however. Babe's supremacy is still incontestable. But it is more than probable, it is almost a certainty, that next to Babe, Gehrig hits the ball harder than any other batter in the American League, and he is improving. But twenty-three years of age, still growing, becoming heavier and stronger and a better hitter year by year, Gehrig looms up as Babe's most logical successor. That he will ever rival Babe's prodigious home-run record is among the remotest probabilities, for he is not a fly-ball hitter. But that he will some day rank as Babe's equal in the sheer driving power of his formidable bat is not at all improbable. It's a good sporting chance.

Nor is Gehrig merely a slugger. He's becoming also a good ball player. "I've been a dumb ball player," he says, with engaging frankness, "but I'm learning to use my noodle. I told Miller Huggins the other day that I was a hundred per cent. better fielder than I used to be. 'You're a better fielder,' he said, 'than I thought you ever would be.' And that's encouraging."

Babe Ruth is having a remarkable season. He has apparently come back as good as ever. No doubt he will have other good seasons. But the Babe is no longer a youngster, he is on the shady side of thirty, on the down grade. The coronet which he has long worn as the Sultan of Swat will some day pass to another. What more logical successor than his fellow team-mate, Lou Gehrig?

"BETTER AND MORE EXPENSIVE POLO," THANKS TO AMERICAN PLAYERS

THE pastime of nabobs and rajahs, later the major military sport of British Army officers in India and elsewhere, polo has not only become one of the most popular of American spectacles, but, according to some of its best friends, owes many important improvements to American sportsmanship and wealth. The effects of American influence on the game are discust by a noted English authority and veteran poloist, Lieut.-Col. E. D. Miller, C. B. E., D. S. O., the author of "Modern Polo." Writing in *Polo* magazine, which made its bow among American sports publications last June, Colonel Miller recalls his first visit to America with a cricket team in 1886, "at the very time that Mr. John Watson's team was making a successful first bid for the Westchester Cup," and remarks:

I did not even know that the English polo team was in America till my return to England. It was hardly reported in the papers.

The next contest did not take place till 1902, sixteen years later, while the South African War was slowly coming to an end. Tho England lost the first match, the rubber was won easily; the first match was considered by us to be a pure fluke, and we did not take the Americans seriously as competitors.

It was not until 1909 that the real awakening came, when Mr. Harry Payne Whitney absolutely revolutionized the tactics of modern polo by brilliant hitting, with perfect combination, and tremendous pace. It must be remembered, too, that the Americans were badly handicapped. The ground was against them, for it was heavy and cut up badly, and also they were playing under the unaccustomed conditions of the offside rules.

But nothing mattered; they attacked all the time at express speed, and tho they were all over the place and apparently as wild as hares, there was method and accuracy in every stroke, and always a man in each place. Mr. Larry Waterbury played No. 1, tho he was probably the best back of the day; so they went on just as well if Mr. Milburn made a run and found himself temporarily No. 1, and Mr. Larry Waterbury got so far out of his place as to fall into the position of back. Their hitting was a revelation to us, and the risks they took, and the way they met the ball had never before been seen in England.

I doubt if the other three could have put up such a wonderful show—for altho the Brothers Waterbury were undoubtedly the best pair of forwards who had yet been seen on any polo ground, Mr. Milburn, altho a great striker, was a young and inexperienced player—had not Mr. Whitney kept perfect control of the team and acted as a pivot around which the other three revolved. Mr. Whitney, too, had seen to it that his team was properly mounted on this occasion. I think I am right in saying that they only brought over twenty ponies, of which at least half were English. Mr. Whitney had given me carte blanche, and I had been sending over to him the best ponies I could find for the previous two years. It was, to say the least of it, a shock to me when every pony that I had sold turned up to play against us.

The next experience I got of American polo was in the following spring, when I accepted the kind invitation of Mr. Louis E. Stoddard to visit Lakewood with an English team. I got Mr. Buckmaster, Mr. George Belville and Captain de Crespigny to join me. We had a delightful time and were well mounted by our hosts.

We were so imprest by what we considered the advantages of the American rules that on our return we persuaded the Hurlingham Committee to adopt the no-offside rule and to institute the system of handicapping. The alterations were very popular, and our example was followed by India the following year.

Here Colonel Miller summarizes the effects on the game of the abolition of the offside rule. Thus:

Advantages: A very much faster game, more enjoyable to play, and a more attractive spectacle for the onlooker. No. 1 now has an equally good chance as the other three players. With the offside rule in force, No. 1 was under very great disadvantages as regards the opposing back. It was a very unpopular position, not the least reason for this unpopularity being that so many ponies were spoiled by being constantly hustled into the back and by being made to ride off under a disadvantage. The position of No. 1 was usually allotted to the youngest and most inexperienced player, who, under the circumstances, got very little practise at hitting the ball, and consequently failed to improve his form. The second great advantage of no-offside is that there is more scope for perfect combination, especially between the No. 1 and No. 2. Now the No. 1 need never check his pace.

Disadvantages: The game became more expensive, because faster ponies became necessary, and more of them were required. In the old game defensive tactics were largely practised, resulting in a slower game wherein the very handy pony, even if not endowed with that extra turn of speed now essential, was a very useful mount in any but a first-class match. Now a slow pony is a drug in the market.

Abolition of the height rule—

America is responsible to some extent for the abolition of the height rule all over the world. In America for very many years there was a rule defining the height of ponies, but it was never observed; in fact, many ponies which failed to measure in England were shipped at high prices to America. Instances have even occurred where such ponies played in international matches for America.

Had not Americans used very big ponies, I do not think the rule would have been abolished. But the main reasons why the height rule was done away with in England were: (1) the dearth of real 14.3 ponies after the war; (2) it was considered that the height question would settle itself, for no one would or could ride a big horse.

The decision arrived at was in the main

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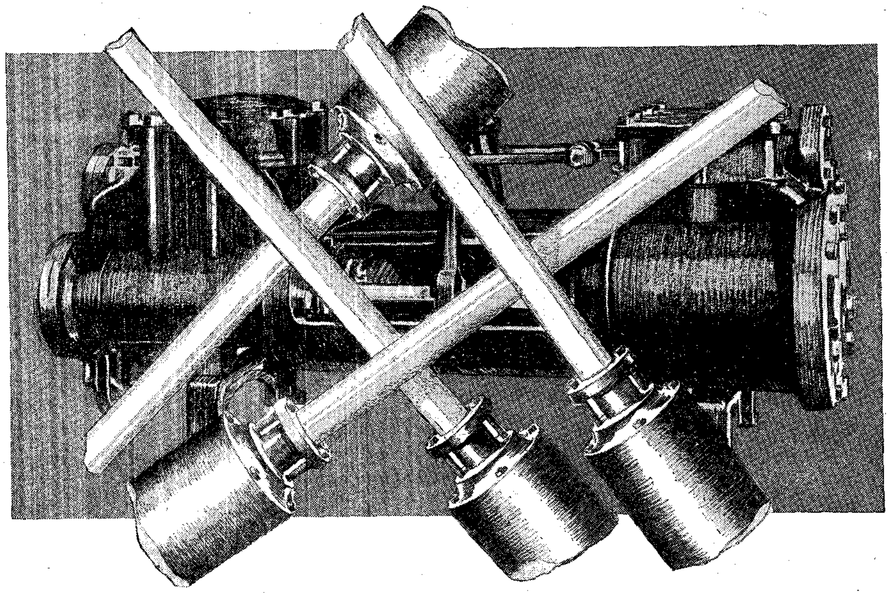

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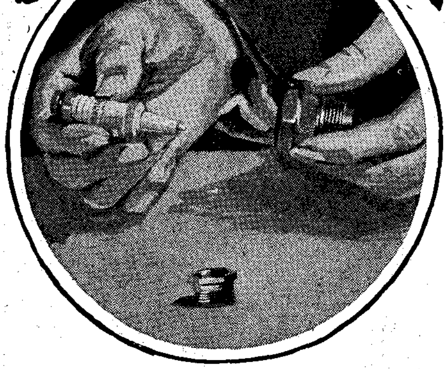

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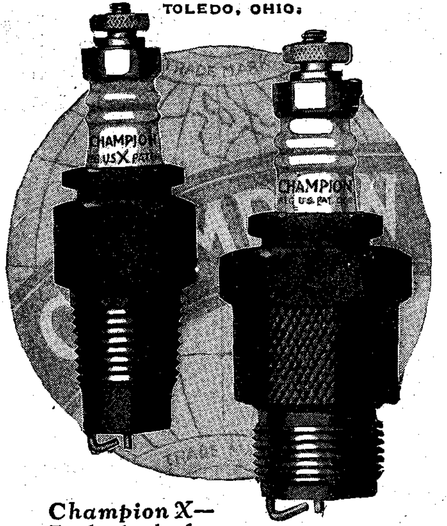

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

correct, because the vast majority of players can manage a 14.3 to 15.0-hand pony far better than a bigger one, but it has given an enormous advantage to big, heavy men, and there have been a very few animals as big as 15.2, which, with big men riding them, proved themselves the very best of all. But they are few and far between; I can remember only three. Bigger ponies have added to the cost of the game, in that they cost more to feed. The big thoroughbred, or nearly thoroughbred, animal requires more skilled attention, and is not so hardy as the old-fashioned pony.

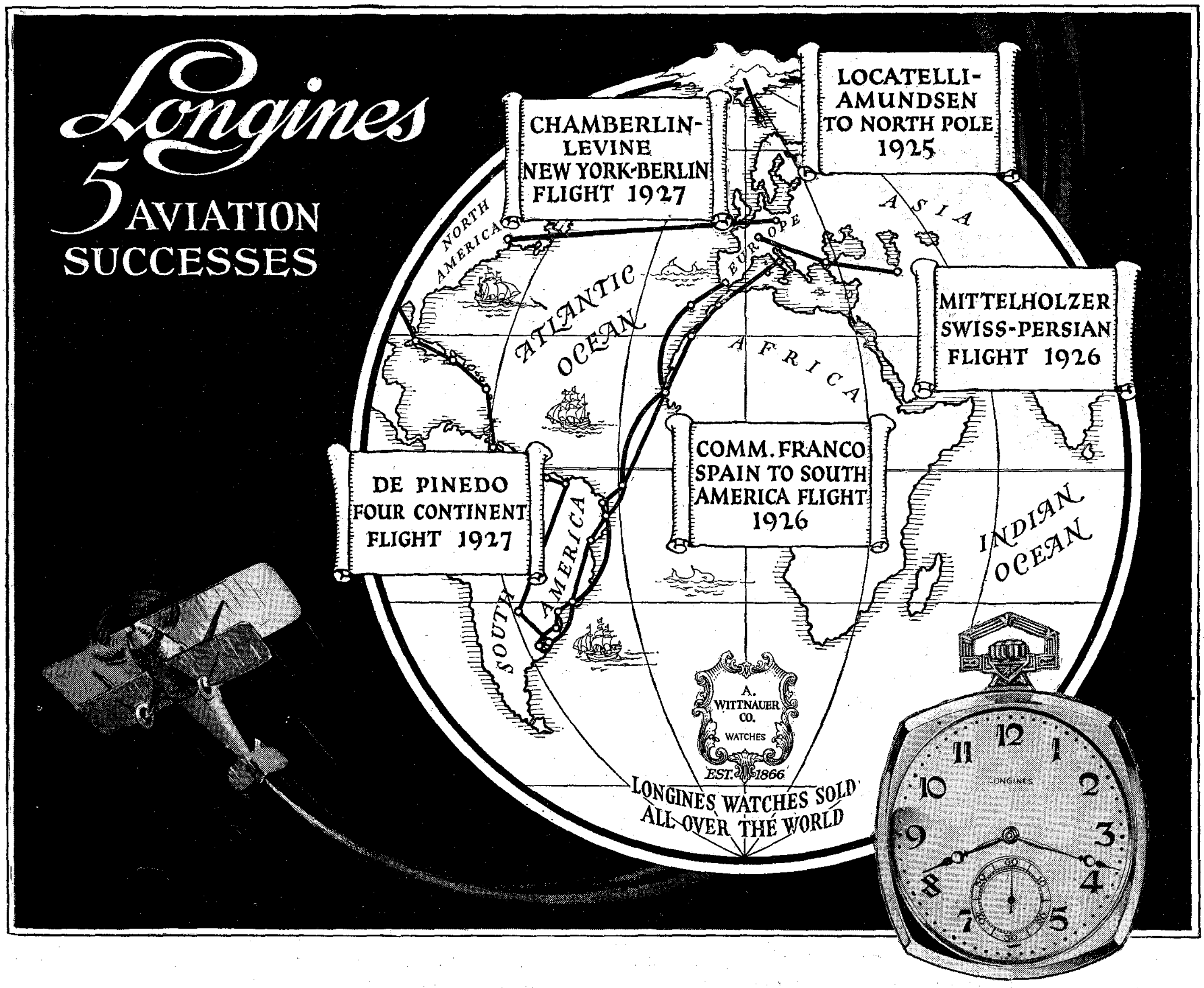
Altho it may be considered a small matter, the polo grounds now require to be better looked after. These miniature race-horses cut up the ground much more, and so add to the expense of upkeep—a serious item in the finances of country clubs. Full-sized ponies, too, are essential.

The institution of handicapping in England and India has undoubtedly been a very great success, says Colonel Miller, for "it has raised the standard of play, especially among low-goal players." But he acknowledges:

> It has, however, added to the expense of the game, for if the handicap works out properly, as it usually does, every match in a tournament is a hard struggle, the result being that one can not risk a young pony even in the preliminary ties. If a player is compelled to play a young pony, he very likely loses the match and spoils his pony in the process.
>
> I know an instance of a player taking a young pony round four consecutive country tournaments last year and never getting on his back in a match.
>
> Under the old conditions, a strong team could usually count on at least one easy match in every tournament. Handicapping has had the effect of compelling men if they are to have any success in tournaments to keep more ponies and better ones.
>
> American success in international matches:
>
> I am not one of those people who think that the reason why England has won only one contest since 1909 is because the American players are richer than our people, and consequently they are able to buy our best ponies. I did not see the matches in 1911, or in 1914, when we won, but in 1913 we were distinctly a better-mounted team than our opponents, and I am sure that there was not much to choose between the mounting of the teams in 1921 and in 1924.
>
> America has certain climatic advantages. They can practise in the winter in California and Florida, and their summers are usually finer than ours.
>
> Temperamentally, Americans are perhaps quicker thinkers and have, on the whole, more dash. But Englishmen are, I think, as a rule, better horsemen, and are just as good natural game-players.
>
> One great advantage enjoyed by Americans is that they have better polo grounds, simply because they have many more of them, and are able to save them, so that they have true and level surfaces to hit the ball on. In London we have only six grounds fit to play matches. The result of this is that the grounds soon get badly cut up, and accuracy is impossible. A London ground has sometimes to carry six or seven matches in the week.
>
> On Long Island alone there are about fifteen good polo grounds for the accommodation of far less players. Money does help Americans in that as a rule they need not consider their ponies so much as Englishmen are obliged to. They usually ride their ponies all out on every occasion, and so get better practise than our men do. With, of course, many exceptions, most English players can only keep three or at most four ponies. Ponies as a rule wear out quicker in America than in England.
>
> It remains to be seen how money will help in the future, for polo is a game that it is of enormous advantage to begin young. Very few of our boys ever have a chance of getting onto a polo pony, whereas there was a flourishing boys' polo club at Westbury last year, where they played hard matches; such a club would be an impossibility in England.
>
> I put down the reasons for the continual success of America in international matches chiefly as two: First, better organization. This was especially marked in 1909, when Mr. Harry Payne Whitney first took the cup back to America; and in 1925, when Maj. Louie A. Beard led his army team to victory in England. Second, to the fact that we have so far been unable to produce a team of four real international players since the war; and America has Mr. Milburn and Mr. Hitchcock. America now has two star players, one of whom has played in every international contest since 1909, and is admittedly still the best back player in the world.

Colonel Miller credits the American frequent successes chiefly to Mr. Whitney and Mr. Milburn; "as soon as Mr. Whitney dropt out in 1914, we won." And then:

> Since the war Mr. Milburn has taken Mr. Whitney's place as organizer and captain, and young Mr. Hitchcock has appeared. He is probably as good as Capt. Leslie Cheape was.
>
> This pair will always be a very stiff proposition, but we have great hopes that our Indian soldiers' team will give them all they can do. It must be remembered that India has produced most of our best players, and that it was a team of Indian-trained soldiers who were successful in 1914.
>
> Captain Roark, who is probably their best player, and the best we can produce from England or India, is not a post-war production, for I saw him play well in Ireland before the war.
>
> The increase of polo in America since 1913 was very marked, and the all-round improvement is great. There are now far more players, and the game has spread through the Army and all over the country in a wonderful manner.
>
> In 1913 we got no practise to speak of till the final match, for there was no team outside of the second American team (which was required to give practise to the Big Four) which could make our men gallop. In 1924 it was easy enough to find more than one lot that could best us in the practise matches.
>
> Certainly it may be admitted that the 1924 team was not nearly as good a one as the 1913 combination. Still there is no doubt that there were many more good players on Long Island in 1924 than there were in 1913. And the number of players through America had multiplied exceedingly.
>
> We produced many star players before the war, and doubtless we shall do so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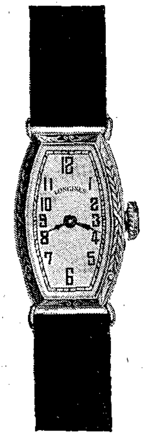

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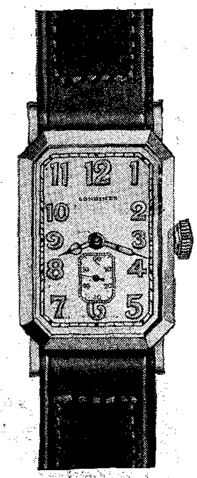

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

again. But it usually takes many years of first-class polo before a player can hope to rise to the standard required for an internationalist. We must have time to get over our losses and to bring on the young players, of whom I am glad to say we have several who show great promise.

In the five years before the war the following players were to the fore in England: the Messrs. Jack Atkinson, cousin of the Joe Atkinson, who is coming to America; Barrett, Buckmaster, Cheape, Edwards, Freake, the brothers Grenfell, Hardress Lloyd, Lockett, the brothers Nickalls, Palmes, Tomkinson, Bertie Wilson, and Wodehouse. Whereas I can only remember in America the Messrs. Foxhall Keene, Hopping, Rene La Montagne, Milburn, Stevenson, Stoddard, the brothers Waterbury, and Whitney. Of the British players Jack Atkinson, Leslie Cheape, Noel Edwards, Francis and Rivy Grenfell, and Bertie Wilson were all killed in the war.

Why has polo become so popular in the American Army? The question is answered by another *Polo* contributor, Maj. Willis D. Crittenberger, who writes:

If the development of leadership is one of the principal peace-time missions of the Army, then no sport is any better fitted to aid in the accomplishment of this mission than polo. Maj.-Gen. Henry T. Allen, who commanded the American Forces in Germany at the close of the World War, said of the game, "The alertness of mind essential to a good player and the capacity to coordinate action between rider, horse, and team-mates are requisite to army leaders." Having taken up the game years ago as a lieutenant of cavalry, General Allen was a dashing figure on polo fields throughout the Army for a quarter of a century. As a junior officer he had been quick to realize the value of the game to a military leader, and, later, when a Regimental, Division and Army Commander, he constantly maintained a team as one of the most important adjuncts of his command.

Another explanation of the hold the game has on the Army lies in the excellence of the exercise it affords. In the outdoor life, so common to all military garrisons and camps, the more strenuous forms of exercise are the rule rather than the exception. Readily played in a comparatively short time, a few chukkers in the late afternoon come as a fitting climax to a day spent on the drill field or in the classroom, whereas a slower game of equal physical benefit might take more time than that available.

An additional factor accounting, in part, for the enthusiasm accorded polo in the Army is the satisfaction derived in training a remount to the game. The possibility that a likely looking remount will, after a period of intelligently conducted training, become a sweet playing pony, constitutes a challenge that few horsemen, indeed, will fail to accept. The fact that most horses within the reach of the average army officer are necessarily somewhat lacking in breeding gives an increased importance to the training of the animal and its resulting handiness. And, inasmuch as this training is directly in keeping with the mounted officers' routine work, the game itself gains increasing favor in proportion to the number of ponies in training for it.

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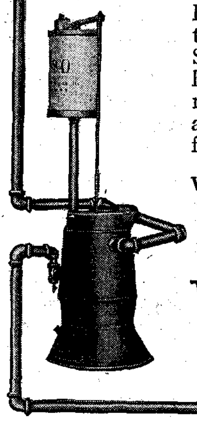

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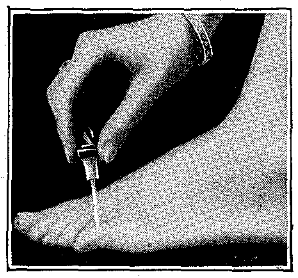

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We are told that polo was first introduced in the Army in the nineties, when a few pioneers, seeing the great possibilities of the game, attempted to give it a trial with such limited facilities as were at hand. The mere fact that they had no playing-fields did not deter them in the least. Considered faddists by some of their brother officers, they received very little support. But in spite of many reverses, the game took deep root in our military establishment at this time.

At Fort Riley, Kansas, it was given its initial start in 1896 by a group of enthusiasts who, years later, were to become leaders in our military establishment, both at home and abroad. The names of some of them ever have been synonymous with the development of polo in the Army. In that year there were stationed at Riley, Lieuts. Henry T. Allen, Charles G. Treat, Sterling Price Adams, and S. D. Sturgis. Eager to give the galloping game a trial, they organized for play. By various ingenious methods a polo field was built. Cane for the shafts of the mallets, as well as bamboo-root balls were secured from China. At first the sticks used were home-made, but altho thus improvised were quite satisfactory. General Treat, in describing those earliest efforts to the writer, recalled that the mounts used were cow ponies, purchased at a cost of from $15 to $17.50 a head, one of which he retained in his playing string for sixteen years.

From this modest but determined start, polo spread slowly to other posts and garrisons. Later, when international complications demanded the presence of our Army in the Philippines, a few of these same pioneers, with their ranks somewhat augmented by other converts, succeeded in planting the game there.

In 1900 it was realized that the support of the United States Polo Association would be essential if the game were to be successfully taken up throughout the Army at large, recalls Major Crittenberger; and we read on:

> Exhibiting the same spirit of helpfulness that always marked their association with mounted military activities, Messrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Harry Whitney, August Belmont, J. E. Cowdin, H. L. Herbert and W. A. Hazard, and others influential in polo circles, at once extended every assistance possible. The Army was accepted into membership in the Polo Association, and Captain Treat was named as its delegate.
>
> Shortly thereafter play got under way in most of the mounted regiments. In certain organizations, where the support was enthusiastic, the game made great strides. Army teams were invited to play in near-by civilian tournaments. By virtue of the exhilaration and physical hazards that it offers, polo became popular, not only among the younger officers but also as a means of training with some of maturer age who saw in its mounted contest the nearest approach to combat in war.
>
> And the influence of the game was felt even beyond the continental limits of the United States. In Cuba, a team representing the Rural Guards was organized under supervision of our Army for play with our teams. In the Philippines and China the game was instrumental in bringing together on the polo field British and American teams. In the Hawaiian Islands the civilians afforded a stiff opposition that we have seldom been able to defeat, last year's victory of the Army, led by Maj. G. S. Patton, having been most unusual.
>
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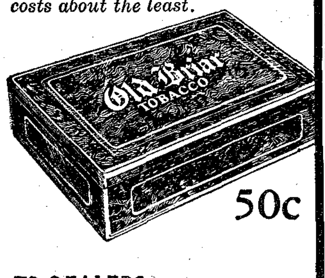

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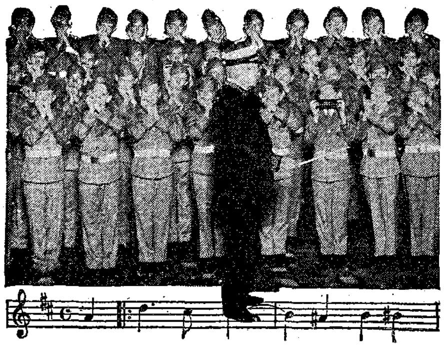

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

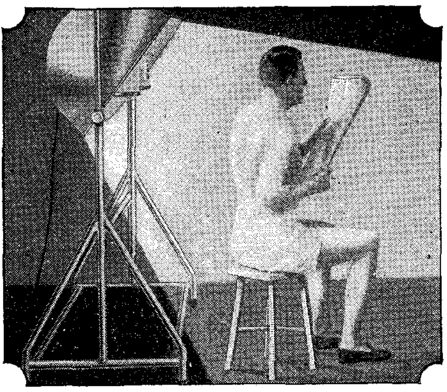
early polo history was the Tenth Cavalry team of 1906, 1907, and 1908. This team was one of the first to gain a wide reputation throughout the polo world. When the regiment was stationed at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, its team played at Colorado Springs and throughout the Middle West. Later, when the regiment moved to Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, the team appeared on Eastern fields and made a creditable showing against civilian aggregations. Among those who lined up on the Tenth Cavalry team in those years were Lieuts. Bruce Palmer, Eph Graham, "Biddy" Cook, and "Hank" Adair.

It is probable that few regimental teams were ever as well known as that put into the field by the Sixth Field Artillery, during the years of 1910, 1911, and culminating in the season of 1912. Made up of four aggressive lieutenants, Sands, Parker, Hoyle, and Beard, all of whom have been identified with army polo ever since, this team reached its height in 1912, when it fought its way through all opposition offered by the Army. Having defeated the Seventh Cavalry and Mounted Service School at Fort Riley, the team came on to Washington, where it played undefeated through a tournament in which the Eleventh Cavalry, Fifth Field Artillery, Fourteenth Cavalry, West Point, and the War Department were represented. These victories gave the team the championship of the Army, in so far as the determination of such championship was possible, and as such it went to Narragansett Pier, where it was defeated in the finals of the Overture Tournament made up, for the most part, of civilian teams. Very much in evidence at Narragansett that summer, on account of the prominence of its members and their play, was a War Department team made up of Col. H. T. Allen, Col. Charles G. Treat, Maj. George Langhorne, and Capt. Gordon Johnson.

In 1920 Col. Nelson E. Margetts organized and led a polo team representing the American Forces in Germany. With him in the line-up were Maj. Terry Allen, Maj. A. R. Harris, Capt. Joe Tate, and Capt. David Rumbough. This team took no small part in the recreational activities of the troops at Coblenz. It also played in France and England. So far as is known, this was the first occasion on which a team from our Army ever played polo in the British Isles.

At West Point polo always has been popular, both among officers and cadets, Major Crittenberger reminds us, adding:

By virtue of West Point's location, officers' teams representing the Military Academy have been seen on the polo fields of Long Island for many a year. Here, a few years after polo was introduced into the Army, such well-known players as Capt. A. J. Bowley and Lieuts. J. K. Herr, Chaffee, Armstrong, and Higley were developing. With Col. Charles G. Treat, then Commandant of Cadets, giving added impetus to the game by his enthusiastic backing and aggressive play, polo took a firmer hold on West Point than ever. Later, another enthusiast arrived in the person of Col. Julian R. Lindsey, afterward to become Chairman of the Army Central Polo Committee at Washington. He was followed in the Military Academy Cavalry Detachment by Majors J. K. Brown, Harry



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Chamberlin, "Jingle" Wilson, and Col. Lewis Brown, all splendid players as well as excellent instructors in the game. The cadet teams turned out by these men were among the foremost in intercollegiate polo, seldom suffering defeat. Of recent years, polo at the Military Academy has been in the able hands of Maj. A. W. Holderness and Capt. C. H. Gerhardt.

With the increased importance accorded the sport in our universities and colleges, the need for a new polo field at West Point, to replace the old one now used as a target range, known as "The Flat," becomes more acute. However, since the World War Mr. W. A. Harriman has saved the situation by kindly placing the private field on his estate at Harriman, New York, at the disposal of the authorities for many of the practise and match games.

Another center of army polo is San Antonio, Texas, the home station of the Second Division and Air Corps Training Center, as well as Headquarters of the Eighth Corps Area. With the climate permitting play all the year round, and with many teams from cavalry regiments along the Mexican border available for tournaments, there is probably as much polo played in the vicinity of San Antonio as anywhere in the country besides Long Island. Credit for this, however, is not due the Army alone. There is a civilian element, made up of such players as Mr. Jack Lapham, Mr. Bill Meadows, Mr. Charlie Armstrong and others, all well known throughout the Army, mounted as Texans always are, which is largely responsible for the interest taken and support given by the municipal authorities.

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SIGHING, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, he will probably go after the British amateur trophy again, hazards an authority on golf and other sports. And, then? Well, "there are some other outstanding 'previous performances' which Jones should knock over without any trouble, if he keeps tramping around the links for several seasons longer." The writer, John Kieran, points out in the New York *Times* that young Mr. Jones scored his seventh major triumph in golf when he won the American amateur championship the other day, and he reminds us that:

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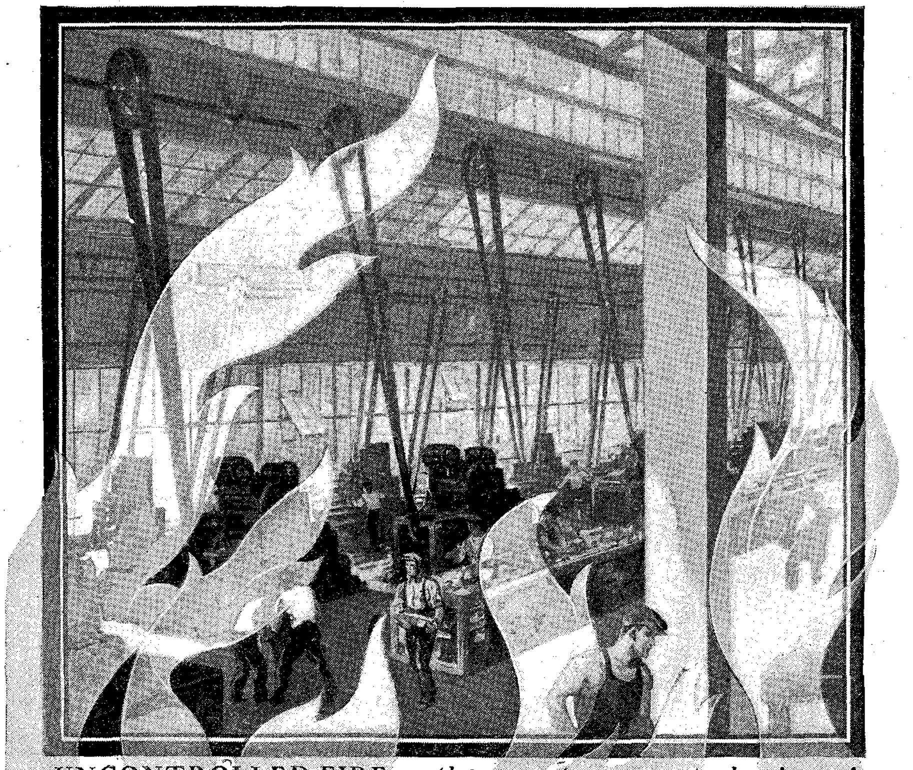
> Harold Hilton won seven major victories before he slipt from the front ranks, but the famous British amateur was over forty when he won his last championship. Unless the Atlanta lad breaks all his clubs and abandons the game entirely, he will breeze by Hilton's record within a year or so.
>
> Hilton's seven major victories were scored as follows: Four victories in the British amateur championship, two in the British open championship and one in the United States amateur championship. He missed the United States open championship just as Jones missed the British amateur title.
>
> It is probable that Bobby will go after



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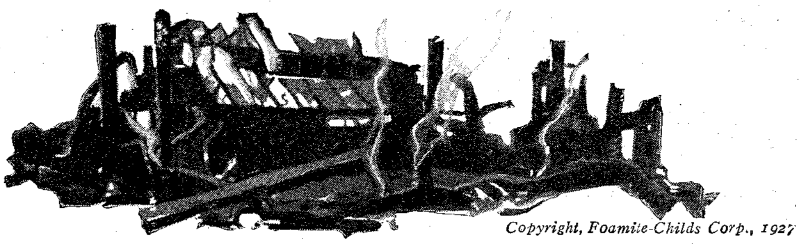

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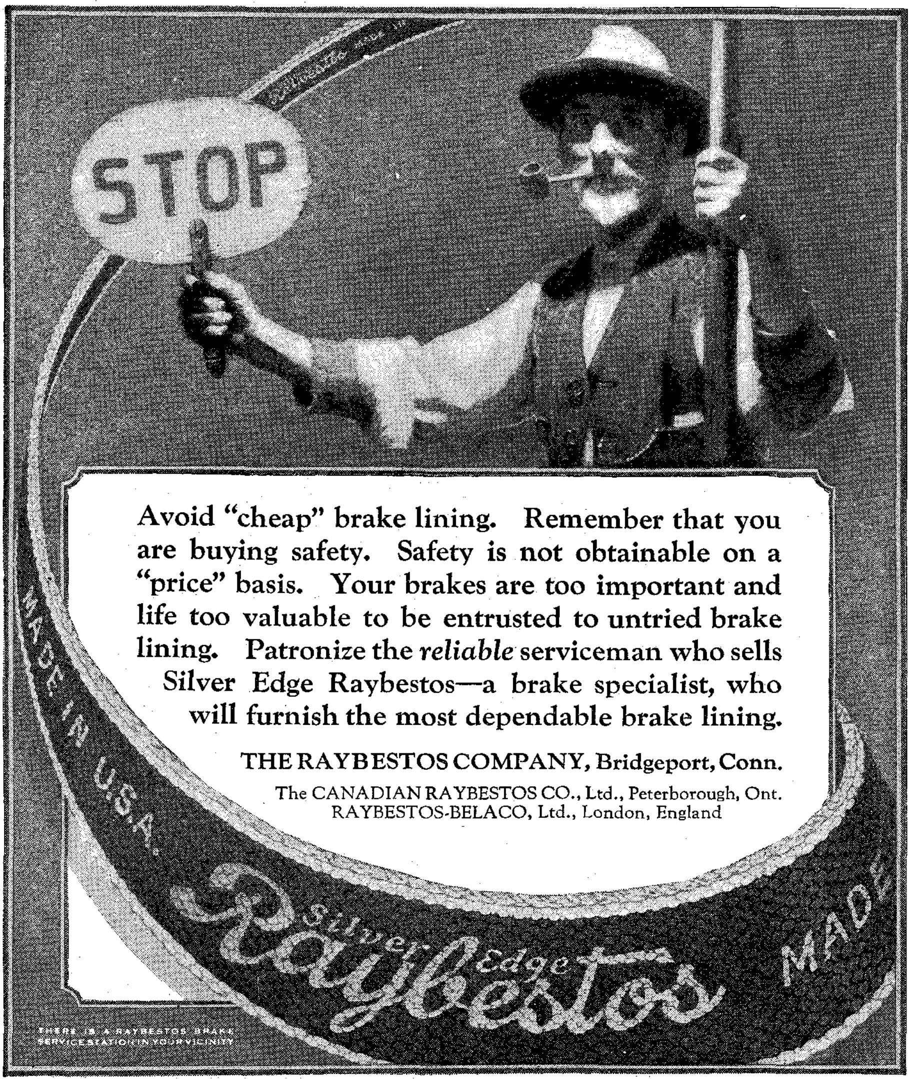

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

that British amateur trophy again. He made several grabs at it, but couldn't find the handle on the silver cup. He needs it to round out the finest collection of golf trophies ever gathered in by one man in the history of the royal and ancient game. He won't be happy until he gets it.

No golfer has yet scored a victory in all four of the major tournaments of the golf world, the United States open and amateur and the British open and amateur. Only Hilton and Jones have scored in three sections of the field.

It is up to Bobby to take the last high hurdle and hang up a record that will leave the birdie shooters of the future stymied for a considerable number of years.

The great John Ball of jolly old England won nine major championships. He won the British amateur eight times and the British open once. The feature of his career is that he scored his first victory in the British amateur in 1888, and his eighth victory in 1912, twenty-four years later. Incidentally, Ball won both the British open and the British amateur in 1890. The only other golfer to accomplish a feat like this is Chick Evans, who won the United States open at Minikahda in 1916, and the United States amateur at Merion the same year.

Jones came within a stroke or two of this same feat on several occasions, but he never quite made it. If he can't find anything else to do he might step out and tie Messrs. Ball and Evans for that record, or even go them one better.

There have been some respectable records set by the players of the earlier generation in this country. The late Willie Anderson won the United States open championship no less than four times, three of his victories coming in successive years.

Walter Hagen, Alex Smith, and Johnny McDermott each scored two victories in the United States open. Bobby Jones has the same mark. Perhaps Bobby will some day equal Anderson's record in this event, but that's a hard target to hit. The competition is keener these days than it was in the years when Anderson was supreme on the links. But if anybody can do it, Jones is the lad.

By scoring his third victory in the amateur championship Bobby equaled the record of the late Walter J. Travis in that event, but there is still the record of Jerome Dunstan Travers up ahead. Jerry was amateur champion of this broad and admittedly glorious land no less than four times. From the way things shaped up at Minikahda it looks as if Jones might win another amateur championship some day. Or is that putting it too mildly?

All things considered, sums up Mr. Kieran, it seems reasonable to rate Robert Tyre Jones, Jr. as the greatest golfer in the history of the game; and he demands:

> Who stood out as he stands out? Vardon? Vardon, Braid, and J. H. Taylor were tied with five victories each in the British open until Sir Harry moved into the lead with his sixth and last victory. No one has kept pace with Jones as Braid and Taylor kept pace with Vardon.
>
> Hilton? A great player, undoubtedly, but he didn't stand out for five successive years over the greatest professionals of his day as Jones has done here and abroad.

John Ball? Hardly. The veteran British amateur has but one open championship to match against four for Jones.

Travers or Travis? No. They were great match players, but they could hardly be ranked with Jones in the final analysis.

There is hardly room for reasonable dispute. That Jones boy is the best of them all.

The best way to learn anything about golf is to take a look at Bobby Jones as he hies himself down the fairway. There is no argument about that Jones boy. He is two brassie shots and a conceded putt ahead of any other knight of the rolling links. The recent ranking list of the United States Golf Association had Jones rated at No. 1, with Von Elm at No. 2 and eight other fairly adept artizans trailing along behind. This is all wrong. Jones should be ranked first, second and third. Easily.

All observers at Minikahda agreed that Bob had improved his mashie pitches. It seems that the mashie pitches of the Georgia gem were not quite up to the Jones standard in other departments of the game. Of course, this is nothing against the mashie pitches that Jones used before he swept through the field at Minikahda. They were fine mashie pitches for any other golfer in the world except Jones. From 130 yards away he often missed the pin by as much as twenty feet on his approach shots. Horrible, wasn't it? How can a man be so inaccurate? But at Minikahda he did better, which was a great relief to his opponents. Their sufferings were over that much quicker.

Bobby himself says that the ball rolled for him at Minikahda. As recorded by George Trevor in the New York *Sun:*

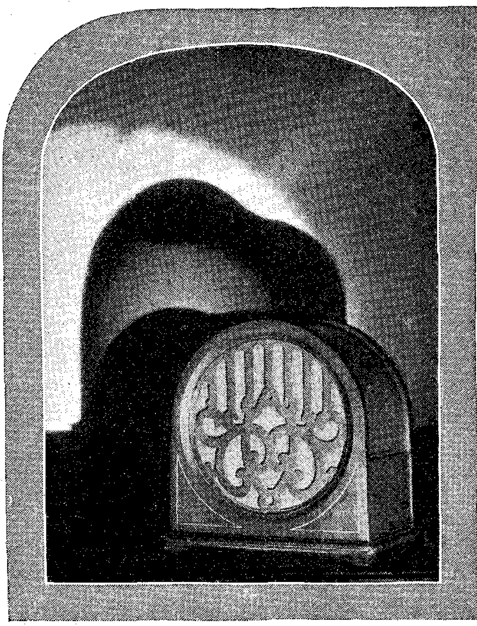
"You know," he said, "I really didn't hit my shots any better here at Minikahda than I have in some other championships which I lost. The difference was that this time I got all the lucky breaks which never used to come my way."

Three or four years ago we had a chat with Jones which stuck in our memory. He had been playing brilliantly, but he hadn't been getting cards commensurate with the potential value of his shots. For once Jones dropt the mask of reserve which screens his innermost thoughts. "They think I'm playing well," he said, referring to the gallery, "but I'm disappointed in my failure to score. Somehow I can't get the sixties which I make in tournaments of less consequence. Do you know that I never have really been 'hot' in a national championship? I've won an open and an amateur title, but I've yet to play my best game. You can't break 70 unless the breaks are with you. So far they never have been with me. Some day the ball will roll for me in a big championship."

Bobby did not add: "And then I'll make a record for future generations to shoot at." But we will say it for him.

At Minikahda the "ball rolled" for Jones as it had at St. Andrews. He hit his shots with the same crisp assurance, the same flawless rhythm, the same lyric smoothness that has characterized his game ever since as a tiny tad in long, flappy pants, he made his debut in national competition at Merion. But whereas the rubs of the green have been uniformly against Bobby in former championships, the fickle goddess of fortune smiled upon him at Minikahda. In other seasons Jones won, when he did win, despite the breaks of the game. He had the mechanical stuff to buck the trend of luck.

Fortune began to smile on Jones at old



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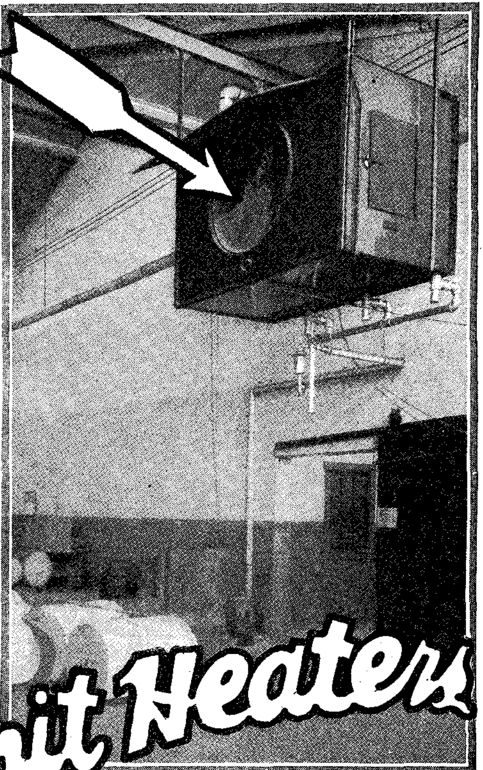

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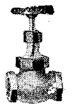

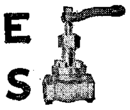

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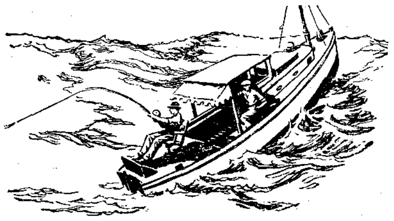

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

St. Andrews this summer. Perhaps his record-smashing 285 to win the British open gave him an indefinable mental edge which he hadn't had before, a subconscious feeling that fate was no longer against him. You see Bobby is a hard man to please. He views his game of golf from the same exacting standpoint as a great artist appraises his work. The general public, and Jones's legion of admiring friends may have been satisfied with Bob's achievements prior to 1927, but Jones wasn't satisfied. He knew the possibilities of his own game. He knew that he wasn't scoring up to those potentialities. The true artist is never satisfied with anything less than perfection. Jones doesn't give a fig for the roar of the mob but he did want to satisfy himself. Now he has done it. He has flashed those sixties which he knew were in his system. He has shown the world the real Jones.

"Rubbertire Jones" the British affectionately call him. It isn't a bad simile, despite the ghastly pun. Jones rolls along in his easy flowing, effortless manner with something of the pneumatic resilience which distinguishes a balloon tire. You don't see any labored straining, any discordant hitching to break the frictionless rhythm. No jarring note offends the eye. His form is as perfect in a mobile way as was the static Grecian Urn of which Keats sang.

We are reminded that Jones had the stiffest side of the draw at Minikahda. "In quick succession he took on McCarthy, Homans, Johnston, Ouimet, and Evans. Barring Von Elm, the last three comprised the class of the field." And we read on:

Johnston playing on his own home course, threatened to be a stiff hurdle. Jones smothered him with a 68. Ouimet, going better than at any time since 1914, was considered a stumbling-block. Bobby steam-rollered him with a 69. "Cocky" Evans, whimsical jester of the links, got in front of a 67 and was flattened to a pancake. The master gave free golf lessons to America's finest amateurs.

Francis Ouimet got a laugh out of the semi-final audience when he emerged from the starter's marquee with a tiny marble between thumb and finger. Hailing Bill Fownes, silver-headed president of the United States Golf Association, Francis, keeping a straight face, observed in his nasal New England voice, "Won't the committee rule that Mr. Jones be compelled to play with this marble? It's the only way I can beat him." After watching Jones mock par, it was the general impression that Bobby could make even a marble flirt with the flag.

Jones reserved two of his greatest shots for the final round. The first was a 200-yard iron fired at the 444-yard second hole. This is a stiff par 4, the green guarded by encroaching pits. Jones' drive paralleled the rail fence separating the fairway from the turnpike. A battery of motor-cycle police watched Robert as he settled his feet firmly and swung his number two iron. His sturdy shoulders came into that crisp stroke at the moment of impact. You could feel the punch. That ball blanketed the pin all the way. It looked like holing out, but stopt a wee four inches from the cup.

From a 200-yard range he missed a four-

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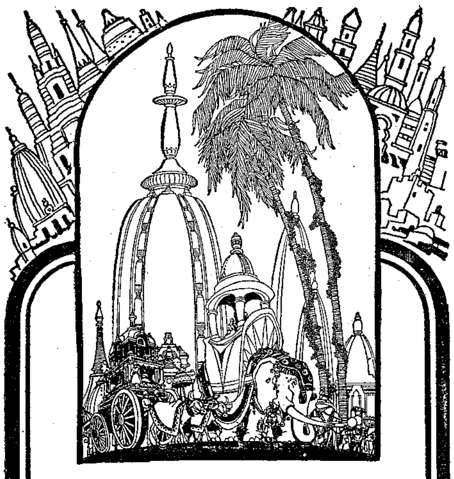

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and-one-half-inch target by four inches. A tunnel engineer wouldn't be ashamed of such a margin of error.

Even more remarkable was Jones's eagle 3 at the 512-yard ninth hole. For the second shot, the ground slopes upward all the way to the plateau green. Few of the stoutest hitters get home here with two woods. Tournament contestants are thankful to pitch on in 3. The Minikahda professional was willing to wager that nobody could get a 3 at this terrible ninth. Jones began by cracking out a colossal drive which rolled past the elbow 290 yards from the tee. He called for a spoon and cocked his left eye on the hilltop green, framed by a wall of spectators. That 220-yard spoon wallop sailed up to the emerald apron like a mashie pitch. It struck the green dead on the line and kept rolling straight for the flag. Two feet from the cup it flopped over and stopt dead. Two feet more and Bobby would have had a "condor," or whatever it is they call a hole made in three under par. As it was, he got his eagle 3 without batting an eyelash. There isn't much to golf as Jones plays it.

Pat Dougherty, Bob's freckle-faced, red-headed caddie, executed an Irish jig when his employer bagged that eagle. Normally, Pat has a healthy appetite as befits a seventeen-year-old kid in this nifty climate. But Pat hasn't been able to eat since he drew the prize job of carrying for Jones. They sprang the news on Dougherty while he was celebrating his birthday. Pat gave a war-whoop and raced out, leaving the frosted cake untouched. Pat awoke the neighborhood with his screams in the dead of night. It seems that he had a nightmare. He dreamed that he was carrying for Jones in the final; that it was all square on the 36th green, and that he had lost "Calamity Jane," Bob's beloved putter. Do, you wonder Pat screamed?

The New Chronology.—"Why, Ella, you know that isn't right. I remember it perfectly. Don't you know it happened five instalments ago? Yes, sir, just five instalments after I kissed your ring upon your finger, Laura told us that she and Al were six instalments along on their new furniture. And now they are going to be divorced with only ten more instalments to meet. Well, as I said, they had their first quarrel just six instalments after our engagement. I remember it perfectly because it was the exact day of the third instalment on my car, the fifth instalment on my radio and the ninth instalment on my dog!"—*Life.*

Historical Echoes.—Several feet from the organ grinder and near the bank car is a rusty, decrepit, stooped and ailing flivver, with a smooty sign reading: "I DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN IN 1928."—*Boston Post.*

What femininity is hoping for, we imagine, is a silk stocking that will rise up, so to speak, and address the world approximately as follows:

"I do not choose to run."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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INVESTMENTS · AND · FINANCE

JUDGE GARY'S ADVICE TO INHERITORS—AND OTHERS

THE LATE ELBERT H. GARY is pictured by one newspaper writer as playing the part of Poor Richard in giving those crisp sentences of shrewd practical financial advice to his kinsfolk in his recently published will. In his conservatism Judge Gary may have leaned over backwards, suggests the editor of a little weekly called *New York*. But the newspapers all over the country found the late head of the Steel Corporation's advice very much worth talking about, and most of them were deeply imprest by it. It will be remembered that Judge Gary warned the inheritors of his fortune against anticipating their income, against making unsecured loans or doing any investing except on the basis of seasoned securities. "A card with Judge Gary's testamentary warning against bad investments printed on it would be a good thing to hand to the high-pressure salesmen of phony stock when they call on you," remarks the Columbus *Dispatch*. His words, declares *The Wall Street Journal*, "might well be pondered by some hundreds of thousands of Americans." His rules "are good rules to follow" in the opinion of the Cleveland *Press*. If they "were found logical for a man handling millions, they are sound for those of us handling tens or hundreds," so the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* thinks. And in the South the Atlanta *Constitution* declares that "the advice of Judge Gary to his own legatees ought to be heeded by every one in America." These quotations are sufficient to show how widely the Judge's admonitions are taken to heart, altho, as will appear later, there are a few editors who insist that they are hardly suitable for universal application. The paragraph from the Gary will that has stirred up all the comment is quoted as follows in the newspapers:

> I earnestly request my wife and my children and their descendants to stedfastly decline to sign any bonds or obligations of any kind as surety for any other person or persons; that they refrain from anticipating their income in any respect, and refuse to make any loans except on the basis of first-class, well-known securities, and that they invariably decline to invest in any untried or doubtful securities or property or enterprise or business; they should reject any representations or opinions of others if involved in any doubt. They will be approached frequently with suggestions for investments that are not entitled to be relied upon from a business standpoint.

This seems to the Columbus *Ohio State Journal* to be even better advice for persons in ordinary circumstances than for Mrs. Gary and the Judge's two daughters, "who are so protected by Judge Gary's thoughtful disposition of their property that they hardly could lose all the principal." In particular—

> A good rule is never to go on another person's bond. The request ought never to be made of an individual, for there are substantial corporations whose business it is to furnish such security when it is legitimately asked. Lending money to friends and acquaintances, except in cases where the act is merely one of kindness with no confident expectation of reimbursement, is a bad business. Much money and many friends are lost in that way. As for investments, make it a rule first to ask your banker or some one else of a conservative nature and in a position to know values.

At any rate, that paragraph "should be written into all wills involving bequests to wives and children," concludes the Ogden *Standard Examiner*. The Boston *News Bureau* strongly insists that "only inheritors are here concerned":

> And for them there is strest the great virtue of negatives—the frequent need of firmness in saying "No." The primary advice is to keep thus away from both debts and doubts. All underwriting of others' easy promises, all confiding in others' self-interested rosy predictions, all listening wherever there is any shade of doubt about others' opinions, are frowned upon. No trespassing on the future in the way of spending.
>
> These precepts might well be passed along as a code of advice to all heirs—especially widows—who so often are in much more exposed position than these Gary inheritors are apt to be. How frequent and sinister are the temptations and blandishments besetting such folks, when suddenly put in novice command of a relatively unusual sum of wealth, has been an unfortunately common incident to the passing of estates after death. Often they are shining targets for sharpers.

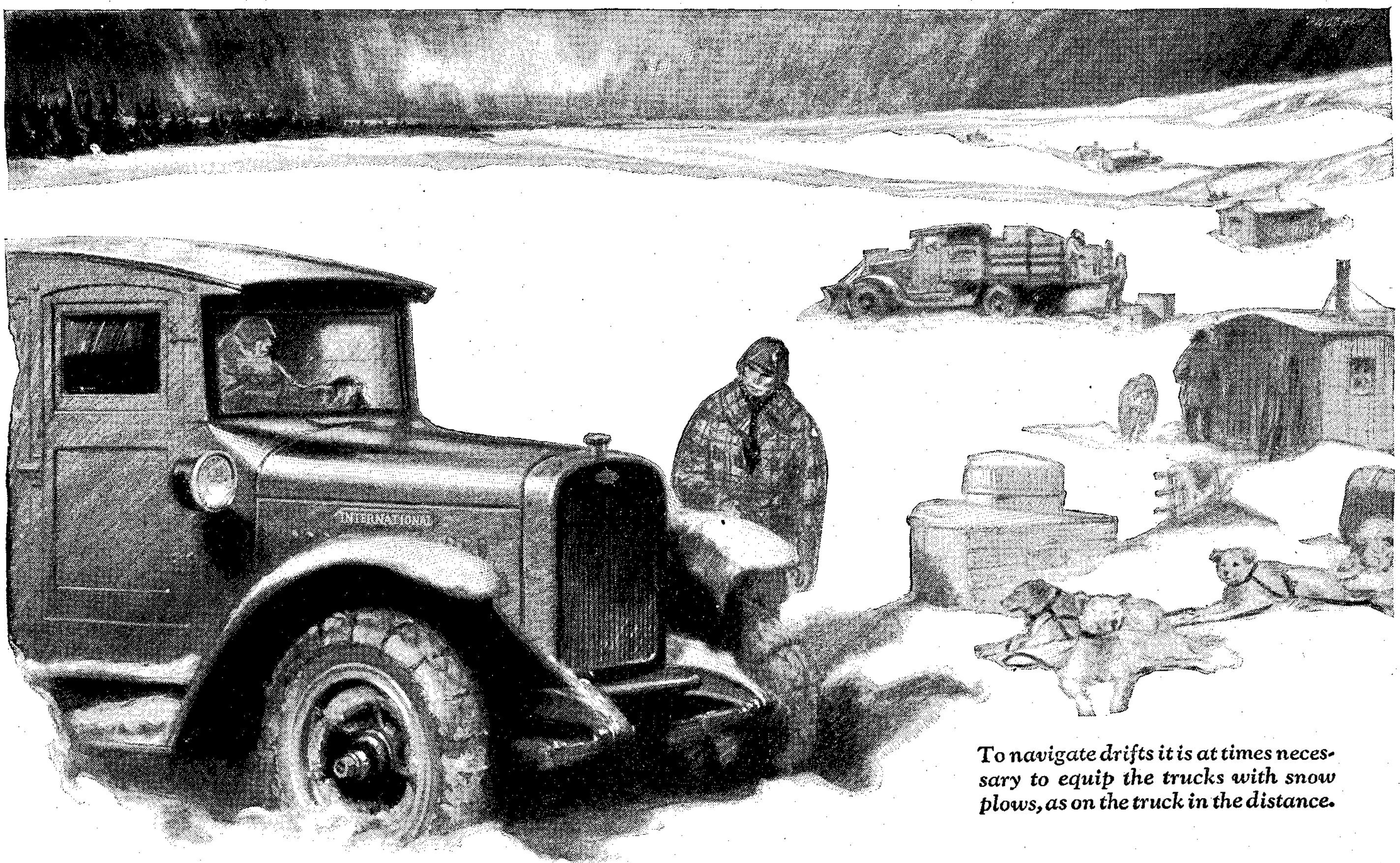
On the same theme we find the Los Angeles *Times* descanting as follows:

> When a man dies leaving a goodly fortune, his widow in nine cases out of ten is singled out as an easy mark by men with fake-stock schemes. Often a widow is approached through those whom she knows fairly well and in whom she feels she can place implicit trust in the matter of advice as to an investment. This person may have nothing to sell, but is used as a go-between by the plausible shark, who by this means more easily attains his ends. Sometimes the "good friend" is given a commission on the deal. But in any case the widow is very likely to be victimized.
>
> For years there was a firm doing business in the Flatiron Building in New York that made a specialty of widowed customers. It had agents in many parts of the country looking up recently bereaved women. These ghouls even placed on the sucker list the names and addresses of women whose husbands were in hospitals about to undergo serious operations, or who were suffering from maladies from which they were not expected to recover.
>
> Fake mining and oil stocks promoted by Wallingfords who promise 100 to 500 per cent. profit on an investment are among the leading lures. Every woman can not be expected to know that legitimate stock or bond investments rarely yield more than 6 or 7 per cent., and that some of the safest ones bring only 5 per cent. on the investor's money. It is the lack of this knowledge, which should be a part of the education of every person of substance, that results in the thousands of sad losses by women who can ill afford to be deprived of their little hoards.
>
> Most of these losses never come to the ears of the public. Few of them are reported by the newspapers, and then, as a rule, only in the case of an appeal to the courts. All over the land quiet domestic tragedies of this kind are being enacted every day, despite the flaming examples of the work of the get-rich-quick rascals occasionally set forth by the press.
>
> If when writing their wills more husbands would insert such a special warning as was given by Mr. Gary, there would be fewer of these tragedies. But, in any case, widows should make no investments without expert advice of the highest and most disinterested character.

"We have heard," comments W. G. Sibley in his column in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "of small-town bankers, stuck on shaky securities they were unable to sell for what they paid for them, who sold them to trusting widows at a good, round profit; and of other women who owned sound stocks and bonds, but sold them or were persuaded to exchange them for stocks that paid higher dividends but were worthless."

Finally, we must note several editors strongly insisting that Judge Gary's advice is all right for women and children, but certainly should not be given universal application. "Business would falter indeed, and humanity lose much if the Gary proposals were generally accepted rules," declares the Milwaukee *Journal*, which proceeds:

> Not to anticipate income means to pay cash for everything. The nation's credit system, thus checked, would wreck our greatest merchandising institutions. It is by anticipated incomes that millions of phonographs, pianos, radios, automobiles, furniture, homes, are sold. It is anticipated income—the average man gambling that his future earnings will pay for what he buys on credit—that makes the tremendous business volume of America. In actual practise the losses amount to little. It is fortunate for our business system, and for the average man, who thereby enjoys for years what he otherwise could not have, that not many persons follow Judge Gary's advice.
>
> Certainly it is safest not to make loans, as Judge Gary



To navigate drifts it is at times necessary to equip the trucks with snow plows, as on the truck in the distance.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

> cautions. Yet how little human brotherhood has ever come of men who selfishly held tight to every dollar, who declared for the principle, "No loans to anybody"? How much more has been added to the world's happiness and progress by those not unwilling to risk a loan to help a boy through school, a girl to get training in art or music, a youth to business achievement? It was by small loans that many an invention was perfected, iron or gold deposit discovered, oil supply disclosed, or important knowledge gathered. Moreover, loans are the life-blood of trade. We wonder what would have happened to Judge Gary's dream of a great steel combination if Morgan had said, "No loans."
>
> To be sure, no one should put good money into doubtful securities, as Mr. Gary cautions, and nobody will deliberately throw his money away. But what securities are sound and safe? Herbert Knox Smith, former United States Commissioner of Corporations, has said that in 1901 the United States Steel Corporation, headed by Judge Gary, had $718,000,000 of water in its stock, and $281,000,000 in 1910. That stock, then, was "doubtful." Prudent men, following Gary's advice, would not have invested in it. Then there would have been no United States Steel Corporation.
>
> There are no pearls of wisdom in the Gary will for others than widows and children who, left large sums, are likely to find schemers trying to take their money from them.

If the public in general were to take advice like Judge Gary's to heart, "the economic and industrial growth of this country would slow down almost to a standstill and Wall Street would go out of business," reasons the New York *Herald Tribune*, which is fairly certain, however, that this will not happen:

> The American public is much more inclined toward the philosophy of Steve Brodie than toward that implicit in Judge Gary's will. Very likely as Steve Brodie grew older and prospered he dreaded to see his descendants even approach the Brooklyn Bridge. All of which would seem to indicate that it is the Steve Brodies of to-day who, if lucky, become the Judge Garys of to-morrow.

Forebodings and evil prophecies surrounded the beginning of "many a project that subsequently came into golden flower," reflects the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> Ford importuning men of means to take a flyer in his scheme is a tale still ruefully told in Pullman, parlor and around the nineteenth hole. How John D. Rockefeller gambled on a boat's surviving Lake Erie's wintry storms rather than pay the premium of marine insurance has been related in the chuckling reminiscences of an early partner.
>
> It is one thing to make it, another to keep it. Pioneering calls for a philosophy boldly different from that of conservation. And admirable as this Gary mandate may be, it were a deadly blight if universally established and observed. It is the spirit of derring-do, of take-a-chance, of win-or-lose, that keeps the wheels revolving and the roses blooming.

EUROPE AGAIN INVESTING HERE

WE have heard so much about our enormous recent investments in European securities and the development of our new position as a creditor nation that it comes as a surprize to find that Europe has begun to invest in America again on a large scale. Our editors who note this consider it an accurate indication of the economic and financial recovery of Europe. It seems that last year new investment in foreign securities amounted to $1,332,000,000, but in the same year the aggregate movement of foreign capital into the American market, according to Department of Commerce figures, amounted to $1,392,000,000. These figures, we read in the New York *Times*, "do not offer a straight comparison, as other factors besides new investments raised the total movement of American capital abroad to $1,981,000,000, but they indicate a marked tendency toward the return of European capital into American investments, where they played an important part before the war." As this paper reprints the Government's figures, the influx of foreign capital was made up of these items:

> Resale to foreigners of direct investments, $200,000,000; foreign stocks and bonds sold abroad, $286,000,000; American stocks and bonds sold abroad, $636,000,000; bond redemption payments made by foreigners to Americans, $250,000,000; sinking-fund payments, $20,000,000; total, $1,392,000,000. Against this were new American investments abroad, $1,332,000,000; foreign stocks and bonds bought by Americans from foreigners in small lots, $115,000,000; American stocks and bonds bought abroad by Americans, $509,000,000; payments to foreigners on redemption and sinking-fund account, $25,000,000; total, $1,981,000,000.

These funds, we read on in *The Times*, have come from a variety of sources. "France, for instance, is known to have been a large purchaser of her own securities in the American market." Immediately after the war the French had to pay very high interest rates. In 1920, there was an 8 per cent. bond issue, and there are also 7 and 7½ per cent. French bond issues outstanding. French buying of these bonds in recent years has been due, first, to the flight of French capital inducing French investors to exchange their francs for French dollar bonds held in this country. Then, after the strong recovery in national finances that began a year ago, additional French funds became available for investment abroad, so that the buying here went on, as prices continued to be at bargain levels. So this buying from France "has played an important part in the wide advances that have taken place in French securities in the past year." And besides—

> Many other European countries which borrowed extensively after the war have experienced economic improvement and have been able to buy back the securities they sold carrying high interest rates. The Scandinavian countries, Germany, some of the more progressive of the new States, such as Czechoslovakia, and several Swiss

> municipalities, have been particularly active in this policy. In addition, some of the older investment centers such as those in Holland and Switzerland have been assuming their former position as international bankers, and have been sending funds abroad in large amounts. Before the war these sources provided large amounts of capital for investment in American industries, and the movement has been renewed.
>
> London also has been a large buyer of American securities, but much of these have gone to the continent, for which London acts as the clearing-house. Canadian buying also has been a factor. Nearly all of the large Canadian bond issues are sold in the American market. Through the course of the year, however, the Canadian investment demand reaches good-sized proportions and much of it is directed toward buying Canadian securities which had been sold in the American market.

The total volume of American securities now held by foreigners can only be roughly estimated, we read in a bulletin of the New York Stock Exchange house of Dominick and Dominick:

> The Department of Commerce sets the figure at $3,000,000,000 as contrasted with American investments abroad of $11,215,000,000. There are, however, a number of other factors that must be considered. At the beginning of this year, foreigners had on deposit in American banks here about $1,500,000,000 and about $1,000.000,000 in various forms of short-term investment—in other words, the gross debt of American banks to foreigners was about $2,500,000,000. It becomes evident that the net growth of the United States as a creditor nation can not be judged by the volume of foreign securities floated in this country each year.

Upon the large foreign investment in our short-term securities *The Wall Street Journal* quotes Secretary of Commerce Hoover as remarking: "This is ample proof that we are now a great short-term debtor nation, along with our position as a creditor nation in long-term investments." The question is raised editorially by *The Wall Street Journal* "whether we are designed at this stage of our development to be so overwhelmingly a creditor nation":

> Our large loans abroad have been an outcome of the war, with abnormal conditions prevailing in the rest of the world. But after nine years of chaos foreign credit and currency conditions are becoming normal again. Under the circumstances shall we not gradually revert to the situation that prevailed before the war when the rest of the world sent money here to invest?
>
> It is a mistake to look upon ourselves as supplanting England as a creditor nation. The two countries are essentially different in this respect; whereas both are wealthy, England centuries ago practically reached her full internal development. On the other hand, we have scarcely begun to develop the resources of this continent. The world needs our natural products and manufactured articles and, large as our national income is, there is opportunity for the employment of outside funds as well.
>
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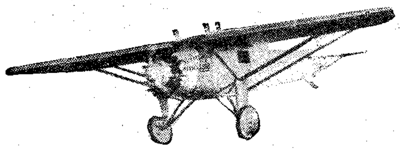

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 31.—Lieut.-Col. F. F. Minchin and Capt. Leslie Hamilton, accompanied by Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg, take off in the Fokker monoplane *St. Raphael* for Ottawa, Canada, from England.

September 1.—In his annual message to Congress, President Calles of Mexico upholds the oil and agrarian laws.

The forty-sixth session of the Council of the League of Nations opens in Geneva under the chairmanship of Enrique Villegas, the Chilean Ambassador to Italy.

The monoplane *St. Raphael*, attempting a flight from England to Canada, fails to arrive, and search is begun for it. Leon Givon and Pierre Corbu, French flyers, take off from Le Bourget Field, France, in an attempted non-stop flight to New York.

The monoplane *Royal Windsor*, with C. A. Schiller as pilot, and Phil Wood as navigator, attempting a non-stop flight from Canada to England, is forced down at St. Johns, Quebec, and the monoplane *Sir John Carling*, attempting a flight from London, Ontario, to London, England, comes down at Washburn, Maine.

September 2.—The French plane piloted by Leon Givon and Pierre Corbu is forced by fog to relinquish its attempted flight from France to America.

Poland, it is announced, has presented an ultimatum to Lithuania demanding the release of three Polish soldiers recently arrested for trespassing on the border.

September 3.—Capt. F. T. Courtney begins a flight from Plymouth, England, to New York via the Azores and Newfoundland, but is forced down at Corunna, Spain.

September 5.—The League of Nations has not failed in the task of disarmament, declares Enrique Villegas, the Chilean Ambassador at Rome and President of the Council of the League, in addressing the opening session of the eighth assembly of the League in Geneva.

Ten thousand Northern Chinese troops are reported captured by the Nationalist forces at Nanking.

September 6.—Eleven years of Prohibition in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada, ends when the new law giving the Government monopoly of the liquor trade comes into effect, and Government retail stores are opened.

DOMESTIC

September 3.—The moving-picture strike and lockout, which has left Chicago without film entertainment for five days, is ended after a conference in Mayor Thompson's office attended by exhibitors, machine operators and stage hands.

September 5.—Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, dies at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. He was fifty-eight.

Marcus Loew, motion-picture magnate, dies at his home at Glen Cove, Long Island. He was fifty-seven.

September 6.—The monoplane *Old Glory*, piloted by J. D. Hill and Lloyd W. Bertaud, takes off from Old Orchard, Maine, for Rome.

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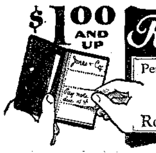

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

all of.—"C. W.," Asheville, N. C.—If in the sentence, "Supper will be served to *all of* our officers and teachers," you should substitute the word *part* in place of *all*, you would readily see that the construction requires the preposition *of*. Your difficulty arises from the fact that *all* is frequently employed as an adjective or adverb, and sometimes, as in this instance, as a noun.

amn't.—"E. L.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—There is no recorded literary usage of *amn't* as a contraction of *am not*. Both of the forms *ain't* and *an't*, tho stamped as vulgarisms, have been employed for many decades. The latter form, *an't*, is properly pronounced with the *a* as in *father*, and is now usually heard only in London. Owing to the fact that the English pronounce the contraction *aren't* precisely like the contraction *an't*, one frequently hears the hopelessly ungrammatical "aren't I" which is used as a graphic representation of "an't I." The writers seek to dodge the stigma of vulgarism and fall into the much deeper pit of ignorance as shown recently when the readers of a popular English weekly were informed that there was no contraction for "am not I."

boutonnière.—"F. & C.," Philadelphia, Pa.—The word you want is *boutonnière*. It is from the French, and means a posy for the buttonhole. It is pronounced *boo"ton"nyare'*—"oo" as in "food"; "o" as in "not" and "are" as in "fare."

eeny, meeny, miny, mo.—"S. E.," San Francisco, Calif.—For the origin of this rime the Lexicographer must refer you to children's games. In these games we have some of the oldest historic evidence worthy of being placed side by side with folk-stories and other evidence of man's progress from savagery to civilization. In Northumbrian dialect, the word *eeny* is used to designate small holes or eyes found in cheese. *Meeny*, which is sometimes spelled *menyie*, once designated a family or household, and thus a retinue or train of followers. Nicholson, writing on "Folk Speech" in 1889, said that this term was quite obsolete in common speech, but still preserved in an old rime used in stationing boys at the various hods preparatory to a game—"Meny, meny, miny, mo, I ax ya wheear mun this man go?" The word *hod* is described as meaning a hiding-place. Exactly when the terms were introduced into the language, the Lexicographer has not been able to find out, but *meeny* as the term for a body of retainers, dates back to about 1300.

There are various forms of this rime in different parts of England. One from Cornwall is—

"Eena, mena, mona, mi,
Piska, lara, bora, bi:
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stack, stone dead
O-U-T spells out."

Not a word is to be found on this subject in the "New English Dictionary on Historic Principles," but an anonymous article on the subject, which however does not go back to its early days with a view to fixing any definite period, occurs in "Word-Lore," for October, 1926, pages 224–226. Here the writer begins with the popular,

"Eenie, meenie, miney, mo
Catch a nigger by the toe"

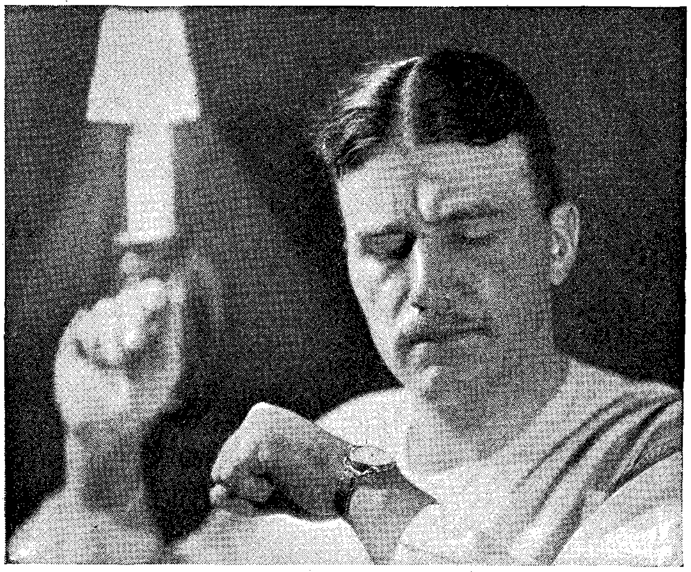
but points out that in the west of England they have—

"Eckity, speckity, spice so lickity,
  Pomp o lairy gig;
Every man that has no hair
  Generally wears a wig;
O-U-T spells out, and *out* you must go."

The Lexicographer has other examples used for the same purpose but which are meaningless jumbles. It is claimed that these rimes may have arisen from the practise of using some of the words in them in telling off sheep. In sheep-shearing lore, there are a certain number of numerals. According to Peacock's "Manley and Corringham Glossary," page 636, the numbers run—(1) Yan; (2) tan; (3) tethera; (4) pethera; (5) pimp; (6) sethera; (7) lethera; (8) hovera; (9) covera; (10) dik; (11) yan a dik; (12) tan a dik; (13) tethera dik; (14) pethera dik; (15) bumfit; (16) yan a bumfit; (17) tan a bumfit; (18) tethera bumfit; (19) pethera bumfit; (20) figgit. These words are sometimes used in counting out. The numbers given above differ in Welsh, East Anglian, and Scottish. Perhaps you may find Alice B. Gomme's collection of "The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland," which was published in London in 1894, of help to you.

intrinsic.—"E. R. S.," Cimarron, N. Mex.—The sentence—"Because of the sentiment attached, and not because of its *intrinsic* value, I mind losing it"—is correct, because the value referred to applies to the diamond as a jewel, and its real, true or inherent value is why some persons would prize it.

When you go to bed
Do your Nerves stay up?



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This, authorities say, is what keeps men below par. Never capable of their best.

For modern medical science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) that usually brings *instant*, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

First—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 or 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, *the main cause of sleeplessness*, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers. A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities, it's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

A 3-day test

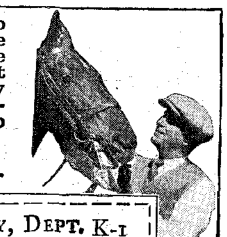
All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 1927 T. W. Co.

I took Ovaltine for nervousness and sleeplessness and to build up my system in general. It gave me restful sleep and steadied my nerves. Allow me to recommend this wonderful product.
W. A. Bauman
Baltimore, Md.



I am very pleased to state that Ovaltine works wonders. Since taking it I have lost most of my jumpy nerves and sleep better at night. Am also gaining in weight.
Maurice L. Giuendon
Binghamton, N. Y.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. K-1
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... *State* ....
One package to a person.

Send for 3-day test

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

No Mistake.—They have one son, a boy.—*New York tabloid.*

"Excuse It, Please."—One man's meat is another man's poison, and your telephone is another man's wrong number.—*Everybody's Weekly.*

April Sunshine.—"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?"

"Stay away, niggah; I'se just smilin' to rest mah face."—*American Boy.*

Also a Crew!—As the *Julia Luckenbach* carries 24 booms and the same number of wenches, she is able to acquire a cargo in the minimum of time.—*Mobile Register.*

Beguiling Bossy.—Two dry hand milkers wanted at once. Prefer young men with pleasing personalities.—*Florida paper.*

Proof of the Pudding.—For sale probably best cook in Tokyo. Employer forced to go on diet to avoid obesity.—*Ad in the Japan Advertiser (Tokyo).*

They're Entirely Welcome.

MANY CITIES
WANT YOUNG
CHECK FORGER

—*Des Moines Tribune-Capital.*

Knows His Delicatessen.—Betty's father is familiar with many tongues."

"Quite a linguist, eh?"

"No, a physician."—*Boston Transcript.*

Poultry Problems.—The girl at the boarding-house asked Slim why a chicken crosses the road. He said he didn't even know why they crossed their knees.—*Hardware Age.*

Deaf Ear.—"John, what is this sales resistance we read so much about lately?"

"Sales resistance, my dear, is the triumph of mind over patter."—*Boston Transcript.*

"When the Devil Was Sick."—LADY—"I want a nice book for an invalid."

LIBRARIAN—"Yes, madam. Something religious?"

LADY—"Er—no—not now. He's convalescent."—*Humorist.*

Thermometer of Rectitude.—JUDGE—"You say you have known the defendant here all your life. Now tell the jury whether you think he would be guilty of stealing this money."

WITNESS—"How much was it?"—*Hardware Age.*

How to Torture your Parents.—"How's your boy Josh getting along?"

"Fine," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He eats reg'lar an' sleeps sound. Whenever anything around the old home doesn't go to suit him, he threatens to be an aviator."—*Washington Star.*

School for Camouflage.—A New York professor says that married men are much more inventive than single men. They have to be.—*Punch.*

He's Needed There.—

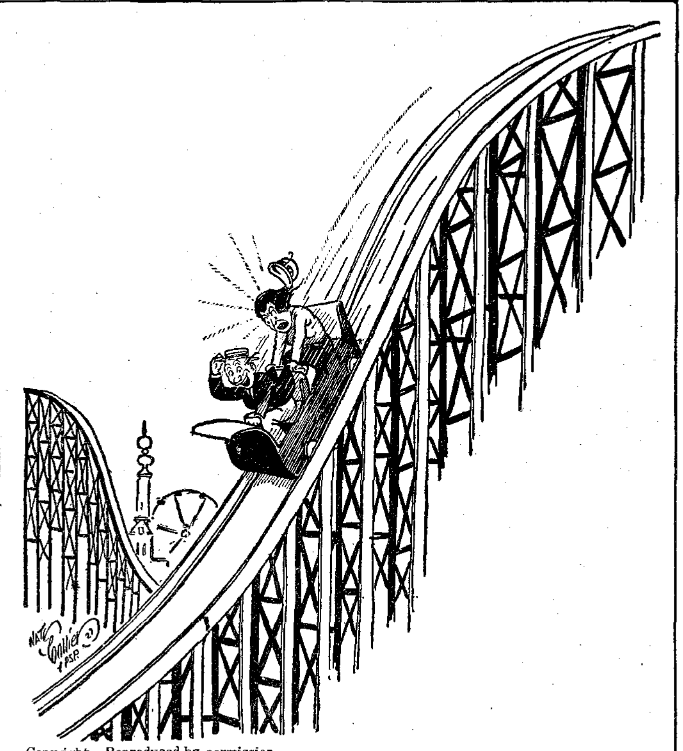
ST. PAUL NOW
BEING SOUGHT
IN WALL STREET

—*Dayton paper.*

Gates Ajar.—"He put on speed, thinking he could beat the train to it."

"Did he get across?"

"He will as soon as the tombstone maker has it finished."—*Boston Transcript.*



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REVENGE

The victim of back-seat driving takes his wife for a ride on a roller-coaster. —*Life.*

Boy Wonder.—Sales representative of good experience, age 23, with 15 years' traveling experience—*Ad in a Philadelphia paper.*

Nautical Note.—"Let's see," said the chatty man, "your brother went abroad on a fellowship, didn't he?"

"No," was the reply. "It was a cattleship."—*American Boy.*

Milk and Lobster.—GERTIE—"Poor Bertie! I'm afraid he suffers from matrimonial dyspepsia."

REGINALD—"Whatever's that?"

GERTIE—"Oh, you know—his wife doesn't agree with him."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

What Price Papa?—Statistics compiled by the tireless LITERARY DIGEST show, among other things, that only one American housewife in ten has a full-time servant to do her work. This sounds like a studied attempt to ignore the hard-working and uncomplaining American husband.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Speedy Marathon.—The race will start and finish at the Elks' Club at 8:30 o'clock in the morning.—*New Jersey paper.*

Efficiency Stunt.—"What's that putty on your finger for?"

PLUMBER—"That's to remind me [illegible] forget my tools."—*Answers.*

Outclassed.—A visitor remarks that the first thing that struck him in London was the double-decked covered-in 'bus. He was particularly unfortunate.—*Humorist.*

Ceiling Walker.—Several weeks ago "Gyp" injured his back when he fell from the first floor to the second floor.—*Erie paper.*

Roll of Honor—GUSHING LADY—"Oh, Mr. Jones, we are collecting funds to help the starving heathen. May I put your name on the succor list?"—*Christian Register.*

Ringing the Changes.—BEGGAR—"Kind lady, I was not always like this."

LADY—"No. Last week it was your other arm that was missing!"—*London Opinion.*

A Live One?—My wire, Minnie Thomas, having left my bed and board without any just cause, I will not be responsible for any of her debts.—*Fairmont (W. Va.) paper.*

Culpably Contented.—FIRST THEORIST—"So many people are unhappily married."

SECOND THEORIST—"Yes, and the pity of it is, so many of them do not know it."—*Life.*

Ducks the Crockery.—THE SNAIL—"And you have got divorced for the third time? You should take a lesson from me. I have never had a disagreement with my wife."

THE CATERPILLAR—"Yes, but you don't live under the same roof with her."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

Getting Its Number.—

FIRE CAUSED BY
COMBUSTION SETS
FIRE TO BARN

—*Davenport (Ia.) paper.*

He's Quite Well, Thank You.—"Everybody seems to be here for his health," remarked the newcomer at the resort.

"Evidently you haven't encountered the hotel proprietor yet," was the other man's reply.—*Boston Transcript.*

"'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard."—"Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long, scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy."

"Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the missus."—*Hardware Age.*